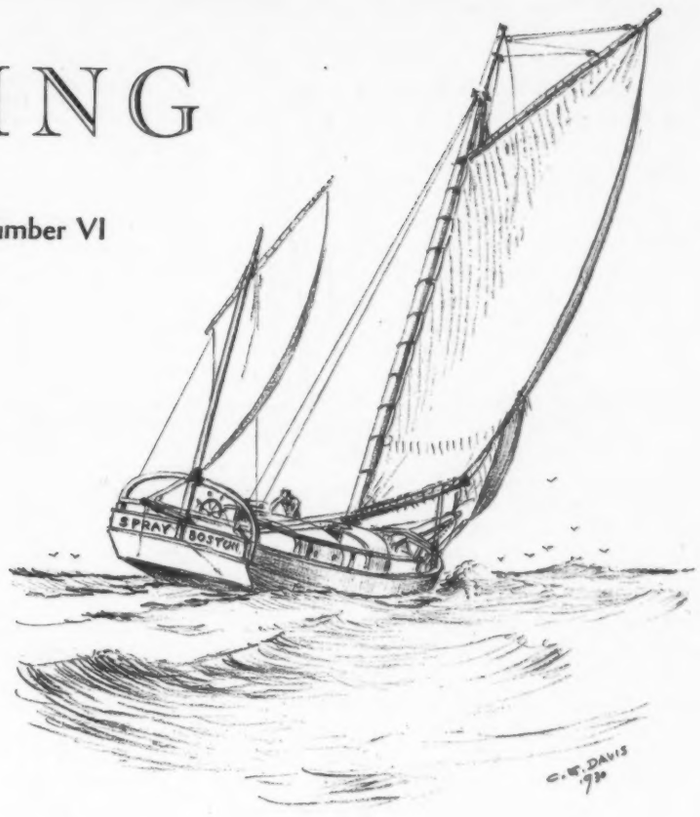
YACHTING

Volume XLVIII Number VI

DECEMBER + 1930



Joshua Slocum, the "grand daddy" of them all, circumnavigated the globe single-handed in "Spray," covering 46,000 miles in three years

Adventurers All

Captain Joshua Slocum Circumnavigates the World in the Famous "Spray"

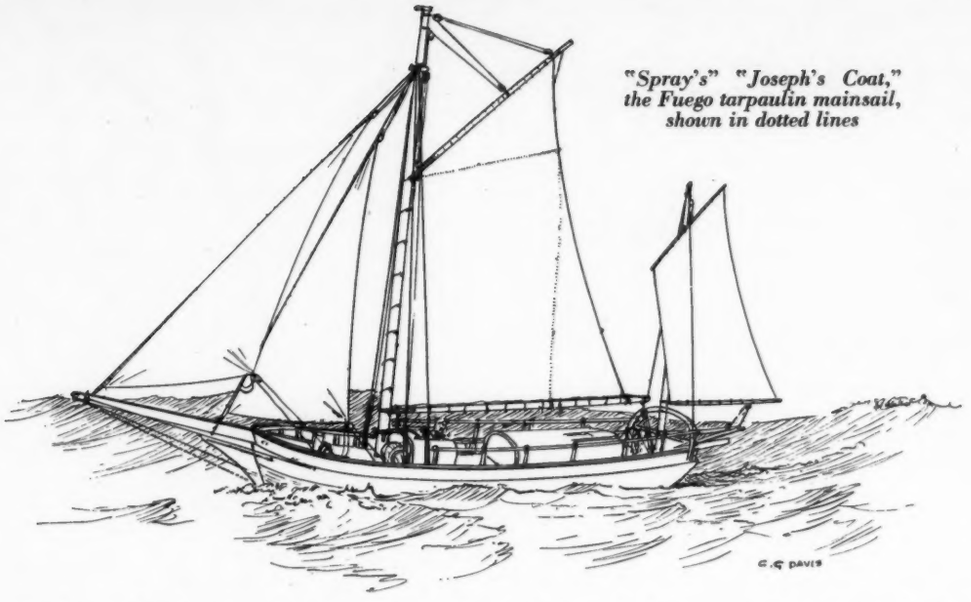
By CHARLES H. HALL

Illustrations by Charles G. Davis

VICTOR SLOCUM was once asked by an inquiring yachtsman whether his father would have taken a small modern schooner yacht for his famous voyage in preference to *Spray*, or whether the older craft was such a wonderful sea boat that he would have chosen her. "He'd have taken the schooner, of course," said Victor. "Do you think that the old man was a damned fool?"

So much rot has been talked and written about the old *Spray* that one is apt to lose sight of the fact that Captain Slocum took her because she was given to him and he had no money to buy a better boat. That she made her remarkable voyage around the world is a tribute to her commander's skill and sea habit and not an indication that the old tub herself was the ideal sea boat. Learned articles have been written and elaborate calculations made to prove that she was all that can be desired in a small seagoing craft. The published lines have been analyzed and all the complicated curves drawn to show that displacement, righting moment, dynamical stability, and so on, were the *ne plus ultra* of perfection and that she possessed every desirable quality. But those who have heard Charlie Mower tell the story of how he drew those plans, not, as the Captain says in his book, from accurate measurements made when the boat was hauled out, but from a model whittled out by someone who looked at her in the Bridgeport yard where she was on the railway, will realize that a considerable quantity of good ammunition has been wasted in the argument. True, *Spray* probably was something like the published lines, but so were practically all of the old clammers built at the same period. Indeed, her lines suggest those of the frigates of 1812 more than they do the model of a modern seagoing yacht such as those splendid little ships that race to Bermuda or across the ocean. She was a type that would stand — and needed — a lot of driving. It is probably not too much to say that Slocum succeeded in his undertaking as much in spite of his boat as because of her. But we suppose the enthusiasts will keep on building apple-bowed tubs that handle like haystacks afloat because they think they are like *Spray*. Meanwhile the wise seagoers get their plans from competent naval architects and have more satisfaction at sea and a much greater chance of reaching their chosen ports before they are gray-headed.

In midwinter of 1892, when the wooden sailing ships of the United States were fast vanishing from the sea, Slocum met an old friend who jestingly offered to give him a ship, warning him that "she would need some repairs." She did, for she was extremely old and had been hauled up in a meadow for several years. But there she was, the old *Spray*, his to do with what he would. He cut down a nearby oak, a farmer hauled the timber to the boat, and he hewed out new parts for her to replace the rotten keel, stem and frames. He rigged a steam box and bent new frames out of oak saplings and made new breasthooks, and so on, out of that aristocrat of woods, pasture oak. Planking was 1½ inch Georgia pine and deck was white pine of the same thickness. Bulwarks were 14 inches high, with oak stanchions, pine sheathing, and an oak rail. She was caulked with a



"Spray's" "Joseph's Coat," the Fuego tarpaulin mainsail, shown in dotted lines

thread of cotton and one of oakum, and had a couple of coats of copper paint on her bottom. When finished, she was 36 feet 9 inches long, 14 feet 2 inch beam, and 4 feet 2 inch depth of hold. She had a trunk aft, about 10 feet by 12 feet, over the cabin, and one forward, about 6 feet square, over the galley. Both were about 30 inches high. Between them was stowage space for a quantity of stores. The cost of material was $553.62, and her owner had put in about thirteen months of labor on her. He was at Fairhaven longer than this, though, working in the shipyards at intervals.

Finally, *Spray* was launched and her owner found that she handled well. He put in a season fishing, but found that it did not pay one not brought up to it. So he cast about for a use for his vessel. With her expanse of cabin, she would not make a good party boat, even if the thought of that service had not been distasteful. So the old seafarer decided to shove off once more and make a voyage around the world. On the morning of April 24th, 1895, *Spray* left Boston, where she had wintered, and ran to Gloucester. On the way down the harbor, Slocum comforted himself by contrasting the state of *Spray* with that of the steel steamship *Venetian* that hung, broken in half, on Slate Ledge. She had piled up in a fog, a victim of retained magnetism.

At Gloucester *Spray* completed her fitting out and her owner received many gifts of stores and gear from the friendly inhabitants. He also took the opportunity to beach her for a tide and examine and paint her bottom. Then, on May 7th, sail was made and she headed along the coast, stopping to fish off Cashe's Ledge and then, with a rising westerly, running off for Monhegan and Round Pond which was reached on the eighth. Here a day or two were spent and the course was then shaped past the islands and on to Briar's Island, Nova Scotia, where the sloop was once more put on the beach and her bottom gone over for traces of strain. She had passed through the worst tide rip in the Bay of Fundy, due to wrong directions from a fisherman, and had been shaken up violently. After a few days she went on to Yarmouth, where she was fog- and wind-bound, sailing thence on July 2nd.

At Yarmouth the rigging was set up, and the topmast sent down. The tanks were filled with water and additional provisions stowed. The famous tin clock, with which the skipper did all his navigating, was bought at Yarmouth, for one dollar, the price being reduced from a dollar and a half because the face was broken. Slocum had a good chronometer, but not the fifteen dollars for having it cleaned and rated. But the old clock served him well on his voyage, even though it lost its minute hand in the Pacific!

And now began the long run across the Atlantic, with nothing short of the Azores to break the watery waste. The departure was taken from George's Island, near Halifax, at 6:45 p.m., July 3rd, and the course set to clear Sable Island. Then fog came down and only the loom of the light on the western end of the island was raised, but all dangers were cleared and the steamer lanes were crossed as quickly as possible, most of the time with thick fog. By July 10th, eight days out from Cape Sable, *Spray* had traveled 1200 miles, an average of 150 miles a day, great going for a 36-footer even with the favoring current of the Gulf Stream. On the fourteenth, a Spanish barkentine was spoken and her captain sent over a bottle of wine on a line. On the sixteenth *Spray* was surging along over a smooth sea when she overtook a British bark whose master asked: "How long has it been calm about here?" "I don't know," answered Slocum, "I haven't been here long!"

Other ships were spoken and on July 19th Flores was sighted and on the next afternoon *Spray* anchored in Fayal. The first few days of the passage Slocum had complained of the loneliness but this feeling seems to have worn off after a ship or two had been spoken and, he says, never returned. The sloop would sail herself, even with the boom broad off and the wind well abaft the beam, so that he did not have the long hours at the helm that told so on other single-handed voyagers. When not busy in the galley or about the deck, he could read, loaf or sleep.

At Horta *Spray* got a great reception, her deck being crowded with visitors much of the time, and her skipper was entertained lavishly. Four days were spent in port and on July 24th the sloop sailed for Gibraltar, stretching away past Pico and to the leeward of St. Michaels. In getting clear of the islands a terrific squall struck her and one main shroud lanyard parted and the other stranded. With the help of a friendly seaman in a *guarda costa* boat, which overhauled the sloop when she was hove-to for repairs, the rigging was soon set up again. A day or so later, the skipper had a bad time with indigestion and fever, the result of mixing white cheese and plums. Between cramps he managed to turn a couple of reefs in the mainsail and set it again and then he gave up and lay on the cabin floor in delirium.

Though *Spray* had too much sail for the rising wind, she sailed herself through the blow until her owner was once more fit for duty. He came up, weak as a kitten, to find that the deck had been swept clear of everything not securely lashed, but the sloop was still tearing along on her course. She had made ninety miles through a rough sea during the night. A meridian altitude and a reading of the patent log confirmed her position. The wind was taking off but the reefs were kept in for a couple of days until the lone voyager was himself again.

By the twenty-eighth she was under full sail once more, with her master content to eat his own cooking, after he had thrown overboard all the remaining plums. That day, too, a turtle was harpooned and gotten aboard with the aid of the throat halliards. As this meant lowering the mainsail, a purchase was rigged to take care of any more turtles.

But the fine weather could not last forever and on the last day of July it broke with a northerly gale and heavy seas. Sail was shortened to a close-reefed mainsail and bobbed jib, the jib soon being torn off the bowsprit and reduced to rags. But the owner took this philosophically as he needed pot rags for the galley. The gale blew itself out on August 3rd and early the following morning, to quote from the Captain's delightful book: "I discovered Spain. I saw fires on shore, and knew that the country was inhabited." *Spray* made the land near Cape Trafalgar and anchored in the harbor of Gibraltar that afternoon. (Thomas Fleming Day declares that she did not reach Gibraltar until four days later.)

Next day the admiral in command had the sloop moved to a berth at the arsenal where it was much more comfortable than in her first anchorage, and then began a series of attentions from the British Navy that is pleasant to read of. Sailmakers and carpenters made repairs, and milk and fresh vegetables cheered the captain. Everything was done for him and his little ship, and the three weeks spent in port were pleasant ones.

Slocum had planned to sail through the Mediterranean and work down the Red Sea *via* the Suez Canal, but the British authorities pointed out the dangers from piratical craft and persuaded him to give the Red Sea a wide berth. Accordingly, after filling up with grub and water, he put to sea on August 25th, resolved to stretch away across the South Atlantic and make the passage around the Horn instead of keeping on to the eastward. A few hours out of port, while being followed by a Moorish felucca that had aroused his suspicions, the sloop was struck by a vicious squall. The main sheet strop parted and the boom fetched up against the rigging and broke. Slocum got the headsail off and the sloop into the wind, getting the mainsail in before it was torn, and then hoisted the jib. Then he grabbed his rifle, only to find that the felucca had been dismasted in the same squall that had taken its toll of *Spray*. The boom was fished before night, though the mainsail was kept furled until next morning.

Then came a moderate gale with a long sea, and the little sloop swung along comfortably on her course. On the first day of September, after three days of squalls and variable winds, there were indications both of land and of a gale. With the Canaries close aboard, a confused sea and a wild blow compelled short canvas, while the land was hidden. Finally a break in the haze showed Fuerteventura seven miles away and the ship on her course. After a calm came a gale that brought with it clouds of red dust from the African shore, followed by a northwester that brought clear skies. Then she caught the Trades and surged along to the southward and westward, reeling off the miles day after day. This was a lonely part of the sea and Slocum, sitting below one fine night, was startled to hear voices close alongside. He jumped on deck to find a white-hulled bark barely clear of the sloop.

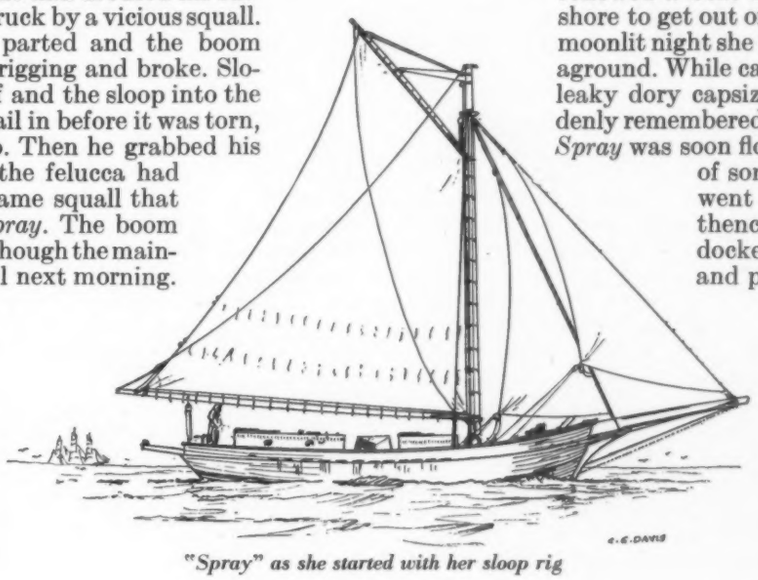
But the Trades must end and *Spray* had ten weary days in the Doldrums, making but three hundred miles in that time and having plenty of rain and a lumpy sea. The Southeast Trades were picked up in 4° N., though light, and the equator was crossed in 29°30′ W. on September 30th. Five days more brought her to the coast of Brazil, the anchor being let go in Pernambuco on October 5th, forty days out from Gibraltar.

The captain was once more among friends, as he had traded to Pernambuco in his bark *Aquidneck* and, in 1893, had taken the Ericsson *Destroyer*, a queer freak that had been built for our navy, to Brazil for the government which was then fighting the rebel Mello. The *Destroyer* lay in the Brooklyn Navy Yard for years and I had been aboard of her more than once. She looked like an elongated toothpick with a square-fronted house on deck, carried a submarine gun in her bow, and could be submerged until her deck was awash.

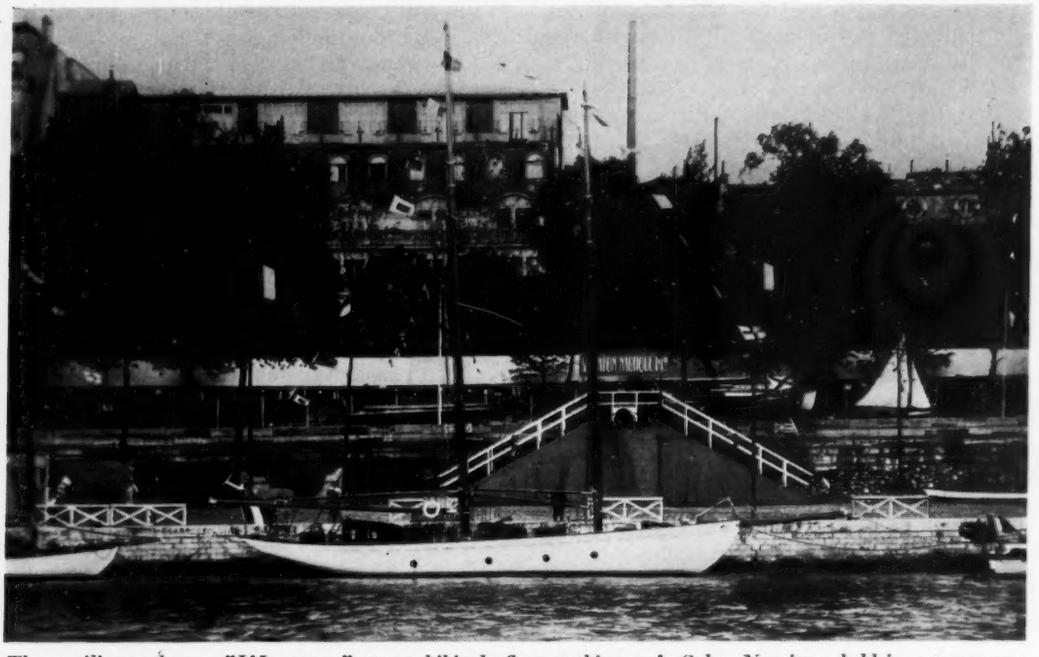
On October 24th *Spray* sailed for the southward and reached Rio November 5th, averaging about a hundred miles a day along the coast. At Rio the captain decided to turn her into a yawl. The broken piece of the main boom had been removed at Pernambuco and the mainsail recut, so a mizzen was stepped and braced, a small lug sail shipped and a bumpkin fitted for the sheet. Old friends at Rio helped out *Spray*'s master with an anchor, a cable and other supplies and she was soon ready for sea once more.

After an unsuccessful attempt to collect back pay due him for his voyage in the *Destroyer* — they offered to give him the ship, which lay on bottom with only the top of her funnel showing — Slocum weighed anchor on November 28th and ran out into a severe gale, barely getting a good offing before it began to blow. Then followed a beat down the coast, close inshore to get out of an adverse current. One moonlit night she stood in too far and went aground. While carrying out an anchor, the leaky dory capsized and the skipper suddenly remembered that he could not swim. *Spray* was soon floated again with the help of some of the shore folks and went on to Maldonado and thence to Montevideo. She was docked and her bottom caulked and painted, at the expense of a British steamship company, and then ran up the river to Buenos Aires. With a Cape Horn passage ahead of him, Slocum shortened the mainmast seven feet and cut five feet off the bowsprit.

(*Cont'd on page 100*)



"Spray" as she started with her sloop rig



The auxiliary schooner "L'Inconnue" was exhibited afloat at this year's Salon Nautique, held in a temporary structure on the banks of the Seine

At the Paris Salon Nautique

By L. LUARD

THE French are nothing if not imaginative. Unable, this year, to hold the Salon Nautique in the Grand Palais, the organizing committee erected a temporary structure in the Cours De La Reine, with an entrance representing an ocean liner. From afar, the black hull, topped by red funnels, the white sails of small yachts rising, diminutive, in the foreground, the slow moving waters of the Seine, placid and unruffled, the grey-stoned quays lined with white hulls, their brasswork gleaming and scintillating in the sun — all offset by the green tracery of trees — took on the appearance of a purposeful invasion, an annual reminder to Paris that the sea is not far distant, and that harbors and creeks, backwaters and the wide open spaces, the thrill of speed, the tang of salt air, and the bite of wind, are joys easy of achievement.

Undoubtedly the exhibition lost by not being in its usual setting. It had the appearance of being a little ragged, a little unkempt, a little cramped; but against this the chantiers had sent more finished yachts for inspection alongside the quays, and several engine manufacturers took the opportunity of placing their models in a separate temporary building and of demonstrating them in action.

The largest exhibit was *L'Inconnue*, a 65-foot schooner, and a modification of *La Railleuse* which I described last year. Her builder, Monsieur Guilberteau, has certainly made a good job of her, though her lines remain almost the same as those of her predecessor, having only been fined out slightly in the run. She is a husky ship, capable of standing up to any weather, not fast — I feel certain — in anything except a real breeze of wind, though her builder naturally contradicts this. Again double decks are a feature of her construction, and again wooden floors and wooden lodging and hanging knees are used throughout in preference to galvanized iron ones. She is of immensely heavy construction, having double bilge stringers and a double shelf throughout.

L'Inconnue took part in the Plymouth-Santander race and placed ninth. As light fickle weather was experienced by the fleet, this was no true test of her capabilities, and she also lacked light balloon canvas; but for anyone who wants a good, staunch, trustworthy cruiser, well built and well finished, she is an attractive proposition — and her price is even more attractive. A 40-foot yawl, by the same builder, was also moored alongside the quay. Both these boats are now to be standardized.

I was glad that Jouët, of Sartrouville, did not exhibit another luxury fifty-fifty 42-foot ketch, though a model of her was displayed under shelter, with a printed card alongside, stating that she was "the boat of the future." One hopes not. Another model of a boat that is being built for Alain Gerbault by the same firm was far more interesting, though a small blue slip had been gummed across her dimensions — in accordance with her owner's wishes. The hull is of the Colin Archer type, with rather heavier shoulders; but a snug Bermuda rig has been adopted, the mast having a single spreader. A rather long bowsprit looks unhandy in heavy weather; but Alain Gerbault must have a particular reason for this. No motor was shown, so one presumes that he still remains faithful to pure sail. Her length over all, I believe, is about 34 feet.

Jouët also had two motor yachts alongside the quay — one a 78-tonner for Continental canal cruising; the other a 63-footer with the increasingly popular central cockpit. The construction and finish of both were beyond reproach.

Though yachts built of steel are not yet well known, this form of construction is increasing, and Dutch

builders are specializing in it. A 50-foot standard steel motor cruiser, designed by Major Wheeler, a retired American army officer, and built by Tans and Zonen, of Rotterdam, was one of the most interesting craft there. Her designer had wisely refrained from placing any particular make of engine in her in order to give potential clients an unrestricted choice, though Grays, Cummins Diesels, Treiber Diesels, and Chryslers, may, I understand, be installed. Designed mainly for coastal work, but seaworthy enough to make moderate passages, this cruiser is a really well planned and thought-out job. Every inch of space has been utilized, the accommodation is worthy of a craft half again as big, the finish is first-class, and the details of construction are of the highest standard. I shall be surprised if more is not heard of this type in the near future.

An outstanding exhibit was the twin-screw express cruiser built by Despujols and powered with Chrysler engines

Turning to speed, the two Despujols twin-screw express cruisers, powered with Chrysler engines of 150 h.p. and 100 h.p., both having immense flaring bows, were outstanding exhibits, and of the smaller speed boats the 22-foot 125 h.p. Chrysler-engined Chris-Craft and the 16-foot Dodge attracted the most notice. Chris-Craft, I am told, are selling well in France, and any remark concerning their construction and finish is superfluous.

Diesel motors, most of them with speeds between 800 and 1000 r.p.m., played a prominent part, being more numerous than petrol or paraffin ones, though many were more suited for commercial craft, and this section showed that the four-stroke Diesel is still the more popular. Hill, Renault, Deutz, Sulzer, Peugeot, Benz, and Hoffman were amongst those shown, as well as the Bagnalo, a hybrid running on heavy oil, but using spark plugs. Of other internal combustion engines, Chrysler, Scripps, Lycoming, and the Van Blerck led the way, being more compact and cleaner in appearance than other makes, though the new Renaults compare favorably with them.

Outboard engines, of course, were there in plenty — Johnson, Elto, Lockwood, and Evinrude representing America. One glance at the other exhibits in this class at once showed that France is far behind in this type of power unit. The different models of the Johnson "Sea Horses" made a particularly impressive display.

There were other exhibits beyond number — outboard hulls, canoes, dinghies, accessories of every sort and description, camping gear, and odds and ends that had no relation to the sea; but the stand of Alfred Baule displayed an innovation in a repeater magnetic compass — one of the cleverest pieces of mechanism I have seen for a long time. A yacht electric log and speed indicator was also shown, and this has proved a great success. The instrument can be fitted to any form of hull and is made in various different models. A small blade, projecting low down in the hull, is bent by the pressure of the water, and motivates, by a simple mechanism, a potentiometer which regulates the flow of current from a storage battery to a distance recorder, and, at the same time, actuates a speed indicator. One was fitted to *Maitenes II* this year in the Fastnet Race and proved a complete success, being of great assistance in getting the best speed out of the boat under varying conditions of wind and weather. Repeaters can also be installed anywhere in the ship, and a broken blade can be replaced in two minutes. The whole apparatus is so great an advance on existing towed logs that it merits serious consideration.

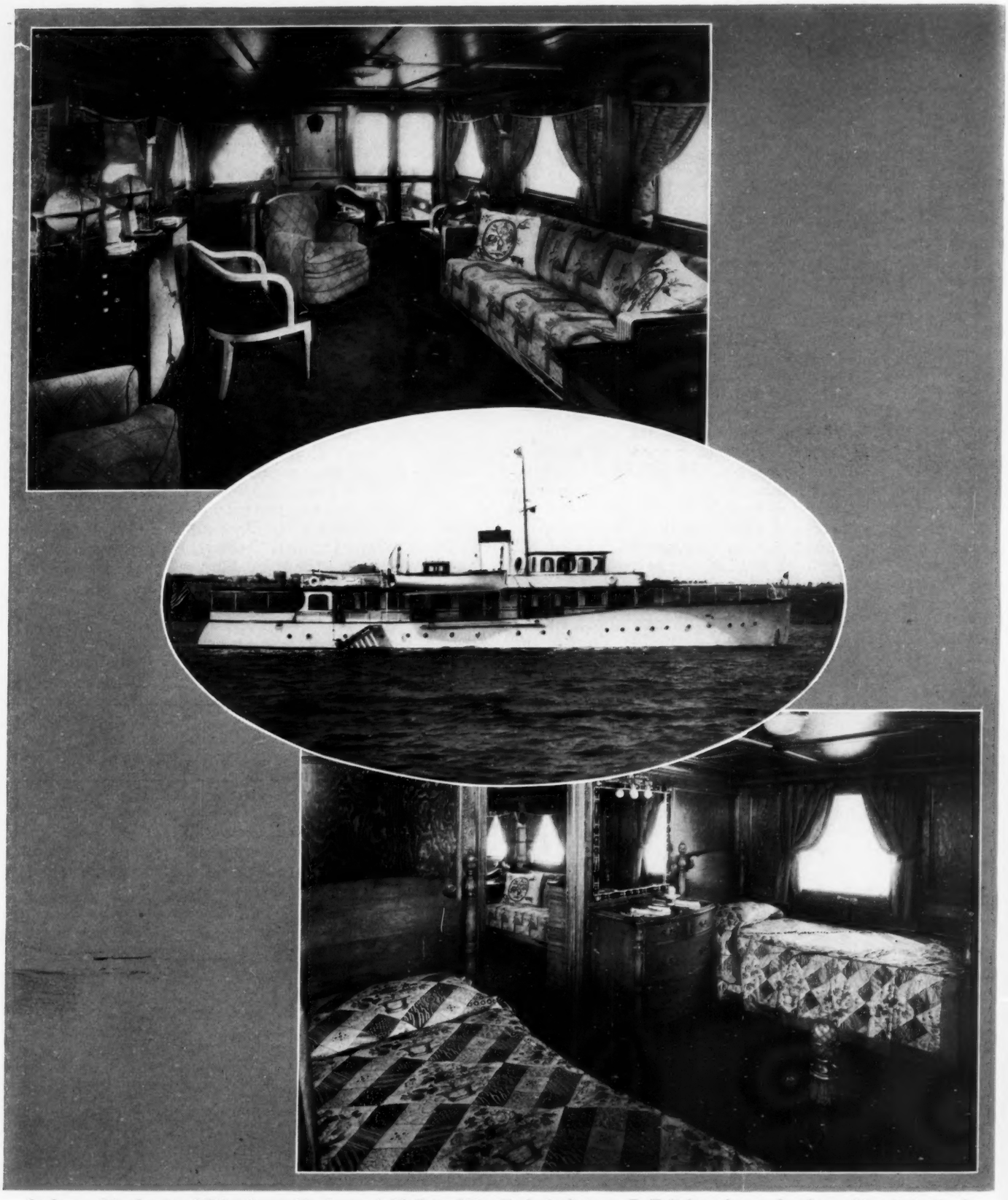
Though the Salon this year was less impressive, exhibitors are beginning slowly to realize that utility is of greater import than appearance. Yet many mistakes were still made in those finishing details so important to practical efficiency. One does not like to see a small,

(*Continued on page 116*)

A 50-foot steel cruiser built in Rotterdam by Tans and Zonen was exhibited

The American Chris-Craft runabout proved very popular with the French

"Bidou"—A Diesel Cruiser That is Different



In the new Diesel cruiser "Bidou," owned by James A. Moffatt, of New York, the designer, B. T. Dobson, has produced something distinctive in the way of moderate-sized power cruisers. On a length of 124 feet, with generous beam of 20 feet, a full length deckhouse gives the accommodations of a much larger craft without detriment to the appearance. A large living room, the owner's stateroom, and the dining saloon are found in this deckhouse, which is surmounted by a pilothouse and enclosed bridge. The guests' quarters are below. The Bath Iron Works were the builders. Two 8-cylinder Wintons furnish the power

Driving "Carlsark" through the Straits of Messina in December

"Carlsark" in the Mediterranean

From Gibraltar to Greece along the Shores of Spain, France, and Italy

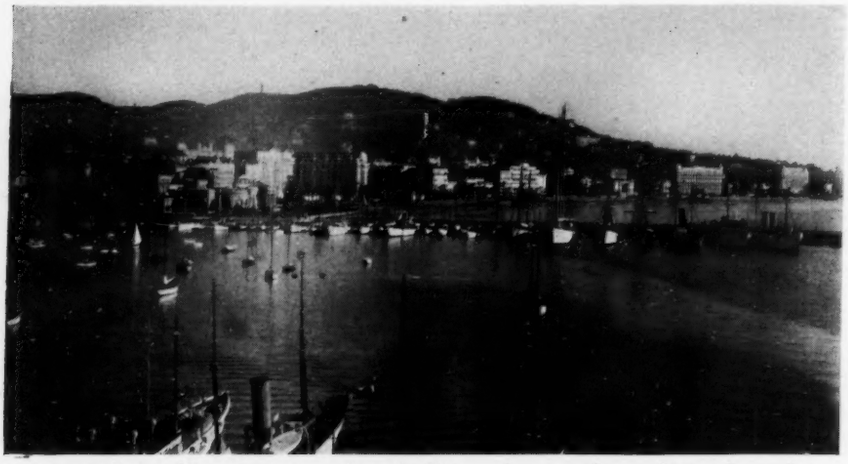
By CARL L. WEAGANT

CARLSARK anchored among the sailing dinghies of the Gibraltar Yacht Club inside His Majesty's naval harbor for five days while her three-handed crew of amateurs turned to the task of refitting, with the able assistance and advice of the American Consul, the officers of the *U.S.S. Annapolis*, and the captain of the American yacht *Amida*. And then, on the thirty-first of August, 1929, her Nordic bow was headed east to explore the Mediterranean.

The United States yacht ensign dipped in farewell to the battle flag of Britain's Navy, just as the bugle call for "colors" was echoing over the harbor and Gibraltar Bay. Europa Point was rounded, and soon the *Carlsark* was hurriedly blazing a phosphorescent trail into the Mediterranean toward Cape de Gata, the southeast corner of Spain. There were two reasons for our haste. We wanted to cover the nine hundred miles to Cannes, France, and from there go overland to see the continent before autumn. Autumn and early winter on the Mediterranean would be fine for cruising — we thought. We did not know then that the hardy sailors of Venice, in its prime, assigned the months from November to April, on the Mediterranean in sailing craft, to fools, and that during the great days of commerce and sail Venetian law forbade the venturing forth of its ships in these stormy months. The more immediate cause for haste was a long gray plume of mist streaming from the crest of the Rock, like an immense aviation wind sock, with its head toward the Levant. A Levanter was brewing in the upper atmosphere, and if we could get around Cape de Gata before it broke, we would have only a moderate head wind to face instead of a gale.

A calm, settled sea stretched out ahead, dotted with the lights of many steamers streaming in and out of the Straits. The engine purred just as contentedly on its new diet of British petrol as it had on Azorean gazolina. 'Way off to port the handle of the Great Dipper sprouted out of the dim outline of the Sierra Nevadas. Dolphins were blazing their phosphorescent trails in a thousand weird designs, as they convoyed *Carlsark* on through the night to a serene September morn. This was truly the soft gentle blue sea, as we and most Americans picture it, but it was not the hammering Mediterranean that *Carlsark* was going to know as she smashed and battered her way through some three thousand miles of its Mistrals, Libeccios Siroccos, Vendaveles, and other trying gales so well known to crafty Ulysses.

We reached the gaunt black cliffs of Cape de Gata before the Levanter descended. Rounding it, we met a head wind paralleling the coast, and for eight long days and nights beat into it. The short, steep, devilish seas that we encountered conspired to drive us backward, like the man who slipped downhill two steps for every three that he advanced. Pots jumped off the stove as they never had in the Atlantic. Well aimed forks of beans went far astray, and we had to eat with our chins almost in our plates. And even our seasoned sea legs could not be trusted in those drunken seas that sent us reeling and stumbling about the deck. There was rhythm to the Atlantic, but only mad confusion here. In an effort to keep out of these seas, we hugged the shore to gain the protection of its capes. The nearer the shore the better the progress; so, in an infinite number of short tacks, we followed up the coast of Spain or six hundred miles. This was a hard task at night with single-handed watches, along a strange coast. But during the day we had an intimate view of Spanish country and seacoast, sometimes under the shadows of rugged cliffs, sometimes along sandy shores of the llanos with funny little trains scurrying across them, shrieking out their high pitched warnings at lazy donkeys and bullock carts. Each evening we saw the quaint fishing feluccas put to sea from their tiny white villages for the night's catch. They do their fishing in the darkness, using powerful jack lamps directed into the sea by reflectors at the stern of their picturesque craft. Behind



Cannes Harbor, like many others along the Riviera, has a perfect anchorage for yachts

these the net is dragged. The most fascinating part of their activity was to see the unbelievable opalescence revealed by these lamps, shining through the azure waves as they rose and fell on the swells. Sorolla has immortalized these fishing craft on his blazing canvases, but never has he captured that rare symphony of blue we saw night after night, as we worked our way through many fleets. During the morning, when they were returning with their catch, we would sail close alongside, trying out our budding, blundering Spanish on the smiling, swarthy crews. We were pleased to find that they, too, needed power, as well as sail, to make headway in the unreasonable, jumping seas.

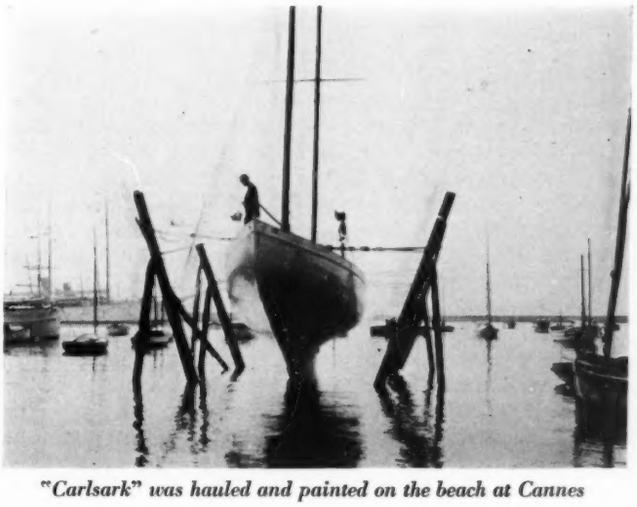
Slowly, we made our way northeastward past Mojacar, Cartagena, and Alicante, battling around Cape Mesa de Roldan, Tinoso, Palos, and San Antonio. Rounding San Antonio in a burst of hard squalls that thundered down from its mighty cliffs, we turned into the little port of Denia for provisions. Here was a port and town that was untouched, unspoiled, primitive Old Spain. Here remained an atmosphere of romance that commercialism has crowded out of other Spanish ports. We entered between jetties of artistic Spanish masonry, and swung alongside the quay, amid the blue fishing feluccas. Denia, founded six centuries before Christ, takes its name from a replica of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, built on the hill that rose before us, blending into a background of mountains. Rugged ruined battlements on shore told of seven centuries of Moorish occupation. The castle that stood silhouetted on the hill dated to Roman times, and withstood scores of sieges during the wars of the Spanish Succession. And now it rests, a sleepy Spanish town, engaged in exporting onions and raisins.

Down the quiet boulevard of dusty tamarind trees we marched abreast; Joe fortified with his market basket, "Dud" with a ten-gallon gas drum on each shoulder, and myself draped, like a Spanish donkey, with large, wicker-encased wine jugs. Joe was in quest of food, and usually located the market by its raucous din of jabbering Latin voices, cackling poultry, and wailing donkeys. It was really worth being sea cook, just to explore and barter in those Mediterranean markets. "Dud" was in search of the local gas pump, and sometimes we had to walk miles to find those fountains of power. My job was to fill the Spanish wine jugs with water. In the Mediterranean we almost always had to service our tanks by toting wine jugs from the nearest source of water supply, usually the public fountain, and often we had to wait in line; water is precious in those countries. Of course, in larger ports water is piped along the quays for steamers, but some of that high pressure servicing in the Azores blew out the bottom of our tank, and thereafter we resorted to jug carrying and barrel rolling.

One old wineshop keeper, so amazed at the sight of "Americanos" bending to menial tasks, and not surrounded by American luxuries depicted in moving pictures, sympathizingly invited us in for a free drink. His astonishment was typical of so many that flocked to see *Carlsark* wherever she tied up. A yacht was a curiosity in itself, one flying the American flag was still more unusual. But, when we answered their inquiries, and told them we had sailed from New York, their astonishment turned to doubt. And the fact that we, who owned a yacht, and had time to wander about the world, should be doing our own work, didn't fit into the picture at all; surely we were lying young pirates of some sort.

Our stop in Denia lasted four hours — all too short; but we should have had several years to cruise the Mediterranean instead of several months. From Denia we headed across the Bay of Valencia, and battled head winds for another two hundred miles to Barcelona. Barcelona is not nearly as charming as its name. It is a modern, up-to-date city, the greatest seaport on the Mediterranean, and busy with its commerce. We stopped at the Real Club Maritimo for six hours, and then put to sea again.

The course was laid across the Gulf of Lions to Cannes. Still the head wind persisted, and by this time we were quite certain that it always blew in that one direction on the Mediterranean, no matter where you headed. The seas in the Gulf of Lions were even of a more devilish brand than those encountered along the coast of Spain. It was like motoring over a frozen, ploughed field, as we bumped and jolted our way across 200 miles of the Gulf, to a landfall on the Hyeres Islands near Toulon. Nine days of everlasting driving, strange waters, and endless tacking with only three hands, was tough sailing — France with its Riviera and Côte d'Azur never looked better. Instead of "Land Ho!" it was, "France at last!" Along this coast of blue, full of inviting coves and smooth beaches, formed by the



"Carlsark" was hauled and painted on the beach at Cannes

broken up ranges of Esterel, we beat the last 50 miles to Cannes. For yacht cruising, I know of nothing more interesting than this hundred miles of warm littoral, the Riviera, dotted with maritime pine and date palms, all rising to the Alps in the background. Its harbors are made for yachts, and there are a score of them, each a delightful nook, having every desirable luxury and refinement. There is no troublesome tide; and with your taffrail to the quay you step ashore to the café, opera, or whatever you like, via a miniature taffrail gangplank. The history of Greece and Rome is written in the ruins along its shores. And its people know well the art of living. All this and much more go to make the Riviera.

Mediterranean traders drying sails in Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome. The square rig is still in evidence

Within a half mile of Cannes, the Mediterranean made sure to have its "last lick." Joe was mopping the deck while Dud was below fighting with his beard and razor, both in eager anticipation of our arrival. Along came one of those unexpected, unwarranted, and unseen swells. In one jolt, it sent the mop, with Joe after it, into the sea, and drove the razor into Dud's jowls. As our only case of man overboard, it was hardly a serious affair to watch Joe waving the mop at Dud, who went to the rescue in the dinghy, cursing through his lathered beard.

Cannes harbor is formed by well built, artistically designed breakwaters. We slipped between them past the old tower that guards the entrance, and soon our stern was backed into the Quay St. Pierre. On our port hand was a Rumanians team yacht; to starboard a Yugoslavian schooner; across the harbor was another quay teeming with yachts, and close astern, lined with café tables, was the old street built on the quay.

Here *Carlsark* rested in the company of the Yugoslavian and Rumanian for two months while we went north. Returning to Cannes in the middle of November, we expected to find a warm semi-tropical climate, after talking with Englishmen. Instead, we found it rather chilly, and warm only in the direct sunlight. Like so many other uninitiated Americans, we expected the climate of Florida. Spring and summer is the time to cruise the Mediterranean. All else was perfect. We were entertained most graciously, largely through the kindness of Mons. and Mme. Conill, who, among their many yachting activities, have introduced and built up the Star Class on the Riviera.

Fitting out in French was a novel experience. Describing the underwater shape of *Carlsark* to the Frenchmen who hauled her out, and buying spinnaker pole goosenecks, called for French not learned in the classroom. However, we managed, and on the twenty-seventh of November were ready to go to sea. Signed on with the original crew were two new hands, Ed Brumder, Cornell roommate, and Conrad Warren.

Porto Longone on the island of Elba

A fresh westerly breeze was blowing as we reached out of Cannes Harbor. A three-mile leg was taken to sea to clear the island associated with the Man in the Iron Mask. When clear of its rocks, we jibed, and ran before a steep, following sea. The November air was clear and snappy. The shore line was sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, and its villas gleamed pure white. On beyond, the Alps reared their snowy peaks into the blue. Headed east toward Villefranche, we passed Antibes, and then swung in along the beach at Nice. Nice looked gay and lively with its Casinos and hotels bordering the Rue d'Anglais that dominates the shore line, sweeping in a long crescent to conform with the beach. After paralleling this for several miles, the course was altered to seaward, out around the Rock of Nice. At a time when the seas were highest and the wind strongest, the dinghy parted its tow line. We were unable to pick it up alongside *Carlsark*, fearing it would be smashed in the driving waves. So Dud secured a long rope around his waist and plunged into the cold water to make it fast to the tossing dinghy. It was no small job, and when we pulled him back on deck his reward was a shot of Grand Banks rum, so powerful that it was used only on foreign port-captains. Darkness found us furling sails in the quiet waters of Villefranche Harbor where we anchored for the night.

Villefranche Harbor cuts a deep horseshoe into the mountainous coast. The steep, rugged shores are dotted with colorful villas nestled in the green of the maritime pine. In the morning calm, we encircled this delightful bay, and then, rounding grim Cape Ferrat, headed for Monaco.

Before noon we sighted the bold rock promontory where once the Greek Temple of Monikos stood. A little beyond this, we could see the domes of the Casino on Monte Carlo. Between these two promontories that jut into the sea there is a perfect yacht harbor, protected on three sides by rocky cliffs, and toward the sea by neat breakwaters of white stone. Upon anchoring, we were cordially welcomed by the President of the Society of Regattas.

The American Consul, Mr. Armstrong, who had straightened out the affairs of the passportless crew of

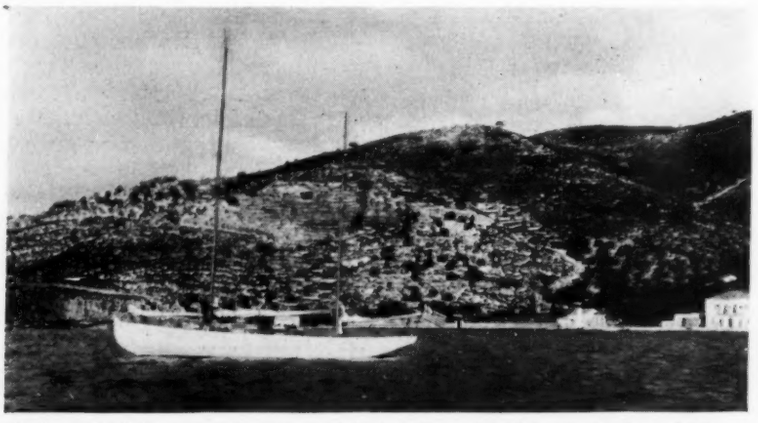
Carlsark on our arrival in September, advised us that a well known cruising yachtsman of wide Mediterranean experience had said, "For the Lord's sake, tell those boys not to leave the Riviera at this time of the year, if they value their lives at all." A book on the winds of the Mediterranean that I had secured in London was full of warning about winter weather. All along the waterfront we heard the same sort of thing from the sailors. The outlook was more than unpleasant, but we determined to complete the passage from Ithaca, New York, to Ithaca, Greece.

Next morning Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, former owner of *Carlsark*, came aboard for a very pleasant visit. He went over the charts with me, giving us much valuable advice from his experiences on the Mediterranean. He said that with good luck and by keeping our eyes open we could get through.

That evening we turned away from the comfort and charm of the Riviera, out into a black, drizzly night on a choppy, restless sea. The bow of *Carlsark* was headed across the Ligurian Sea, toward Corsica. Bastia, the home port of Napoleon, was our destination. Next morning, Cape Corse, the northern extremity of Corsica, appeared under a bleak, leaden sky. All day was spent jamming into steep head seas that yielded little progress. It was cold and bleak, and the mountains of Corsica were capped with snow. By afternoon it was evident that we could not reach Bastia in daylight, or even Maccinagio, the nearest harbor. The barometer had been dropping since our departure from Monaco. There was every indication of a coming Libeccio, which blows with greatest force off Bastia. We decided to keep offshore, and tacked away from Corsica. Soon we found our way blocked by the unlighted convict island, Capria, almost entirely obscured by the rain squalls that heralded the coming storm. Several short hitches and we cleared it, shaping our course toward Elba. By this time it was howling out of the southwest, and the leech of our reefed mizzen sputtered like a machine gun as we lay close into it, endeavoring to gain the lee of Elba. Gradually the howl became a roar, and amid sheets of drenching spray all hands came to the rescue of the mizzen with the storm trysail. Slowly, we cleared Corsica, and, by dawn, reached the shelter of Elba, where everything eased up.

Arriving in Porto Longone, Elba, we were pleased to hear that it had been blowing a gale during the night. A glorious day of sunshine dried out a very wet ship and helped to lighten the burden of repairs.

The sardine fishermen, coming in with their catch next morning at six-thirty, roused us out of a peaceful sleep with their noisy Italian gibble-gabble. Soon after, we were on our way southward, through the Tuscan Archipelago, still bumping into head seas. A thunder squall passed over, leaving a rainbow terminating ten feet in our wake. The pot of gold was not there, however, as the island of Monte Cristo, several miles off our port, held all the mythical wealth of that part of the Mediterranean. In keeping with our geographical location, spaghetti was served for dinner, as we coasted close along the island of Giglio with its tumbling old fortress showing but a single mysterious light. We pressed on through the night past the island of Gianutri, toward Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome. My roommate Ed, and I stood watch from eight until two in the morning. Cuddled in the cockpit under all the blankets we could muster, we recalled our days at Cornell. Dud and Con stood from two until breakfast, whiling away the long hours with tales or poems of the sea brought to memory by the occasional passing of quaint, square-rigged Mediterranean traders.



At the end of the outward passage. "Carlsark" anchored in the harbor of Ithaca, Greece

Sixty miles out of Elba, we reached Civita Vecchia, a rather filthy port, but the sight of many square-rigged traders bunched in one part of the harbor, with all sails set for drying, more than made up for the dirt. Squaresails, stunsails and trysails were combined in a symphony of white, vivid in the brilliance of sunny Italy.

The "rigamarole" of pilots, port authorities, and health officers in the ports of Spain and France was a considerable bother, but in Italy it was a confounded nuisance. It was in Civita Vecchia that we started signing away our lives to Mr. Mussolini. A half day of writing signatures was necessary before we dared budge. The fact that we claimed to have come from New York in a twelve-ton vessel was enough to arouse the suspicious Italian officials. And when I signed for Captain, one look at my eighteen-year-old visage, convinced them that something was decidedly wrong. They pored and pored over our papers. They thumbed our passports like auditors searching for lost dollars in a ledger. To complicate the proceedings, I spoke no Italian and they no English. Finally, they called in some Joe or Tony who had owned a fruit stand in New York, and in time, the serious business was settled. Several "tin soldiers" were posted to watch every move we made. Every can of gasoline, jug of water, or box of provisions that came aboard had to be sniffed, sounded, and scrutinized. Il Duce was not to be fooled.

After an overland trip to Rome, we left Civita Vecchia for Naples, 150 miles farther south. Our course was set to conform with the shin of the Italian boot, and by nightfall we were off the mouth of the Tiber, sailing through the yellow, muddy waters that discharged into the blue of the Mediterranean. Long into the night watches, we could see the lights and glare of the Eternal City slowly fading over the horizon.

The next evening, in the light of the crescent moon, we dropped our hook in an enchanting little harbor formed by the crater of an extinct volcano on the island of Ischia, near Naples. All hands turned in early on level bunks that night to sleep the sleep of the just, after the hammer, hammer, hammer on the hard, head seas. We dreamed of days in the Gulf Stream where sheets were eased and seas were following.

The morning was clear and brilliant as

(*Cont'd on page 112*)

A BIT OF BOSTON'S WATERFRONT

MOTORBOATS TIED UP AT ONE OF THE FISH WHARVES

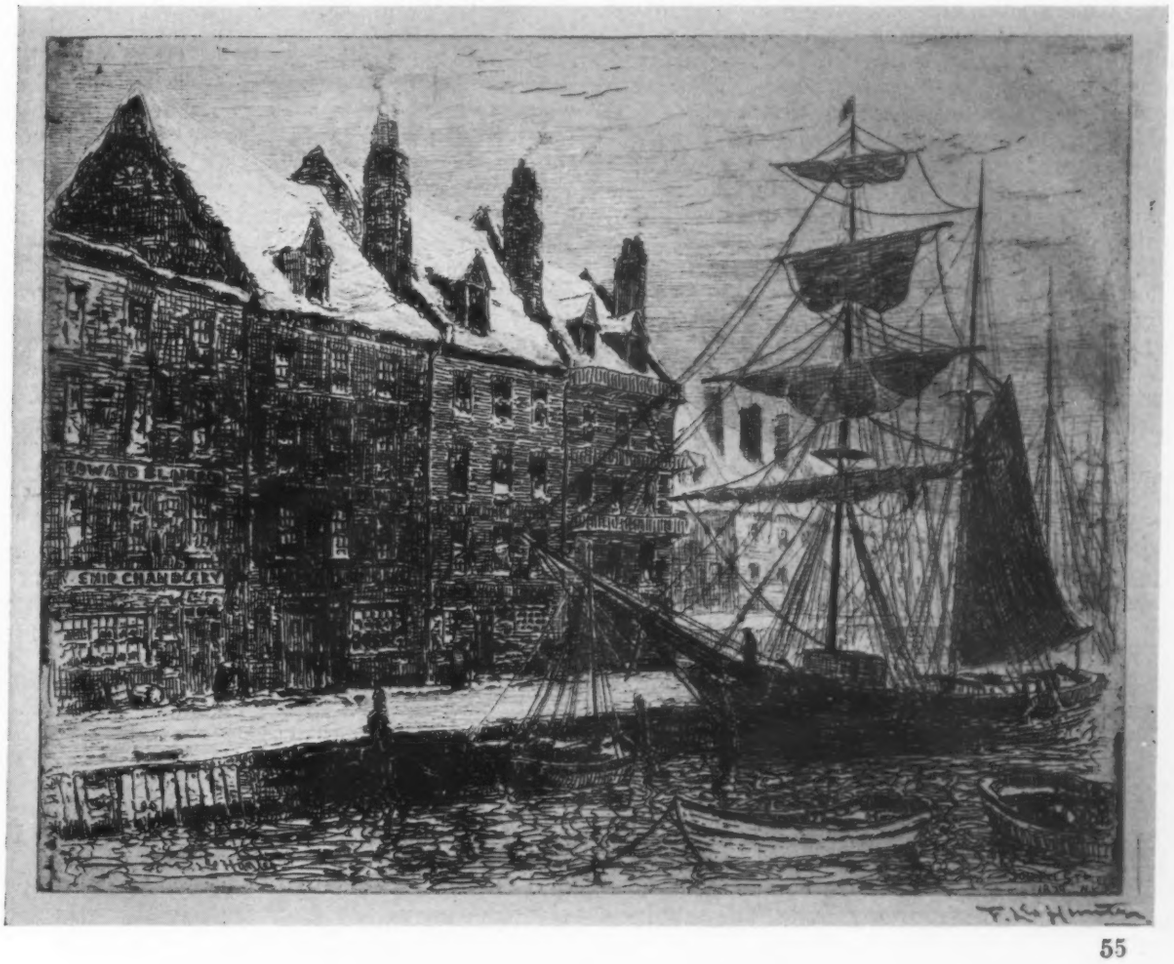
From an etching by Carl Wingate

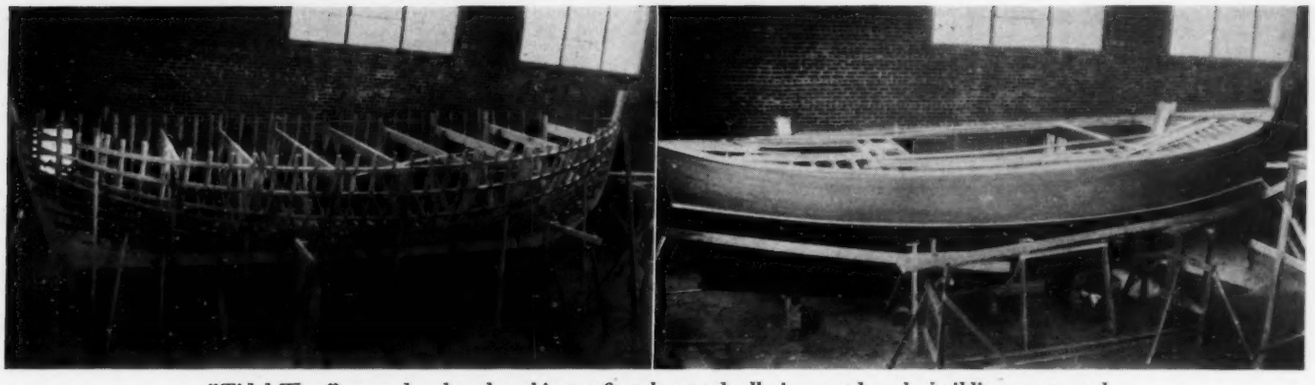
THE WATERFRONT OF OLD NEW YORK

SOUTH STREET, BELOW BURLING SLIP, IN 1879

From an etching by F. Leo Hunter

The landmarks of this famous street, known to seafaring men the world over, are fast disappearing, although here and there some of the old buildings into which were poked the bowsprits and jibbooms of the now vanished fleet still remain to recall the past





"Tidal Wave" seemed a shapeless thing at first, but gradually improved as the building progressed

"Tidal Wave"

Part II—The Good Ship is Built Amid the Din of the Knockers' Hammers

By SAMUEL WETHERILL

ALONG about the first week in December, 1929, two things relating to *Tidal Wave* happened independently. First, the contract for building her was signed with the Minneford Yacht Yard, of City Island. Second, Harry Hall, of New Rochelle, started to make a model of her. So there were really two boats being built at the same time, and it kept me busy running down to City Island and New Rochelle at least once a week to follow the progress being made on each boat.

On my first visit to Minneford's, Dick Sayers and George Sadler were laying down the lines. They were working on the sections when I arrived, and both had most dubious expressions on their usually placid countenances. I had scanned those lines many times. There were few mysteries in them for me. But Sayers was plainly worried — especially about the midship section, which to him looked like a soup bowl. It certainly did look odd, especially as they had only lately finished laying down Bob Moore's *Cynara*, a slender sloop designed by Olin Stephens — with a beam of 8′ 5″ on an over all length of 37′ 6″. It was like comparing the section of a watermelon with one of a pear upside down. Other critics appeared. They all stood more or less aghast, wondering, more or less audibly, "Why the tub?"

Reassuring them that all would be well, I motored back to New Rochelle. Harry Hall was further along — he had fashioned and set up a mold or two. And Harry was aghast, too. The sheer bulk of those sections staggered him. But I just patted Harry on the back, complimented him on his fine workmanship, and went back home, just a little bit dubious myself as to whether she wasn't going to be a terrible tub, after all.

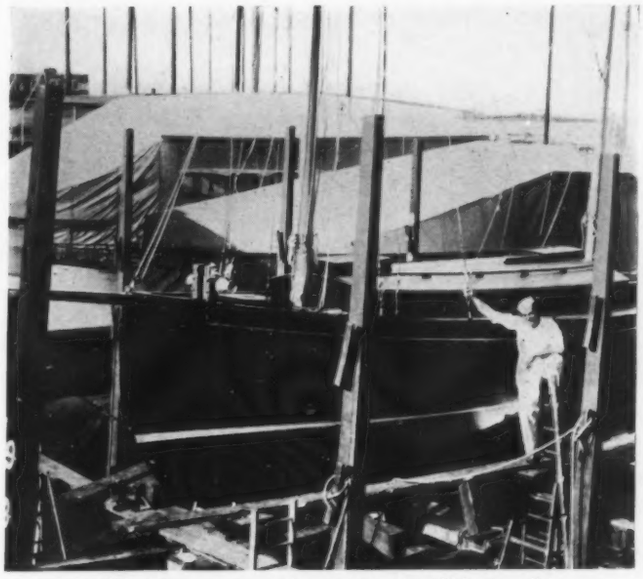
When the molds were finally set up at Minneford's, the boat seemed to have no shape at all — just a big, fat tub. But when the ribbands went on — well, you could get an idea of the fore and aft lines, and prospects were looking up. It was the same thing with the model, which Harry built upside-down. And when the model was completely framed up, and the planking below the water line completed, Harry and I squinted along the length of the boat with wonder in our eyes. She was fair and easy, looked at from any angle. The tubbiness had disappeared, and her bottom looked very much like that of a whaleboat!

The actual boat at Minneford's didn't look so good, partly because she was built right-side-up, and partly because of all the scaffolding around her interfering with the view. When the planking went on, the knockers got busy — most of them interested in six-metre boats and the like, and with the narrow, fine-lined *Cynara* alongside with which to compare her. *Tidal Wave* was a waste of fine lumber. She was fat. She was too full forward. She was too fine aft. The freeboard was too high. With that keel rockered up aft she would broach-to in a following sea. She'd make a good houseboat, but wouldn't go even with a Gray 4–30 motor, so why bother putting a rig in her? A fine ark — "When are you going to put the animals on board?" someone asked. One venerable and lovable yachting critic is reported to have said: "Sam Wetherill has had so much sailing experience that I can't understand him building a thing like that."

And so it went. Nobody loved her — except Harry Hall and I. We had looked the growing model over from every possible angle, in every light, and we had faith. In fact, Harry was highly enthusiastic — more so than I — and predicted that she would show a fine turn of speed. Rhodes claimed she would sail well, too. Personally, I thought that she would be satisfactory under sail, and that was about as far as I got, when I considered how heavy and fat she was, and her small ketch rig.

Just a few words about her construction, which is rugged without being unduly heavy. Oak is the keynote of keel, stem, frames, etc. Knees of hackmatack. Planking of beautifully selected yellow pine — Sayers says he would rather plank with Philippine mahogany next time, and save money. Fastenings are hot dipped galvanized boat nails — they have held for 40 years in *West Island*, and I'll be under the sod in far fewer years than that. Decks of 1⅛″ pine, canvas covered. Rail of pine, cap of mahogany, covering board of oak. Planking finished 1⅛″. Floor timbers oak, quite heavy — George Sadler claimed inside ballast would be superfluous, there was enough oak in her to sink her.

Everything outside was to be painted — I didn't want any bright work to go sour for lack of upkeep. That was thoroughly understood when the contract was signed — no yachty stuff for me; this was a cruising



"Her bow was reminiscent of an English cutter"

tub, to be run and kept up by her owner, used for practical purposes, not to compete with gilded yachts. So the yard went right ahead and varnished everything in sight — mahogany cabin trunk, mahogany cockpit coaming, pine rail and mahogany cap, oak covering board, mahogany hatches and grab rails — the whole works. I was speechless when I first saw it. Then I cooled down a bit. She did look pretty good, what? Yes, she certainly did. In fact, by the time my amazement wore off, I admitted she looked swell. So I gracefully admitted defeat. Varnished she was, and varnished she would stay for a season at least, just so Minneford could point with pride to the "yachty" boat they had built. So, taking solace from the thought, audibly expressed many times, that I would spill paint all over that cussed bright work next season, I resigned myself to fate — and a chamois, fresh water, and cans of varnish.

Now getting back to that model: It's a knockout. Everyone who has seen it says so, too — and if you don't believe it, have a look at it yourself at YACHTING's booth at the Motor Boat Show in January. Absolutely to scale, inch to the foot. Framed, floored and planked just like a big boat — steamed oak frames, beautiful mahogany planking, fastened with tiny brass screws — Harry told me how many gross, but I forget. Narrow strip deck — finished bright. Everything just like the original, spars, sails, and all. The expert, painstaking labor which Harry put in on this job is difficult to understand. He is usually quite a sane chap, yet he doesn't see anything remarkable in it. He liked the boat, and he loves to make models and gadgets down in his splendid little workshop in the basement of his New Rochelle home. Wherefore the model of *Tidal Wave*, about as keen a job as one could wish for.

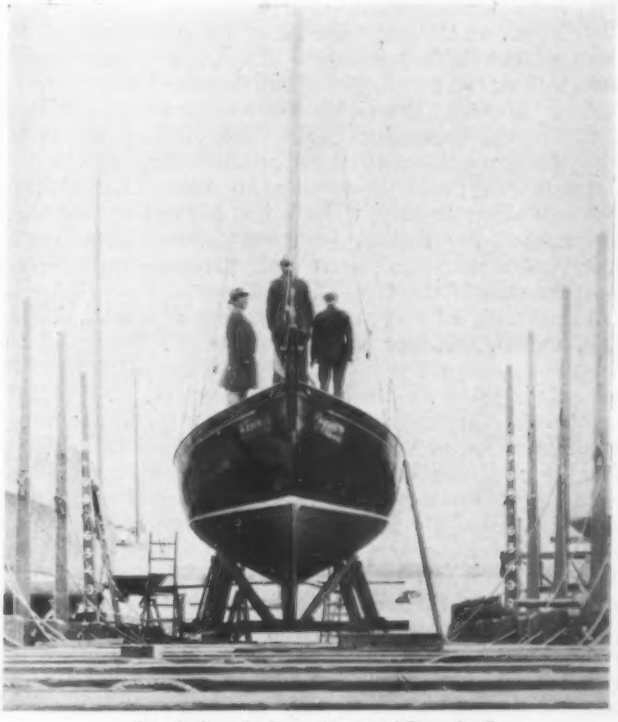
When things got along to the painting stage, the boat looked better and better. The glossy black hull, with the bronze bottom and white boot top, all topped off with a gold cove stripe and the mahogany cabin trunk and cockpit coaming, showed indications of at last becoming a boat. You could see the lines better, and the tubbiness was far less noticeable. Then the addition of the bowsprit and varnished boomkin helped greatly to lengthen out the appearance of the short-ended hull.

When the interior began to shape up, the critics weren't quite so critical. Inside, she was immense. Great floor space. Four wide bunks. Big galley. Shipmate stove, big ice box, etc. Motor completely lost aft. More than full headroom. Acres of stowage space — and lockers and drawers galore. And a fine toilet room. Yes, the critics began to wonder if, after all, she might not be a half-way decent boat — if she'd only sail! Which, of course, she wouldn't. Well, maybe not. Let's wait and see.

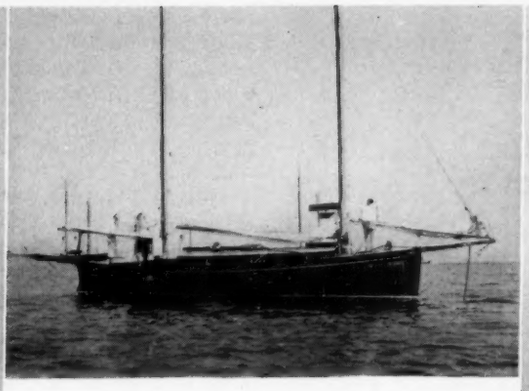
The ketch rig caused a lot of grief among many of the experts. She was too small for such a rig — she should be a cutter, or at least a yawl, with more sail area for the big hull — a more efficient and larger sail plan was the dope. So Rhodes and I drew up a jib-headed cutter sail plan — on the same mainmast we got nearly 100 square feet more sail, and didn't it look good! But I milled this matter over and over in my mind, weighed the advantages of each rig carefully, and stuck to the ketch rig. And I'm glad I did. She'd be faster with the cutter rig — but that was all. And I wasn't out for speed — a cruising rig with reasonable efficiency, remarkable ease of handling, great simplicity — three halliards, three sheets, all on travelers, no runners — an ideal rig for a single-hander. That was how I doped it out. And the dope ran true to form.

Out in the yard, and the spars went in. Gosh, what sticks! Even the six-metre crowd, used to tall ones, were a bit aback. But they forgot that the short ends were deceptive, and that the great beam gave excellent spread for the rigging. You can stay a Marconi spar of any height if you have the proper spread for the rigging — and *Tidal Wave* has about three feet more spread for her rigging than the average boat with a mast of similar height! So much for the experts. That mainmast has carried full sail to windward in a 35-mile breeze and jump of a sea — without a buckle or a whimper.

Launching time arrived. She looked good on the ways — not just as we had expected she would look, but good nevertheless. Her bow was reminiscent of an English cutter — *Jolie Brise*, for instance — though goodness knows neither Rhodes nor I had an English cutter in



Just before the launching at Minneford's



As "Tidal Wave" looks afloat. The "tubbiness" has disappeared, and the spars are not so terrifying. The ample beam is hardly apparent, and she looks trim and businesslike from all angles

view when she was designed. She looked chunky and heavy, yet easy-lined from certain angles. And then she began to slide down the ways, and in a minute or so was afloat — practically on her lines, though somewhat by the head, due to the ballast inside being stowed a bit too far forward.

Scanning her afloat from the yard launch and the nearby dock, she looked better — far better than when on the railway. Seemed to have a sturdy, almost saucy, appearance. The tall masts didn't look quite so tall. She didn't look so short and fat — in fact, from certain viewpoints she seemed decidedly slender, and she still looks that way when seen from broad off the bow. So those of us most interested took heart, and anxiously awaited the day when we might try her out under sail and power, to see just how near she would measure up to our hopes and expectations.

(*To be continued*)

Lake Yacht Racing Association Plans Next Season's Program

WITH the selection of Henderson Harbor, New York, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, as the place of the 1931 regatta of the Lake Yacht Racing Association; the possibility of shifting the Fisher Cup for Class P sloops to the eight-met reclass under challenge of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, at the same time transferring the Canada's Cup to the ten-metre in 1932; and the appearance upon Lake Ontario of a new silver trophy, to be sailed for in the Star Class and named for Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State, as a memorial, next year promises well for the most eastern of the Great Lakes.

As a result of the annual meeting of the L.Y.R.A., at Toronto, October 18th, Thomas K. Wade, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, is the association head for the ensuing year. He succeeds Thomas A. E. World, of the Queen City Yacht Club of Toronto, under whose administration of five years the association has enjoyed a large measure of success and built up its finances from a deficit to a substantial surplus. President World, however, withdrew from the race for another term, and was elected honorary president, a position which has been held for the past few years by William P. Barrows of the Rochester Yacht Club. Other officers of the association are E. Austin Barnes, Crescent Yacht Club, Watertown, N. Y., vice president; and Blake Van Winckle and F. A. Moore of the Queen City Yacht Club, who continue as secretary and assistant secretary.

Major Le Roy F. Grant replaces William Casey as the Kingston representative on the association council, the other members of which are Lorenzo G. Mabbett, Rochester Yacht Club; J. G. Morrow, Royal Hamilton Yacht Club; Colonel John T. Mott, Oswego Yacht Club; C. B. Ferris, Buffalo Canoe Club; B. L. Hyman, Bay of Quinte Yacht Club; T. K. Wade, Royal Canadian Yacht Club; T. B. F. Benson, honorary member and official measurer.

In choosing Henderson Harbor as the scene of the 1931 regatta upon the invitation of the Crescent Yacht Club, it was also decided to move the time of the meet back from the third week of August to the last week of July. The dates will be Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 28th, 29th and 30th.

As in other years, the international long distance handicap cruising race will start the Saturday preceding the regatta, that day falling on July 25th. The course will be 96 nautical miles across the lake from Cobourg, Ontario, to Henderson Harbor, and it is likely that the Harbor Inn, which was headquarters for the regatta in 1926 and upon which the recently formed Henderson Harbor Yacht Club has an option for a clubhouse, will be the association headquarters during the regatta. The races will undoubtedly be outside the harbor, as five years ago.

Henderson Harbor was not elected without opposition, the Buffalo Canoe Club having extended an invitation to come to its rendezvous at Point Abino, on Lake

(*Continued on page 118*)

Photo by E. Levick

"Andiamo," a Class M yacht owned by W. K. Shaw which had the distinction of winning both the King's Cup and the Puritan Cup for Massachusetts Bay last season

The Racing Season at Marblehead

By LEONARD M. FOWLE, JR.

IF YACHTING were like football, the 1930 season at Marblehead, with a record of two triumphs and seven reverses against outside opponents, would hardly be called successful. Nevertheless, the year was a highly successful one, with plenty of thrills, even if the racing was largely confined to the regular championship events.

Even in a drab year of intersectional racing some high spots were touched. Among them were the splendid showing of Raymond W. Ferris's *Malay*, not to mention John Alden's victory in the Bermuda Race. Again, Walter K. Shaw in *Andiamo* brought the King's Cup to local waters for the first time, having previously annexed the Puritan Cup in July, a feat that probably will not be duplicated often. *Pleione* took her share of prizes on the New York Yacht Club Cruise, including her third Astor Cup. Finally, *Yankee* sailed the fastest 30-mile triangle ever traveled by an America's Cup yacht.

But to get back to the championship and special racing at Marblehead. To the total of 130 races sailed by Marblehead clubs, might be added three races off Marblehead under the auspices of the Annisquam Yacht Club for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup. The Eastern Yacht Club held a total of 45 events, the Corinthian 44, the Pleon, 39, and Boston two.

Fewer boats than usual were built for the 1930 racing season. The 25 rating class had one addition in Edward M. Abbot's new *Falcon*, a craft that never quite came into her own, although she showed bursts of speed. The four new Eight-Metres and Miss Elizabeth Hovey's *Oriole*, a 30-square-metre boat, made up the year's quota of new racing craft.

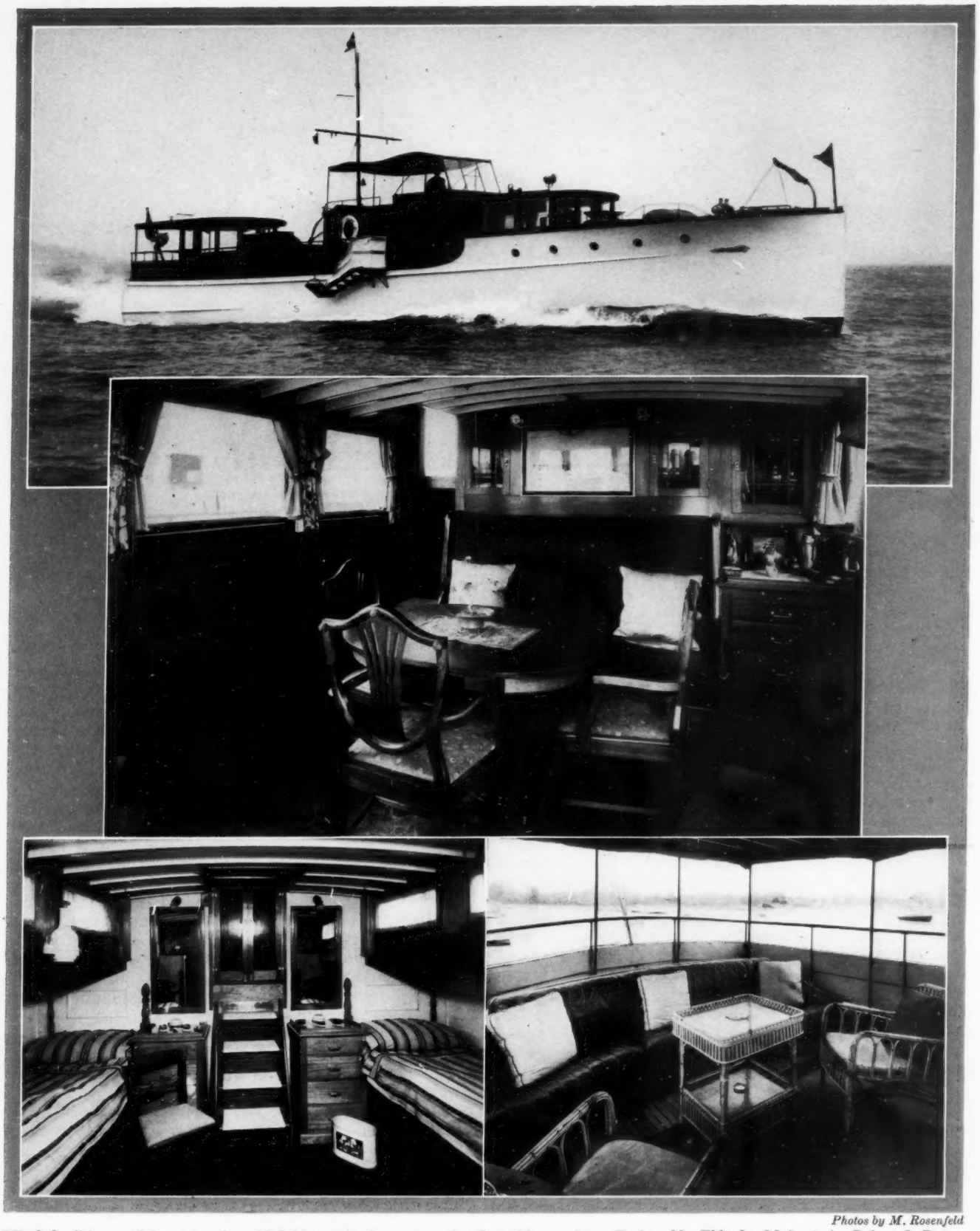
Perhaps the most noteworthy addition to Marblehead racing was the advent of the International Eight-Metres. The building of the class was actuated by a desire for intersectional racing, as well as a belief that ten to twelve boats was a large enough class for the successful racing of the popular "Q" boats. With this view, four boats were built by owners recruited from the "R," Herreshoff "S," and M-B classes.

During the season's racing *Armida*, owned by William T. Aldrich, made the best record in the class, taking the season and the Eastern championships, and several series prizes. She was the only local boat to threaten the quest of *Priscilla* and *Gitane* for the Ladies Plate. Robert A. Leeson's *Amethyst* started the season auspiciously, but about the first of July she began a slump which lasted until the middle of Race Week, when some changes in rig and ballast greatly improved her speed. Due to a freak of the 1930 schedule whereby the Corinthian first series ended July 12th and the club's second series did not commence until August 14th, *Amethyst* was able to take the Corinthian championship with ease, as well as the series prizes. The other two boats, Commodore Charles P. Curtis's *Ellen*, and John M. Eliot's *Balek*, had an in-and-out season. All the "Eights" except *Ellen* were designed by Paine, Belknap, and Skene, while the Eastern flagship was a product of Estlander of Sweden.

Although there are rumors of several new "Eights" for Marblehead next season, as far as is known not a single order has been placed. The owners of the "Eights" expressed themselves as well pleased with their craft and a number of other yachtsmen took a fancy to the boats. On the other hand, Marblehead has always been

(*Continued on page 104*)

A 75-Foot Fast Cruiser



Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Eryholme" is one of the new yachts added this year to the ever-growing fleet of fast cruisers. Designed by Eldredge-McInnis for Robert C. Ream, of Stamford, Conn., "Eryholme" is both pleasing to the eye and a fast stepper. The reproductions show (center) the forward deckhouse dining saloon, and (below) the after stateroom and the spacious cockpit, protected by glass windshields and wide spray cloths. F. D. Lawley, Inc. were the builders. She is gasoline powered, with two 6-cylinder Wintons

The Vortex

An October Gale in Biscaya

By WARWICK TOMPKINS

IT IS early evening of September 26th, 1929, and *Wander Bird* is saying farewell to Cowes as she starts for home, some 6000 miles away on the course ahead which leads through the warm blue waters of the Northeast Trades. Mr. Outhwaite's black, so-very-American *Kinkajou* still hugs her mooring and we regret having to sail without her. Harry Speed, the guardian angel of all American sailors at Cowes, drops over the side into his neat pulling boat. Our last tie with England is broken.

All September has been idyllic, incredibly so for a land where the month of falling leaves generally brings lusty gales, and sage ones ashore confirm our fears. "You'll get weather outside!"

But the gentle easterly, now a month old, blew us across to Cherbourg sweetly and the barometer dropped so slowly that we paid little heed to it. Nothing would happen while it stayed so high. Now and then its downward march was halted for a few hours. Sometimes it even went up again. However, the month of a 30.50 glass was over, and by the time we sailed away from Cherbourg, on the morning of September 29th, before the sun was up, the wind had got around to south by west, the glass was down to 30.12 and we knew we were in for something. It had rained hard all night as we polished our copper sheathing while the ship stood alongside a quay, heeled to a safe angle by throat and peak halliards made fast to stout French lamp posts.

There was nothing to do but go on. When dirty weather settles over Europe in October it rarely lets up enough to be noticed until spring, and we had urgent appointments in Florida for Christmas time. So out we went, two young women, six men, one of whom had never been to sea before, and the *Wander Bird*, unsung victor in fifty years of dirty weather off the mouth of the Elbe as a pilot boat.

Actors in the story are the writer, Al Paine, *Wander Bird's* first officer — and better sailor or shipmate never lived — Alfred Lorenz, second officer, cool, efficient, taciturn veteran of a German mine-sweeper, Joseph, the embattled cook, Paul and Billy, two young German sailors, Hank, and the girls.

Two hours out of Cherbourg, heading past the Channel Isles, the course was changed from N.W. to full and bye and at lunch time the ship was smashing on through what Lorenz logged as "rotten little seas." At one o'clock we were putting a double reef into the main, all hands feeling sick after a month of harbor life.

After being hove-to for twelve hours well off Ushant in a typical Channel gale which reached Force 9 from the southwest, we won into the Bay of Biscay. Our confidence was mounting. We had not the slightest difficulty in tucking in reefs and the ship had behaved perfectly. We had reason to be thankful for the foresight which caused us to prepare our storm trysail back in Cowes. There we had seized into its grommets lengths of two-inch line long enough to go around the mast and leave plenty of slack when the ends were tied together with a fisherman's bend. The idea came to me from Frank Draper and I pass it on as a good one.

Bound out of Cowes for Florida. "Wander Bird," 85 feet long, once a German pilot boat

These lines beat spiral lacings all hollow and are left in the sail, so that it is instantly ready for use. Whether or not most yachtsmen are in the custom of setting their trysails in stops I do not know. I'll wager no *Wander Bird* sailor will even attempt to set one any other way. It is so easy! Our trysail sheets, one to each quarter, straddling the furled mainsail, ran through snatch blocks to four part tackles along the deck and there was never any trouble in sheeting home the sail. At the height of the storm the barometer was down to 29.84, the seas were "big, breaking, and growing," the ship "behaving well. Shipped some water once over windward rail."

When this dusting ended we laid a course for Finisterre, preferring to hope we'd get a "break" and be able to sail a rhumb line instead of following the pilot directions which, we argued, were "meant for square-riggers." The pilot book stated, "—Sailing vessels bound southward from the English Channel, having a fair wind, should at once make westing as the prevailing winds are from that direction. Therefore steer a 230° course until in Longitude 10 or 12 W., whence shape a course giving a wide berth to Cape Finisterre as the easterly current generally sets towards it." A bit further along is the meaningful advice, "But, if on leaving England an adverse wind and threatening weather, with low barometer, be encountered *it is well to put into some safe anchorage to save wear and tear.*"

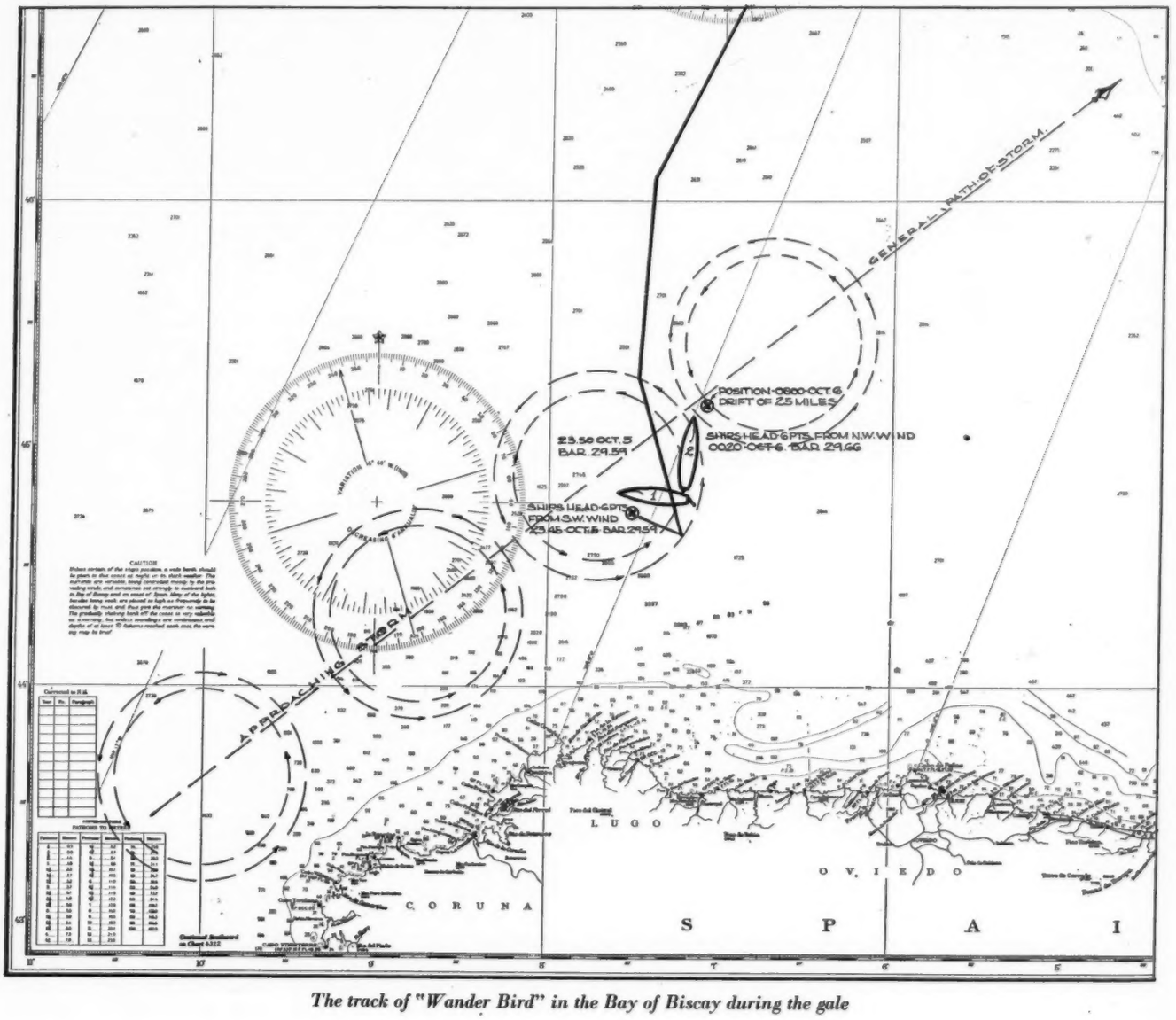
We chose to follow what the Admiralty apparently thought advice fit only for those who, like us, were willing to go where angels wouldn't tread. "If, however, it be determined to continue, haul the ship to the wind on the tack which will best enable her to approach the proper course without drawing deep into the Bay, which is especially to be avoided." All this, for the benefit of those who do not peruse pilot directions, is downright hard and emphatic language for those sedate and interesting volumes. So, with the wind averaging about W., Force three or four, we sailed for Finisterre, course S.S.W. We seemed to be getting our break. At least, it

was blowing gently; the seas, once in deep water, were not at all bad; and our spirits, and our midriffs, were considerably better. If only the glass would rise! Instead, it hovered around 29.80, far from its high of a week earlier.

Now let us jump to 7.00 P.M. of October 4th. After a night of calm and regular seas we had rejoiced at zephyrs from the northwest. To accustom ourselves to the intricacies of a squaresail we had set it at noon and made our southwest course at between four and five knots all day, meanwhile eliminating several points aloft where there was incipient chafe in our halliards. At noon the glass had climbed back to 30.02. Lorenz noted, "Overcast. Wind in puffs. Dry. Cleared up decks. Everything wet and stiff." And an hour later, "No steady breeze. Warmer, a bad sign! Smooth regular swells with little new cross swells growing. Wind N.W., Force 4 or 5. Made 7½ knots this hour." That night evening star sights gave our position as 45–55 N., 7–08 W. It was, the log book says, "the first good evening since Cherbourg. Everyone on deck. Sea smoother." The wind, however, was beginning to back and a "good sunset" and a barometer at 30.06 did not completely reassure us.

When I came on deck at midnight to stand watch the wind was backing and we had lost three-hundredths on the glass. It was a glorious night. By one o'clock — this is now October fifth — I had sure warning something was on the way. Instead of going down towards its matutinal "low tide," which should have been at four o'clock, our fine little aneroid was climbing. There were many steamers about, for we were on the course for Finisterre, one of the great trade routes of the world. A few minutes of clearing at three o'clock was followed by an ominous upward jump of the glass from 30.06 to 30.10. Anyone who has read his Lecky carefully knows that in this phenomenon, disturbance of the barometer's diurnal range, lies the surest warning of a change of weather.

By eight bells the wind was hitching backwards to the south in a series of light squalls, and, like an omen, Barbara and I watched a glowing ball of light traveling across the sky from west to east. If it were a plane, whence did it come and how did it gain a speed so tremendous for man-made things? If it were a meteor, why didn't it fall; why did it move so majestically in a horizontal line, at a speed so slow for such heavenly visitors? From such sights arise sea superstitions. Things indubitably seen by sober eyes never to be explained. A backing wind is proverbially one which will



The track of "Wander Bird" in the Bay of Biscay during the gale

not last long, a breeze which will shortly haul as all good winds should. But with the barometer dropping to 30.02, eight one-hundredths between eight bells and two, the wind doubling in force from the southwest as it headed us in toward the bleak Spanish shore, we could find but cold comfort in the adages. Paine, letting her off a quarter point every hour to keep *Wander Bird* full and bye, logged 25 miles for a watch which terminated in a sunrise "pink and copper all around. Rain squalls. White cumulus scud. Jib topsail stowed. Squalls. Energetic weather." The barometer was still at 30.02. We were now at the beginning of the real gale.

The afterguard of "Wander Bird," with the author at the wheel

The steadily falling glass dropped to 29.9 by noon. It should have been rising toward the 10 o'clock "high tide." When we came about at 10 o'clock we had left 1900-fathom water and were on the edge of the shelf which rises to form the jagged, towering cliffs of the Spanish coast. The already breaking, criss-cross seas were noticeably worse and we decided it was time to get some more westing and more water. "Much water on deck" means much water for *Wander Bird* — enough to keep the small scuppers busy, but not necessitating use of the big freeing ports.

Any water on *Wander Bird* provokes comment. Any yacht I have ever seen would have been like a tide-rock awash in these seas. Heaving-to was easy. We simply got canvas off, an easy job with our gear, and left the forestaysail to windward. We were at once much more comfortable. Now we could study the remarkable weather to better advantage.

It was a truly brilliant day, with a sky so blue it almost hurt. The balled cumulus clouds were moving over us at high speed, bespeaking unseen torrents in the upper strata. And around us "Biscaya," as it is musically called on foreign charts, reared its dreadful, pyramidal seas, shot them up to smoking white crests that fell under the wind's knife, hissing and roaring.

Wander Bird took the wind forward of the beam but rounded up more sharply when we put the jumbo amidships. Then, to our delight, she pointed up to the west-nor'west, exactly six points from the Force eight southwester. The helm was hard down, *unlashed and immovable!* With Commodore Martin's emphatic words about the strains on steering gears when hove-to still fresh in our minds, we watched our gear carefully. And, in a phrase of the day, you "can believe it or not," but we couldn't detect the slightest play in the rudder post and, of course, no indication of strain on our huge worm gear. The long, narrow rudder was motionless. Big seas were slamming our sides, spilling healthy dollops aboard and boiling under the counter, but, I repeat, the unguarded, unlashed rudder did not move.

At noon we estimated the wind was Force six. Thirty-four miles an hour, according to the tables, but progress was impossible. The glass was still dropping. The wind piped up. Force eight — "Fresh gale. Triple-reefed topsails, etc. Reefed courses," decreed Admiral Beaufort for such wind — and the seas were worse. In my estimaiton it was time to make preparations for real weather. "Palms, sail-needles, canvas, fish oil, and some of that light rope!" I yelled at Bos'un Hank, "All hands aft for a sewing lesson!"

In the warm sunshine, sitting on the dry deck aft, sheltered from the gale by our oft-blessed bulwarks, we manufactured oil bags. When finished, we stuffed them with rope yarn, put bolt ropes all around, poured a couple of quarts of oil in each, lashed the necks shut, and flung them overboard at the end of four-fathom lines, one from the bow, another from the waist. The slick laid down by the oil had the traditional miraculous effect. The steepest, sharpest seas, about, it seemed, to overwhelm us, bowed their heads to the iridescence streaming from the little bags. White water surged past our forefoot, whirled under the counter, but we rode over rounded hills, as safe as mortals can be, even though the rolling was bad. By this time it started to blow in earnest. The glass dropped in big jumps; from 29.90 at noon it went to 29.65 at 8.00 P.M.

The sun went down behind a fearful-looking cloud bank which swiftly covered the entire sky. We credited the wind now with Force ten, full gale, 65 miles an hour. The behavior of the ship was a source of growing pride to us all. The watches huddled behind the bulwarks aft, confident of our gear, knowing we were well offshore and heading farther off every hour. Half-hourly inspections of the staysail revealed no sign of wear or tear. We contemplated putting the storm trysail on the foremast in stops, ready to break out in case we lost the jumbo, but we didn't actually do it.

"Breakers. Boat dry (relatively). Fascinating!" was Lorenz' remark at eight o'clock that night. To that astute and observing sailor goes credit for first observing the pulsation of the barometer, a sign which we now know means, "Take to the hurricane cellars and pray!" On reading the glass as he went off watch Fred noted its hand was moving between 29.62 and 29.67, exactly as though it were actuated by a slow heart. Called for consultation, I thought at first this was due to our rise and fall on the now enormous seas. This view I now know to be wrong. From subsequent observations in calmer weather — between following gales when the ocean was fairly smooth — I know that a pulsating barometer indicates an extensive area of very bad weather.

During my night watch, smashing down from the crest of one big sea, *Wander Bird's* deep forefoot cut away the bow oil bag. Instantly, water was coming aboard and I had a wet job getting a spare sack overboard. Then the decks again were fairly dry. At 21.00 hours: "Ship's head W. Wind, S.S.W., 9, Bar. 29.65. Blowing extremely hard in puffs. Jumbo shows no signs of its beating." At 22.00 hours: "Ship's head W. Wind

(*Continued on page 110*)

"Lotosland"—A Diesel Ocean Cruiser

One of the unusual features of the equipment is a Sikorsky Amphibian, carried on the upper deck, with gear for launching and for taking aboard when the flight is finished

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

The owner's quarters are in excellent taste, and include a living room (at right), library, dining room (below), and seven sleeping cabins, each with connecting bath. A Sperry stabilizer gyro compass and automatic steerer are part of the equipment

The new cruiser "Lotosland," launched this year at Wilmington, Del., for Col. E. A. Deeds. Cox & Stevens were the designers. Following the steam yacht type in appearance, she combines grace with seaworthiness, a good turn of speed, and a wide cruising radius of 12,000 miles. Pusey & Jones Company were the builders. She is 206 feet long

Running off in a rising gale

A Hard Chance Across the Irish Sea

Oil Slicks and Trailing Warps Used in Running Before a Gale

By J. LAURENT GILES

TO RETURN home from the Ocean Racing Club's Fastnet Race and to find waiting the August issue of YACHTING with an account of the Bermuda Race and its pleasant reaching weather, seemed something of a mockery of our efforts in view of the weather which the English climate saw fit to provide for our long distance races this year. Four hundred and forty miles to windward, mostly in hard winds or gales and the vicious channel seas, and 160 miles to leeward, mostly in a gale! For such was the Fastnet Race this year.

Nine yachts started from Cowes on August 12th; two schooners, *Lelanta* and *Magnet;* two yawls, *Amaryllis* and *Ilex;* three gaff cutters, *Neptune, Jolie Brise* and *Viking;* one jib-headed cutter, *Ariel;* and one jib-headed sloop, *Maitenes II*. The writer was aboard the last named. With her high mast and light displacement, she was regarded by the majority of the competitors as a poor chance in anything but fine weather.

The start was a good one, with *Maitenes* leading over the line. Spinnakers were set to starboard after the gun for the run down to No Man's Fort, and the weather immediately gave us a taste of what was in store. *Neptune* and *Jolie Brise* both broke the booms of their huge masthead spinnakers in a hard squall. At the Fort, where we came on the wind, *Lelanta* was leading *Neptune* and *Jolie Brise* by small margins; the others were spread out over some two miles. Positions then changed quickly as the fleet short-tacked under the shelter of the Isle of Wight up to St. Catherine's Head. There we found a lumpy sea and a strong breeze, and, whilst most of the gaff-rigged boats dowsed their topsails, we in *Maitenes* were forced to relinquish second place, into which we had worked, while we took down two reefs. At this stage *Neptune, Jolie Brise* and *Amaryllis* stood off into the Channel, and *Lelanta*, which had sagged far to leeward, I fancy, did the same. *Maitenes*, now snugged down, with *Ilex* astern and to weather, but dropping to leeward, stood along the shore to the Needles. There *Ilex* followed the leaders into open water, seeking, no doubt, to avoid the fast-running flood tide inshore. *Maitenes*, however, seemed to be more favored by smooth water than hindered by foul tide, and our inshore tactics with the westerly wind seemed to have reaped their reward. Durlstone Head was reached about 8.00 P.M., and short tacks between there and St. Alban's Head, where it is possible to sail within a few yards of the shore, fetched us around the latter before midnight. There we picked up the eddy tide in Weymouth Bay, but the slack water which allows a passage inside the bad race off Portland Bill was missed, and a course was made around the outer edge of the broken water.

At the beginning of the morning watch on Wednesday we were some ten miles west of the Bill and headed across to Start Point in a lightening breeze. Reefs were shaken out about 6.00 A.M. Start Point was fetched in one leg from the Bill, but short tacks were resorted to again as far as Salcombe. We stood off from there for some distance, as the tide in Bigbury Bay is slack. There was much excitement aboard when a yacht crossing our bows some half-hour ahead of us was identified as *Neptune*. We followed her around, and stood in towards Plymouth where, to our surprise, she entered, suffering, as we found out later, from a broken tiller and a bad leak from an old strain. Off the Eddystone at 9.15 P.M. a gale warning was received on the wireless, and news that *Magnet* had given up. We were soon under three reefs as the wind increased, but by keeping inshore, full advantage was taken of the strong wind, which reached a force of over 50 miles at the Lizard in its culminating gust. The Lizard was rounded at 5.30 A.M. on Thursday, so that we had made nearly five knots to windward from the Eddystone. The signal station at the Lizard informed us that no other yachts in the race had been sighted up to that time, though *Jolie Brise* actually passed the headland some twelve miles out to sea at nearly the same hour.

Off the Lizard the breeze died down and a hasty shak-

ing out of reefs was necessary to stem the flood tide. It was then noticed that a rent was developing at one of the battens, and that the seizing of two of the luff slides had been chafed through. Two members of the crew were distinctly "under the weather." Hot meals had so far been impossible, so it was decided to drop hook off Newlyn, and repair ship and crew. It had breezed up again very soon after rounding the Lizard, and we had a hard sail through Mount's Bay under whole sail. While we were at anchor, the wind freshened, and the opportunity was taken of tying down two reefs again.

We were underway at 7.30 P.M. and carried the two reefs out past the Longships and Seven Stones. Reefs were shaken out early on Friday morning, but we soon had one down again, and very shortly we were again tying down the second. The wind still held W.N.W., so that the change of course after leaving the land brought no relief from the dead peg. About 40 miles from Seven Stones, the Skipper decided that the winds were going to remain nor'westerly, and we therefore stood off on the port tack till we should reach smoother water off the Irish Coast. That evening we sighted, astern of us, what was almost certainly *Ilex*. About 4.00 A.M., Saturday, *Maitenes* was put on the starboard tack and the reefs shaken out. Eight o'clock found the vessel becalmed — a welcome change, allowing a hot breakfast to be cooked and eaten in comfort.

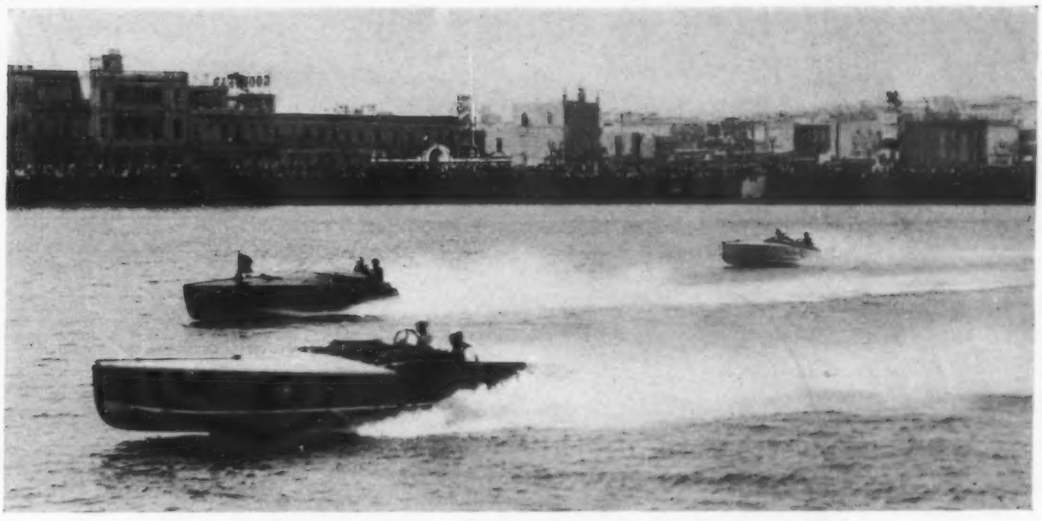
When the wind came again it was more westerly, making certain that we should not be able to lay our course. About midday *Ilex* was discovered a long way off on our port quarter, and she remained there until nightfall. Light airs ahead, with dead flat patches, did little to drive us Fastnet-wards during the hours of darkness, but by 7.00 A.M. on Sunday we had passed the Stag Rocks. Thickness, rain, and light airs baffled the navigator, and it was not until 10.30 A.M. that we sighted the Fastnet, then some eight or nine miles off. Very shortly afterwards we discovered, to our despair and chagrin, *Ilex* standing south, around the Rock. Just for those eight miles we had a period of cheer while we actually carried the spinnaker and then the big Yankee reacher; for the wind had gone into the S.E., ready for the next leg of the course! We were around the Fastnet at 1.25 P.M., with *Jolie Brise* ahead by thirteen hours, and *Ilex*, who had been astern 21 miles back, by three and one-half hours.

So we set off on another dead plug, speculating on the wind's movements, only to curse the optimists when the wireless again warned us of a coming southeast gale. But this came to nothing and the report of Monday morning raised our hopes: "West to northwest winds, light to moderate" was our forecasted lot for that day. But the "West to northwest winds, light to moderate," increased, while we assured ourselves that each hardening squall was the last, until the realization was forced upon us that "gale" should have been added to "light to moderate." At a convenient stage the hitch of the spinnaker halliards slipped, and we kept the soaked, but luckily untorn sail, handy on deck till the breeze should ease. A noon sight placed us 80 miles from the Longships, and, logging seven and one-half miles to the hour at the start, we proceeded to cover those 80 miles in nine hours. We were dead before the wind with whole mainsail and small staysail, sheeted amidships, and there was nothing to be done but let her drive. The wind, the seas, and our speed increased steadily, and after covering nine and one-half miles on the log in an hour, she began to get a little out of hand. So the large mooring warp, sixty fathoms of three-inch hemp came out of the locker and was payed out astern on the bight. That was the end of the log when the rotor swung into the warp and the line twisted around it, nearly spelling tragedy when the second mate went aft to try and clear it. He fell into the main sheet, and was hauled aboard, seaboots and all. The big warp was not enough when the boat meter was showing over ten knots, so the small warp went over with a canvas bucket tied to it. That kept her under control until the meter went to ten and one-half, and then the spare main halliard was called in to help, with a galvanized bucket in a cunning strop at the end. The mate thought it a good chance to try oil, and four bags were put out at the bows, but at that speed the "slick" spread to a useful width only 100 feet astern.

And so we drove on, feeling sure that we could not get more out of the little ship. Unable to turn to the right hand or to the left, we wondered where we should fetch up. When we did pick up the land, it was just where we would have had it, under the port bow, and as we found the Longships Light and drew up to it, we knew the wind had done its best for us, having driven us in front of it for 80 miles to pass the exact one-half-mile to seaward of the Cairn Base shoal that we should have asked.

We were soon in smoother water, and as the speed at which we could steer the ship increased, we cut away the warps from the stern, and soon were able to tack ship and get upon the other jibe for the Lizard and up-channel. The Lizard's winking signal lamp told us that we should not save our time on *Jolie Brise*, but that *Ilex* was only three hours ahead. The breeze had served, and as it lightened, we set first the small, and then the big spinnaker, and finished up Plymouth Sound with the Yankee drawing us along at over eight knots.

A wet trip it had been, a trip of oilskins and sou'westers; of damp bedding and sticky clothes; of cuddy biscuits and cold ham; but a very grand sail in a very good little ship, with a happy company aboard. It was for several of us our first taste of the Fastnet Race, and strong stuff it is; but the taste is good and will have to be repeated. Ashore, after the finish, the splendid hospitality of the Royal Western Yacht Club provided a perfect culmination, with a contrast of peace and comfort that somehow emphasized the worth whileness of getting wet, going hungry and battling the elements.



Throngs watching power boat racing from the Malecon facing Havana Harbor

The Winter Season in Cuban Waters

New Port Regulations to Make Cruising Easier for the Yachtsman. Fine Racing Program Planned

By CHARLES C. CANNY

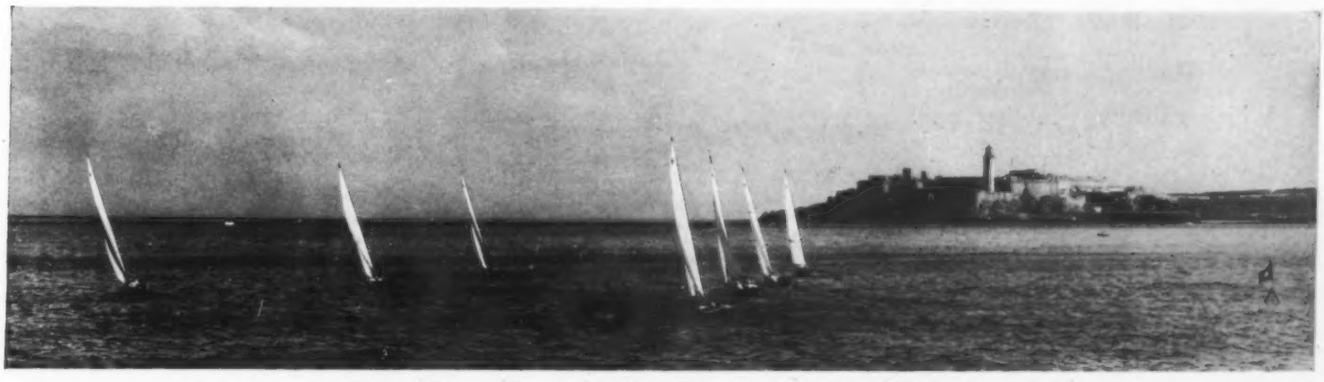
ONLY a short voyage from the kingdom of that ruthless monarch, Winter, an ancient and embittered foe of all yachtsmen, there is to be found a tropical paradise where never a chilly blast ripples the bluest of seas and where yachting is carried on as a year-round sport, at its best in the months from December to April.

Years have slipped into almost forgotten ages since the first hardy European seamen sailed their crazy vessels into a natural harbor on the shores of which Havana has since risen, marveled at nature's artistry and pronounced Cuba an abundant land. Four centuries have not dimmed the brilliance of this first impression nor worn the lustre of its beauty. Time's alterations, moving with the march of progress, have naturally wrought changes, yet there is today fused in the trappings of modern civilization the same verdant richness, the same salubrity, and the same prodigality of nature that awed the small band of men whom history honors as the discoverers of a new world. From the same sea lane over which these early sailors traveled one may still see the low sweep of palm-clad tropical land, unmarred as yet by towering buildings, that greeted the early explorers.

Owing to the increasing number of yachts which of late years have found their way to Cuban waters, where the charms of the north coast, with its many picturesque harbors, have made a lasting impression on those who have sailed in them, Cuba, and especially Havana, have prepared for the arrival of a larger fleet of pleasure craft than usual. A new ruling, issued by the Secretary of the Treasury, greatly modifies Cuba's port and harbor rules regarding pleasure vessels of foreign register, which have been frequently found onerous in the past. This should make it doubly attractive for yachtsmen coming south to Cuba for the winter season.

The new ruling allows all yachts flying the flags of friendly nations, and registered in legally constituted yacht clubs, free navigation of Cuban waters for a period of 45 days, provided owners or masters give full information to port authorities on entering or leaving port. Thus all charges, except for pilotage when such a request is made, are now eliminated for yachtsmen.

(*Continued on page 114*)



There will be excellent racing for sailboats in January and February

Main topsail halliard

The Chanteyman

Whiskey Johnny

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey, John-ny!
Oh, I'll drink whiskey while I can,
Whiskey for my John-ny!

O whiskey straight and whiskey strong,
Whiskey, John-ny!
Give me some whiskey and I'll sing you a song.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

O whiskey makes me wear old clo'es,
Whiskey, John-ny!
Whiskey gave me a broken nose.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey, John-ny!
Whiskey druv my mother mad.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

If whiskey comes too near my nose,
Whiskey, John-ny!
I tip it up and down she goes.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

I had a girl, her name was Lize,
Whiskey, John-ny!
She puts whiskey in her pies.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

My wife and I cannot agree;
Whiskey, John-ny!
She puts whiskey in her tea.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

Here comes the cook with the whiskey can,
Whiskey, John-ny!
A glass of grog for every man.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

A glass of grog for every man,
Whiskey, John-ny!
And a bottle full for the chanteyman.
Whiskey for my John-ny!

Yacht Racing Strategy

By H. M. CURTIS

IN THE summing up of the famous Memorandum before the battle of Trafalgar is the terse warning, "Something must be left to chance." The following discussion is prompted by the belief that too many racing skippers go Lord Nelson one better and reduce their strategy to the formula, "Everything must be left to chance."

The purpose of the present and succeeding articles is to put before the beginner the principles of strategy which underlie yacht racing. While the subject is entirely apart from the actual tactics employed in the race, tactical maneuvers will be described to illustrate certain points.

It must not be supposed that the application of these principles will, of themselves, insure victory. The best thought-out plan, properly executed, is only one factor to success, though a most important one, and might be compared in value to a well-fitting suit of sails or a polished underbody. By the practice of strategy, a racing man is enabled to develop his own situation, where, without it, he passively awaits conditions forced upon him by other and more aggressive competitors. A striking example of this was seen in the recent America's Cup trials. One skipper, declining to take part in that time-honored though futile game of jockeying for position, resolutely carried out his own plan which, supplemented by the most precise timing, always resulted in a good start.

It is not contended here that a preconceived scheme of a race can be carried out in all details. The anticipated situation is rarely maintained, but alterations of the plan can usually be made without affecting its strategic principles. An alert skipper is seldom called upon to make a change of plan without ample time for deliberation. The more experienced he is the less the time is required; but for the beginner, deliberate action is needed. When in doubt, he should hold to the plan which has been considered carefully beforehand until he can logically justify another course.

The objective, in racing, can be summed up as the maintenance of a position between all of one's competitors and the next mark. Occasionally, the novice, to his surprise and elation, finds himself so placed and, with even more surprise and less elation, later counts off his rivals as they round the mark ahead of him. He can console himself with the thought that he has a lot to learn, and after he has learned it, he will be equally chagrined, but no longer surprised, at sometimes losing his lead. Were it otherwise, racing would not be the sport it is.

In order to portray as graphically as possible the problems in strategy which confront the skipper, actual cases will be cited. In the present article we shall confine ourselves to consideration of the start.

It is not yet proved where good yachtsmen go when they die, but during their lives, most of them, at one time or another, will be found assembling for a start off the Larchmont Breakwater; therefore, that location has been chosen for the first case in point.

Our skipper has learned from his race circular that the tide will turn flood at 4:05 P.M. Let us hope that, by a glance at the almanac, he is also aware that a new moon occurred the day previous; consequently the currents will be strong. On his arrival at about one o'clock he finds a breeze of five or six knots from the south'ard, with the air hazy — good indications of more wind before the finish. The line is laid for a start to the eastward, the first mark being the Parsonage Point Buoy, the immediate problem being how, and at what point on the line, he will make his start.

Before considering anything else, he should put his boat on the extension of the line, beyond the mark-boat, as shown in the center of the compass rose in Figure I. By keeping the mark and the white flag on the committee boat in line, and steering directly for them, he can read the bearing of the line from the lubber lines of his compass, N.N.W. and, conversely, S.S.E. At the same time, he and one of his crew should spot a range on the shore beyond the committee boat. This cannot always be done, but is a valuable aid when it can be seen.

Now, by comparing the compass course of the first leg (N.E. by E. ¼ E.) with the bearing of the line, he finds the leeward, or port end, of the line to be favored by three-quarters of a point. In other words, if he takes the lee end of the line and is over with the gun, he will be three-quarters of a point forward of the beam of any other boat starting with him, and compared with a starter at the weather end, he will have a lead on the course of from 25 to 30 yards. This in itself may represent all he might have gained from a new jib or an extra haul-out the day before. He has, however, only begun on his day's problem. As the course is to be sailed right about, that is, leaving all marks to starboard, the mark-boat end of the line is also the starboard end, sure to be favored by the majority, which makes another point for the port end start, as crowding should be avoided where there is a reasonable choice. By observing the starts of the classes ahead, he will see that those to leeward draw their wind clear ahead of competitors to windward, provided they started on time. A further advantage in the leeward start is the lessened risk of becoming involved in a luffing match.

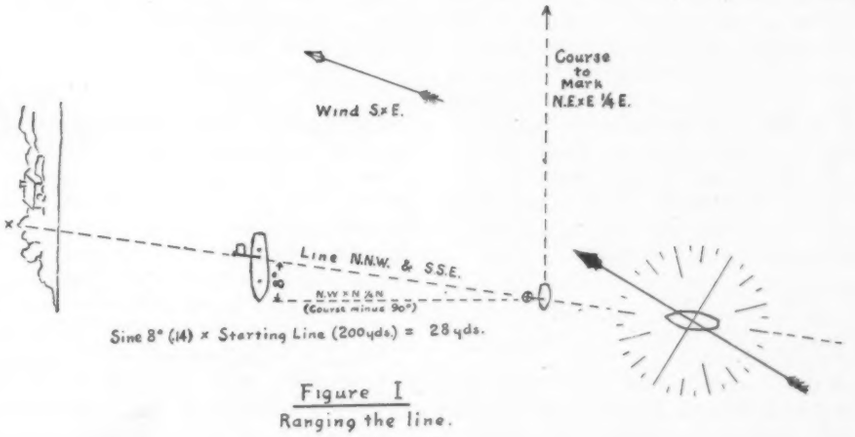


Figure I
Ranging the line.

Against these factors favoring the port end, is one very important one, the weather. It is almost certain that the southerly breeze will freshen before the race is over, and while that

may not occur until the tide turns flood, long after the first leg is sailed, he will take a big risk if he allows others to work out into a position where a few freshening puffs will carry them by him. While the luncheon gear is stowed and the halliards and outhaul are having a final sweating up, the skipper must weigh his factors and come to a decision.

In order to carry on the situation, we are going to

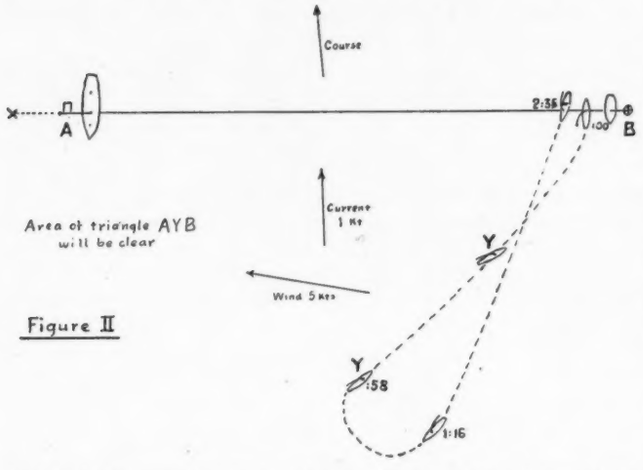


Figure II

decide this case for our skipper, but in actual practice the choice must be his own. He may ask, and take advice from his crew, if he choose, but as long as he is in command, it is his responsibility and his should be the decision. If he would gain self-reliance and judgment, he should school himself to forming an independent estimate of the problem.

In the plan now imposed on our skipper, he is foregoing the advantages of the short end of the line in favor of the weather berth and the opportunity of being the first to meet the freshening breeze. It is certain he will meet plenty of company here, and in order to avoid trouble, as far as possible, he will approach his starting position from as far to leeward as he can safely fetch. Figure II shows the course of his maneuvers. It is an adaption of the method of running off from the starting point for half the time to go, and returning, presumably, in the same time. The situation here is complicated by a current of about one knot, but, on the other hand, holds certain advantages in case he has misjudged his time. He has first to estimate the difference in the time required to sail off against the tide and that needed to return with it. He should make as many trials as there is time for on the spot, using any buoy or anchored vessel in the vicinity for a mark. This is a problem on which the beginner should spend many hours of his off days. In the case under discussion he has selected a ratio of seven to five, that is, on noting the time as he crosses the line in the reverse direction, and deducting that required for the jibe, he divides the remainder so that for every seven seconds he sails away, he leaves five to return.

He has planned to allow from two to three minutes for the maneuver, and as his mast crosses the line, the watch shows 2 minutes and 36 seconds. Now comes some quick mental arithmetic! A sweeping jibe will take 18 seconds. The problem is stated as follows:

2m 36s − 18s = 2m 18s ÷ 12 = 11½s × 7 = 80½ seconds to sail off, and 11½s × 5 = 57½ seconds to return.
Therefore, 2m 36s − 80s = 1m 16s, when it is "helm up."

When the watch shows 1 minute and 21 seconds left, he warns the crew, and at 1 minute 16 seconds, puts the helm up and jibes wide, letting the sheets run and then trimming again to meet the luff, so that no way be lost. He is now sailing a rap full and heading nearly two points above the mark, for the tide is taking him to leeward fast.

An inspection of Figure II will show that, provided the jibe is made on time, it will be impossible for anyone who might cause trouble to remain within the triangle formed by the two ends of the line and our skipper's yacht. Consequently, he can be sure of room under his lee in case he wishes to bear away. To windward, he has only to avoid being covered, which, as a last resort, he can always escape by bearing off sharply down the line.

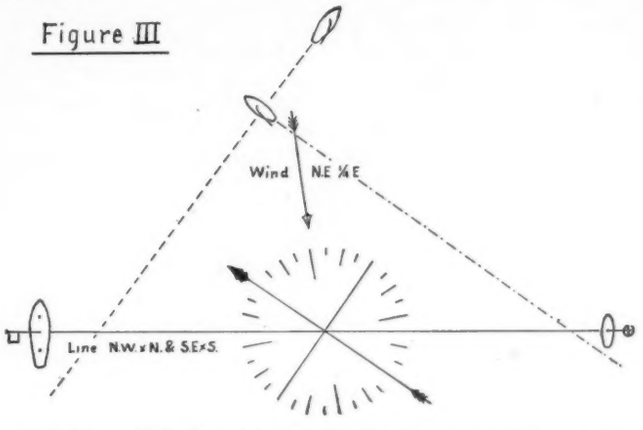
Another example of a start is given on the same course. In this case the wind is northeast, about eighteen knots, and the tides at neaps, with low water at 6:00 P.M.

The bearing of the line is found to be N.W. by N. and S.E. by S. which, by the course, makes the mark-boat end of the line the shorter by one-quarter of a point. This, however, may be disregarded, as the first leg is a beat, and the bearing of the wind to the line becomes the important factor; in fact, there is very little else to take into consideration before a start to windward.

It rarely happens that a line is laid true to the wind, as to do so with certainty requires more facilities than are usually at the disposal of the race committee, and even if it has been drawn true at 12:30, the chances are that, an hour or two later, the wind will have shifted slightly. In this instance, a casual inspection would indicate that the line lay square across the wind; but our skipper is not letting it go on a casual inspection. By noting his course, when close-hauled in the vicinity of the line, first on one tack and then on the other, and by checking this with a direct bearing when the boat is luffed to the eye of the wind, he finds its exact direction to be N. E. ¼ E., or three-quarters of a point to the left of a perpendicular to the starting line. (N.E. by E.)

There is now but ten minutes remaining before his preparatory signal, and he commits himself to a port tack start at the port end of the line. His reasoning is as follows:

Figure III



In all probability, he will be entirely alone in making his approach to the line; therefore, his chances of making a prompt start are good. Provided this is accomplished, he has nothing to fear from the boats at the other end of the line, or even so far down as the middle of the line. The boat that has run three-quarters of the line will be the one to look out for; nevertheless, if he can only stand on far enough to weather the committee boat's bow, he will still be in the running. It is only if he be forced to bear off under the first man's stern, that the jig will be up. In that case, he will, in all likelihood, be forced astern of the whole fleet. On the other hand, against

(*Continued on page 116*)

How to Build a Sharpie

The Most Boat for the Least Cost, and so Simple Anyone Can Build Her

By EDWIN S. PARKER

UNFORTUNATELY, we are not all rich, and we can't all build Cup defenders. But that is no reason for building a tub or staying ashore. There is always a way to beat the game, and the way to beat the boat game is to build a sharpie. You can do it for under forty dollars.

A sharpie represents the most boat for the money. It is graceful, fast, and a joy to sail. It is also eminently seaworthy and stiff. *Minnow*, fifteen feet over all, makes just over five knots under one reef in a strong wind. I have driven her with all sail in the same wind but I was too busy to do any timing — a considerably larger boat could not catch us.

A sharpie is easy to build. In general, the process is to bend two side boards around moulds, fasten them to stem and stern, screw in a chine batten, plank her crosswise, saw out the centerboard slot, and proceed with the finish. (Detail J.) If the pieces are carefully made, the process is really very simple. There is nothing that involves experience in boat building or special skill with tools. There are no pieces that go into place with difficulty or won't stay put. I have built two of them single-handed with success.

"Minnow" is graceful, fast, easy to sail and easy to build

Many times I have sailed among the big ships laid up in Oakland Estuary in my 18-footer, lying along the deck with one bare toe hooked carelessly over the tiller. With a gale it required at least two fingers — never more. She would come about like a top anywhere, any time. And one day we worked her up the Alameda Canal against a tide and sailed in San Leandro Bay when it blew in windows in "Frisco." Add to this, regular trips on Frisco Bay (it fairly blows your hair off there in summer) and a season on Monterey Bay, off Santa Cruz, and you have a fair idea of what an 18-footer will do.

I have built three sharpies, besides five smaller craft for fishing or hunting. At the age of nineteen I built the first one along the lines of a sketch my father had of a New Haven sharpie, eighteen feet long, dating from about 1880. The type was taken to the Carolinas from Connecticut by Mr. George C. Ives, and his son, Mr. John B. Ives, of Statesville, N. C., writes the following:

"Father had his sharpie built in 1875 at Fair Haven, Conn., by a famous builder. She was 36 feet long, having a fore and aft mutton leg sail with boom six to eight feet on the mast from the foot of the sail. This made the sail set like a board. This boat was tried out with the fastest boat then in the fleet and beat her. A club of gentlemen wanted to keep her at home and offered a bonus over cost, which father declined as he wanted the boat to pit against what the North Carolina boatmen claimed for their clinker built boats which they considered superior.

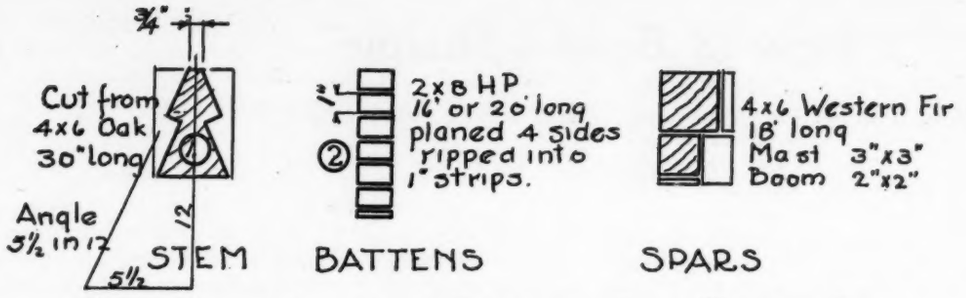
"He brought two sharpies to North Carolina, and it was not many years till there was a big fleet of them in our waters. They built to 50 and 60 feet, the larger ones schooner rigged and decked, and this style is largely used now in the oyster dredging industry. The fishermen modified the style into deadrise skiffs, gaff sail and jib, and they carried sail like the wind and would almost go into the eye of it. The larger boats superseded the round bottom schooners in some industries, and would beat them in all weather at sea, but motor craft finally took their place."

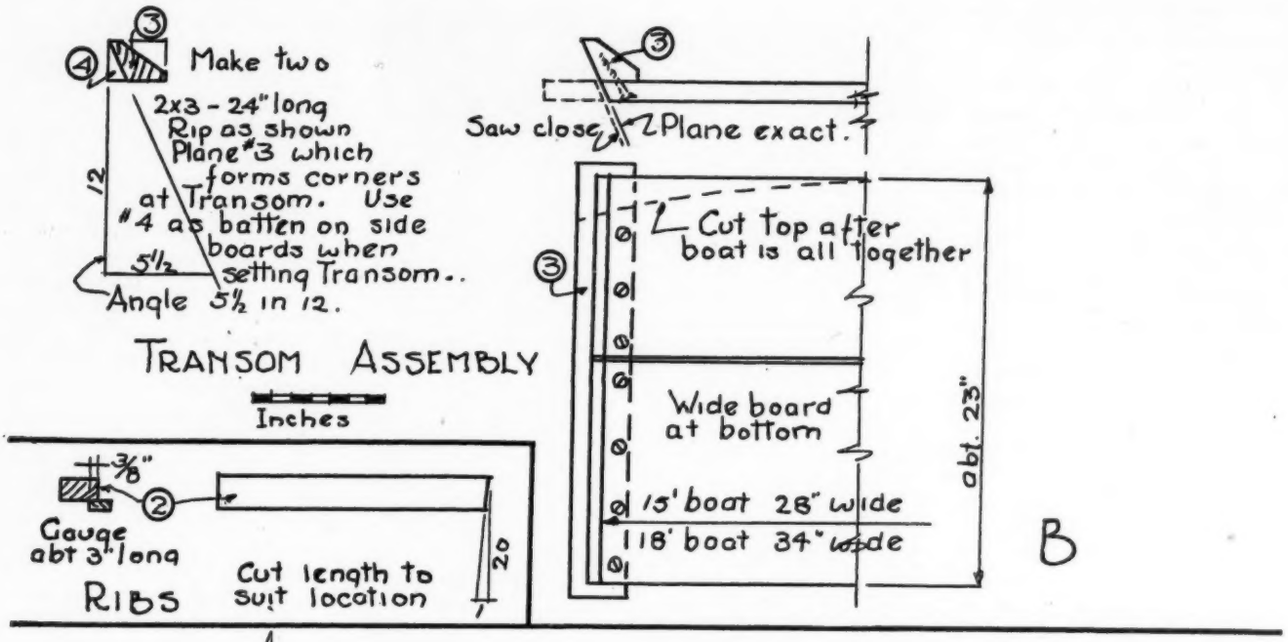
The design of a sharpie is a very particular affair. One was published around 1910 which brought down the scorn of my father. "Pumpkin seed," he called it, for it was fat and flat, and it had a skeg, which would kill any real sharpie. In my first boat the side boards were sawed curved, starting from the bow. She rocked fore and aft too much and pounded in a chop. In the second one I started the curve farther aft, and it worked better, but they both dragged waves behind when going fast. When it came to the *Minnow* I analyzed the design carefully, and I found that the best displacement curve came when the side boards were perfectly straight on both bottom and top, tapering, of course, from bow to stern. So I built her that way. She does not pound, drives to windward regardless of waves, and leaves the water nearly flat. Besides this, it makes building much simpler. So don't let any wise friend persuade you to cut a curve on the bottom edge — you will get a perfect curve from the bending of the sides on the flare.

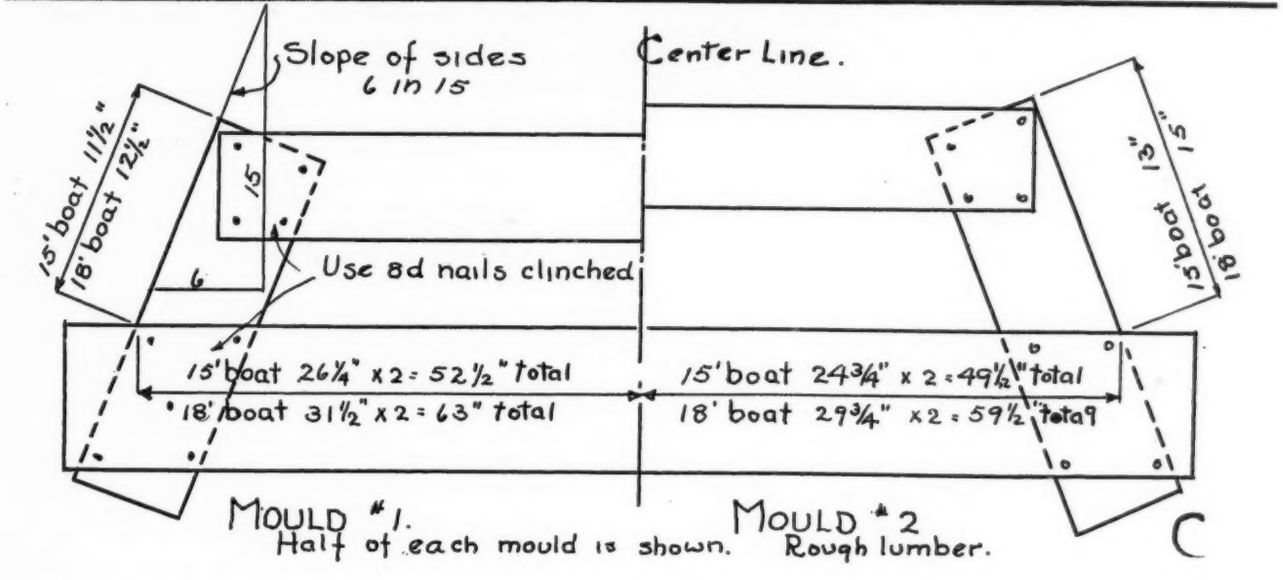
It is the experience of the author that textbooks tell you everything but how to get the monkey out of the box. It is the intent of this article to be brief, but comprehensive, covering all small points, even to nail sizes.

All the following directions are important. If you follow each step in its proper order, you will be surprised how quickly the boat will go together. But do not omit any steps or take any short cuts. Remember, a boat has a habit of leaking, even under the best of circumstances.

TOOLS — cross-cut, rip, keyhole and hack saws, drawknife, spoke shave, light plane, hammer, brace and bits ¼" to ¾", screw driver bit and countersink, twist



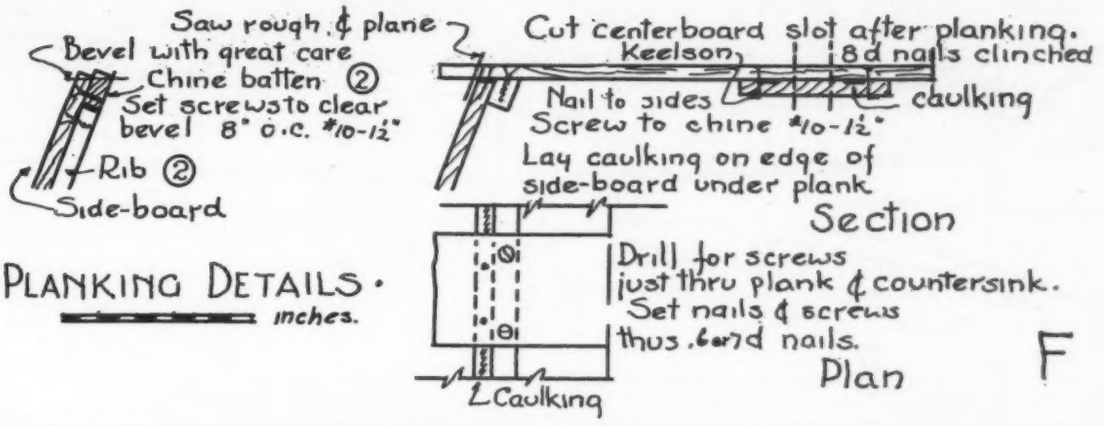



Slope of sides 6 in 15
Center Line.
15' boat 11½"
18' boat 12½"
15
6
Use 8d nails clinched
15' boat 26¼" x 2 = 52½" total
18' boat 31½" x 2 = 63" total
15' boat 24¾" x 2 = 49½" total
18' boat 29¾" x 2 = 59½" total
15' boat 13"
18' boat 15"
MOULD #1.
MOULD #2
Half of each mould is shown. Rough lumber.
C

drills 1/8", 5/32", 3/16", plain screw driver, square, metal shears, and three clamps with 2" openings.

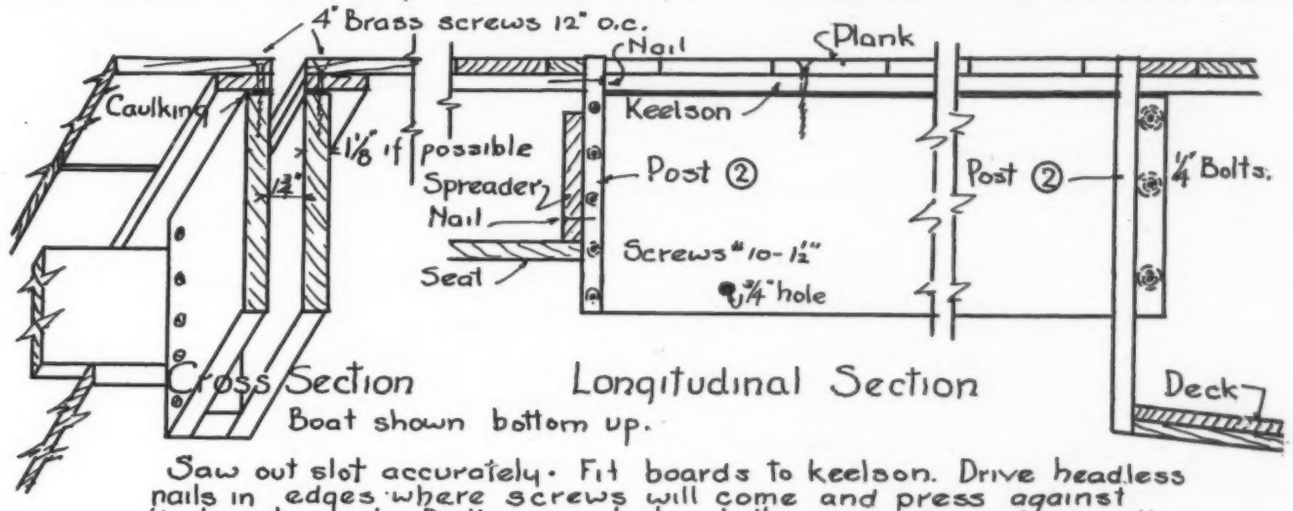
LUMBER — No list of pieces is given because one usually gets what is available. A few pieces are called for on the details, and if you don't get enough lumber the first time, order again. Avoid spruce because it rots, and use regular 7/8" boards, not thinner, to finish 13/16". *Never* use tongue and groove boards below the water line. Planking should be 6" wide.

HARDWARE — Hardware should be galvanized. Use 6 penny or 7 penny nails generally, wire rather than cut, with a few 8 penny. Two gross screws 1½" No. 10. Get some scraps of heavy galvanized sheet iron from your plumber.



·PLANKING DETAILS·
Inches.

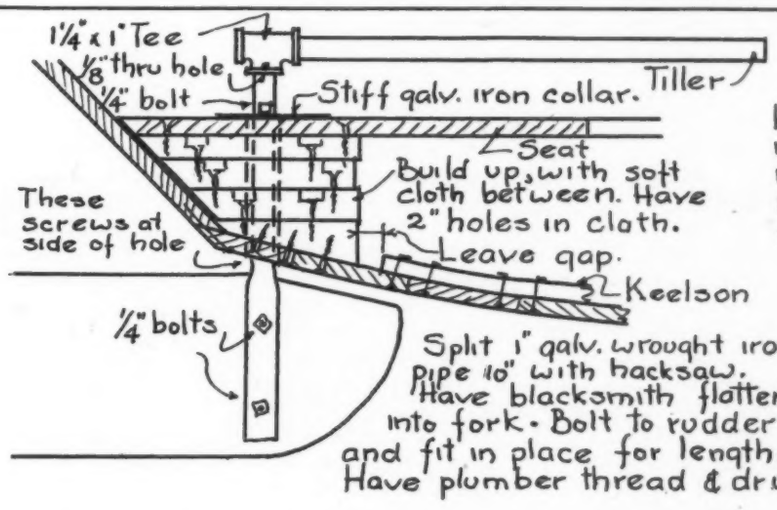
F



Saw out slot accurately. Fit boards to keelson. Drive headless nails in edges where screws will come and press against Keelson to mark. Drill screw holes both ways to center exactly on boards — sizes of holes to suit shank ℄ thread.

·CENTER-BOARD BOX DETAIL·
Inches

G


1¼" x 1" Tee
⅜" thru hole
¼" bolt
Stiff galv. iron collar.
Tiller
Seat
Build up, with soft cloth between. Have 2" holes in cloth.
These screws at side of hole
Leave gap.
Keelson
¼" bolts
Split 1" galv. wrought iron pipe 10" with hacksaw. Have blacksmith flatten into fork. Bolt to rudder and fit in place for length. Have plumber thread ℄ drill.

Have tiller lined up with rudder when ⅜" thru hole is bored thru Tee ℄ pipe. Use a wire in hole to hold tiller true.

H

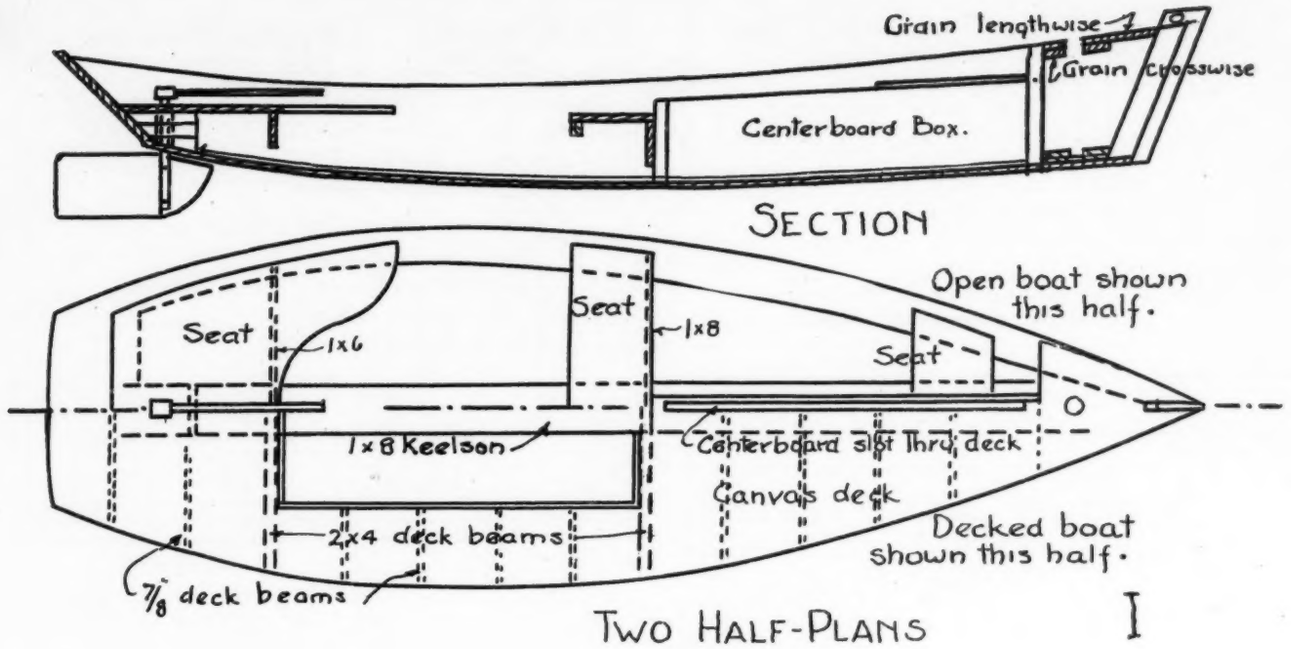
·RUDDER ASSEMBLY·
Inches.

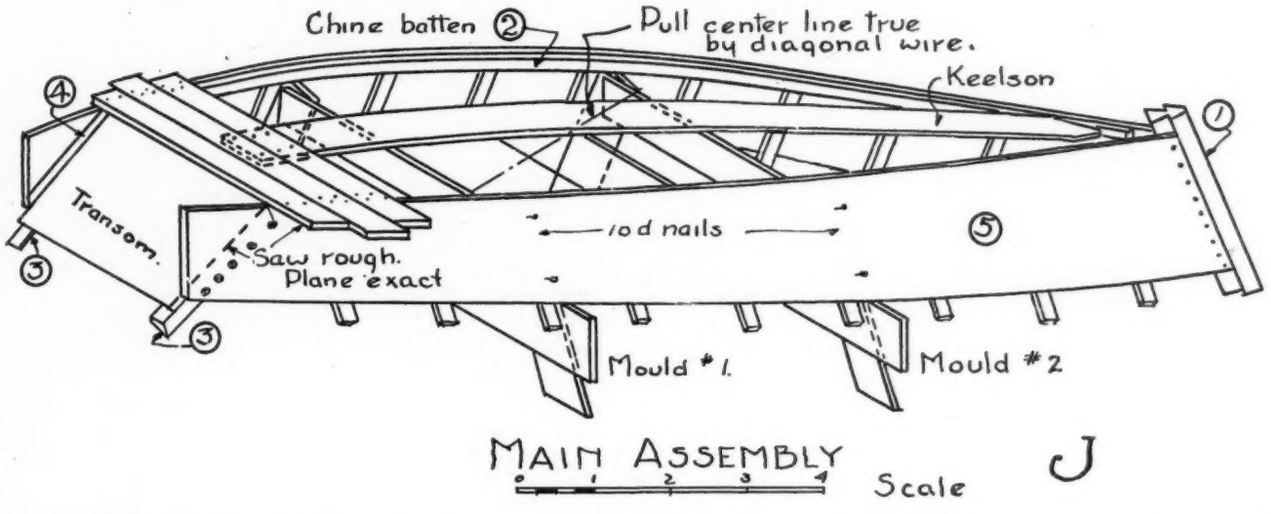
CAULKING — Use regular stranded cotton caulking, or get balls of candle wicking from a hardware store. Cotton batting torn into strips will do in a pinch.

SIZE OF BOAT — A 15-foot boat will hold two men and a boy. It sails best with three boys or two men. An 18-foot boat holds four men but sails best with three.

COSTS — The materials for the *Minnow* cost $45, with no attempt at economy, in 1929. A deck might add five dollars more. The 14-footer cost $20, in 1910. The 18-footer cost $35, in 1907. If you have $30, start work — you will raise the rest as you go along. Be careful of the dimes and quarters if cost is a problem. I have heard that in the Carolinas they used to build them for a dollar a foot plus materials. That, of course, could not be done now.

DIRECTIONS FOR WORK. In order of procedure.





1. Have your saws sharpened by an expert, and sharpen your other tools.

2. Study the plans carefully. Every word and line is on there for business. On the plans certain pieces are identified where they occur, by a number in a circle.

3. Get pieces out at mill, and order lumber. (Detail A.) You can chop the stem out of an oak piece but don't do it unless the mill man wants to rob you. They should be able to saw it out. Get a full width side board if you can afford it; mine was redwood. Otherwise, two 12" boards joined carefully as shown. (Detail E.) Making tight may be a nuisance, but the joint will only be under water when sailing, and slop comes aboard then anyway.

4. Finish side boards complete but do not cut at stern. (Details D. & E.) Saw out as shown, mark for ribs, bore $^{5}/_{32}$" for each screw, and countersink. Be sure to make sides opposite hand. Screw ribs in place by the gauge so chine will fit. Use screw driver bit and brace.

5. Make transom, leaving a wide board at the bottom. Stem is presumably made at the mill. (See detail B.)

6. Make moulds of rough lumber. (Detail C.)

7. Form the boat upside down. (Detail J.) Nail both side boards securely to the stem. Nail to mould No. 2 with two 10 penny nails each side not driven home. Take rope hitch on after ends of boards and cinch in. Nail in form No. 1. Cinch up by twisting rope and draw tight over tramsom. The battens on the inside of side boards to set transom will help a lot. Screw transom in place, screws into corner piece rather than in end grain of boards of transom. Have transom extend beyond bottom edge of side boards for bevel planking.

The sides will not bend evenly. Pull the boat true with a diagonal wire or rope. Use a string down center for truing.

8. Spring chine battens into place with clamps, and screw, beginning at one end and working towards other. Screws go from outside of side boards through, as with ribs. Chine will project beyond edge of board $^{2}/_{5}$" so both will bevel for plank. (Details F. J. and Q.)

9. Bevel edges of side boards and chine exactly to take plank. Work on both sides at once and use strip across for guide. Work down with drawknife and plane carefully. Boat is apt to leak here. Bevel the transom. Cut stem so last plank will lap onto it and finish at line of rabbet. (Details M. and N.)

10. Begin at stern and lay three planks. (Details F.

and J.) Be sure to lay a thin strip of caulking on edges of side boards under planks. Nail plank to sides and screw to chine as shown. Cut plank long and leave trimming till later to be done all at once. Do not lay too close — you want a crack to caulk into.

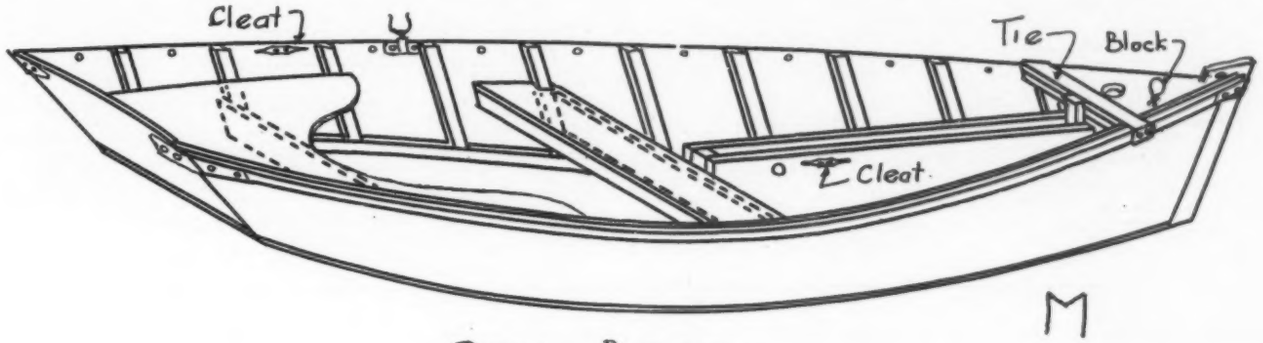
11. Start keelson at middle of second plank, and let it go loose at bow at first or nail to end of stem lightly. Fit it at bow when half the planks are on. (Detail J.)

12. Complete planking. Watch caulking carefully, and lay it between plank and keelson on each side of centerboard slot. (Detail F.) Saw plank as close to sides as you can without marking sides, and plane true.

13. Mark centerboard slot and saw accurately with cross cut saw through from the bottom. Should be 1¾" wide to take post.

14. Turn boat right side up. Nail in spreaders to sides of ribs for open boat and 2 x 4 deck beams crowned for decked boat. Also seats. This holds the boat spread when the moulds are taken out, which is done now. (Details M & N.)

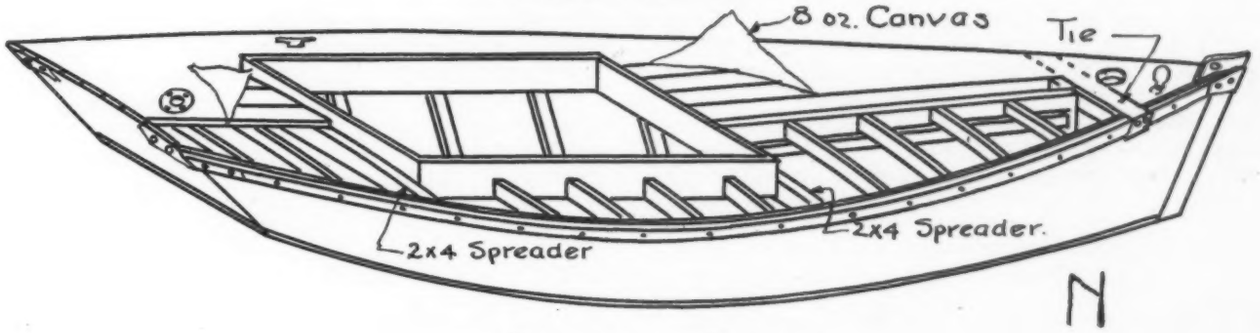
15. Centerboard box. (Detail G.) Fit boards of box to keelson. They should be 1⅛" thick, if possible but ⅞ can be used with care. It is almost impossible to drill for screw holes through from the bottom and run true



M

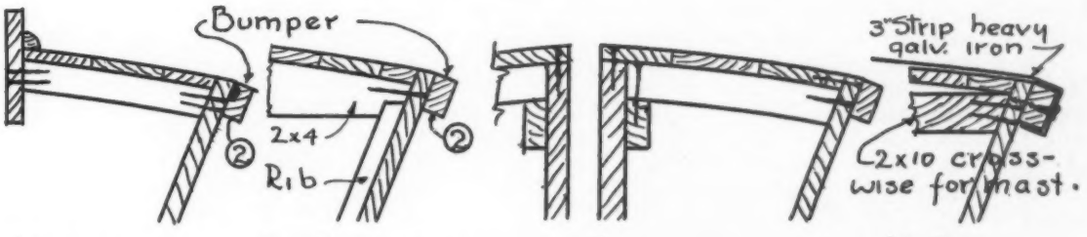
OPEN BOAT

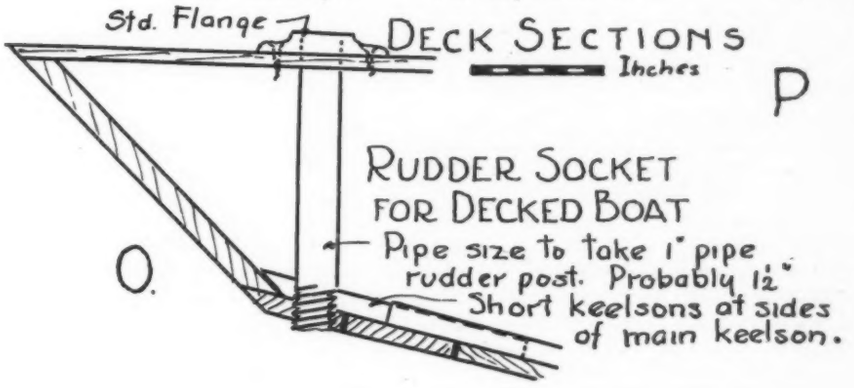
0 1 2 3



N

DECKED BOAT





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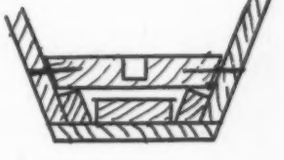
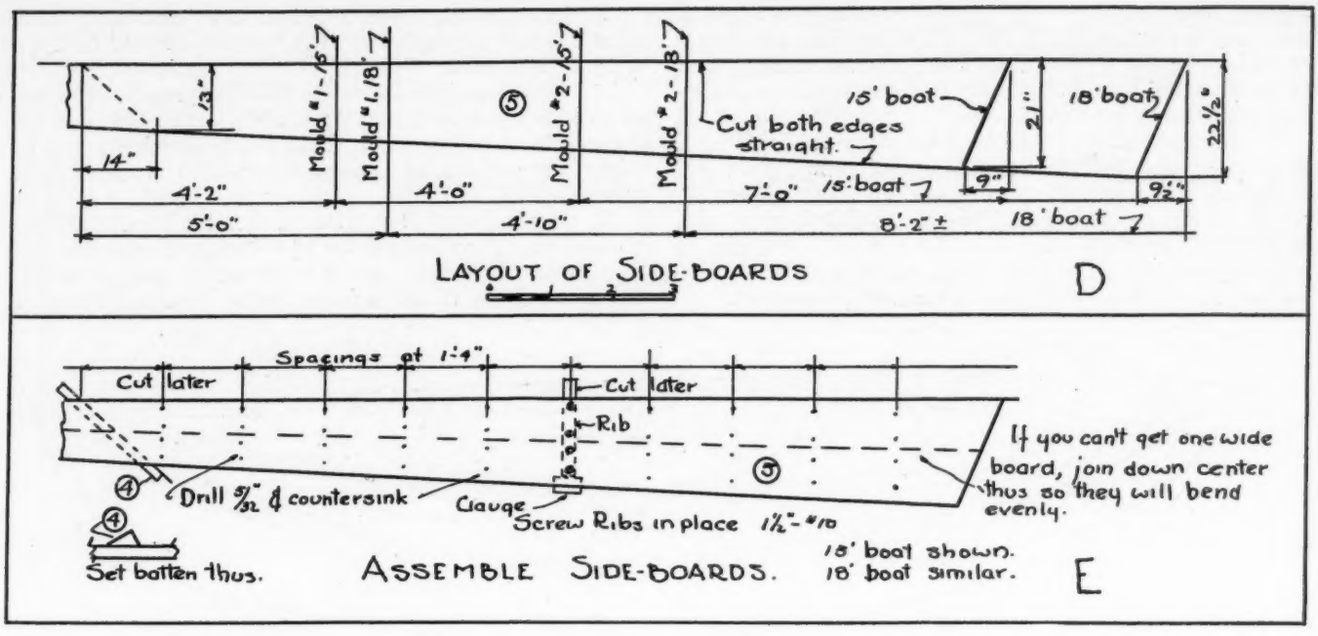


MAST STEP
Socket 1" x 2"

Q



into the boards of the box. It is better to drill both ways from the center, but the places must be accurately marked for the holes to meet. So drive some nails in the edges of the boards where the screws are to go, cut off the heads, and press down against the keelson. This will mark the holes, and you can bore the keelson from the inside through the plank, and into the edges of the boards. Use drill through bottom slightly smaller than shank of 4" brass screws, and a smaller hole in edges of boards to hold thread of screw.

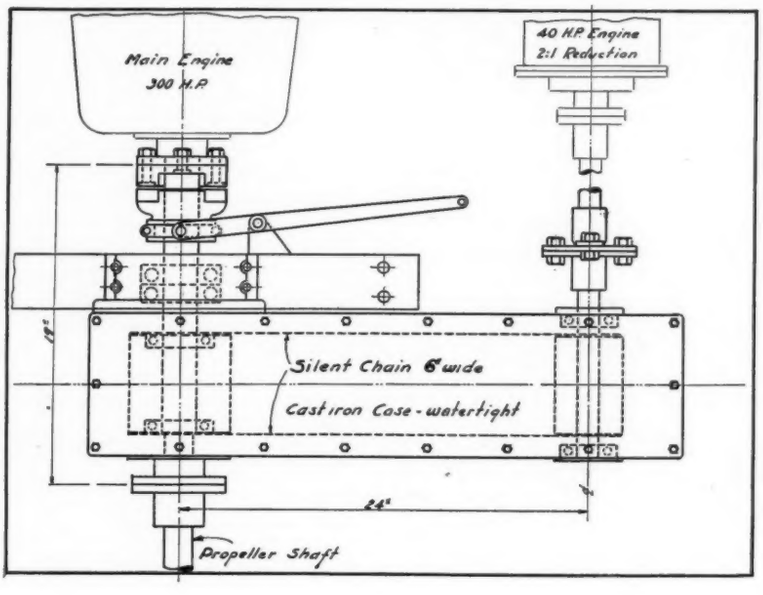
Fit posts either end of slot, set in white lead, and nail into keelson with one eight penny. Clamp box to posts or nail lightly. Turn boat over and drive screws with brace and screw-driver bit. Be sure you have a thin strip of caulking between keelson and edges of box. Turn boat back, bolt box at bow with ¼" bolts as there is no room to drive a screw (have holes ready), and screw after ends to post, with 1½" number 10 screws.

This completes the work on the rough hull. In the next issue of YACHTING, directions and plans for completing the sharpie will be given in a second and final article.

A Dependable Device for Coupling Main and Auxiliary Engines to Single Shaft

THE growing demand for greater speed in fishing and guide boats has created a need for a suitable auxiliary drive necessary for the slow speed requirements of trolling not obtainable with the main engine. After trying several driving arrangements, the writer has developed and found satisfactory the following method which has proved dependable in every way.

The illustration herewith shows in a general way the manner in which the situation was met under conditions that were not entirely favorable. It was prohibitive to exceed the over all dimension of 19 inches along the main shaft. The dimension from the shaft center to the bottom of the case is less than six inches, in order to clear the keel. Due to shallowness of the case, it was necessary to provide means of taking up slack in the chain. The total propeller thrust had to be provided for after the shaft was cut free from the main engine. In order to protect the reverse gears, it was required that the gear of the idle engine should not rotate when the other engine was running, and that the chain be stationary when the main engine was in operation. Two jaw clutches were required and must be interlocked so that it would be impossible to have both motors connected to the propeller shaft at the same time.



The auxiliary motor develops 40

(*Cont. on page 118*)

Class racing with stock runabouts promises to be even more popular next season than it was last summer. A new 28-footer of the Dodge fleet which will make 45 m. p. h. with a 300 h.p. motor

About These Motor Boats

What Happened at the Recent Meeting of the American Power Boat Association. New Racing Rules for Next Year

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

THIS is a pure experiment, with the accent on the adjective. The editor and I want to find out if it is possible to pack into one brief monthly article so much news of the puttering among the putt-putts that it will be quite unnecessary for anyone to read the rest of the magazine — except the advertising pages. But when the very first month's activities include the annual meeting of the American Power Boat Association the experiment seems all wet, like the one Mr. Hoover humorously referred to as noble.

The biggest motor boat news of the year broke at the A. P. B. A. meeting in New York last month, which was that, during the main meeting and all the lesser conferences necessary to the annual disinfecting of our motorized racing rules, there was not an argument or squabble worth staging in the ring at Madison Square Garden — even among the cruiser addicts! And if you don't think that is news, you and your commodore's cap are newcomers to this hectic sport.

It seems difficult to view with humor anything so productive of cogitations as the A. P. B. A. annual meeting. It is something like an endurance contest. Ideas hoarded in the minds of those who nurture the sport are born, naked and hot, at the early conferences. Most of them become cold and expire quickly once they are exposed to the haughty stares and lengthy arguments of the experts. There are so many ideas, however, that those which escape the guns of the various committeemen make up a much larger list of rule changes than can possibly be considered carefully during the half-day session of the A. P. B. A. Council, and the half-day meeting of the Association itself, made up of delegates from clubs and associations all over the country.

Both meetings this year took place at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, on October 30th, and were directed by the perennial president, Commodore Fred R. Still, the ever-blooming secretary, W. D. Edenburn, and C. F. Chapman, Chairman of the Racing Commission, who has mastered the miracle of getting 56 hours of labor into a 24-hour working day.

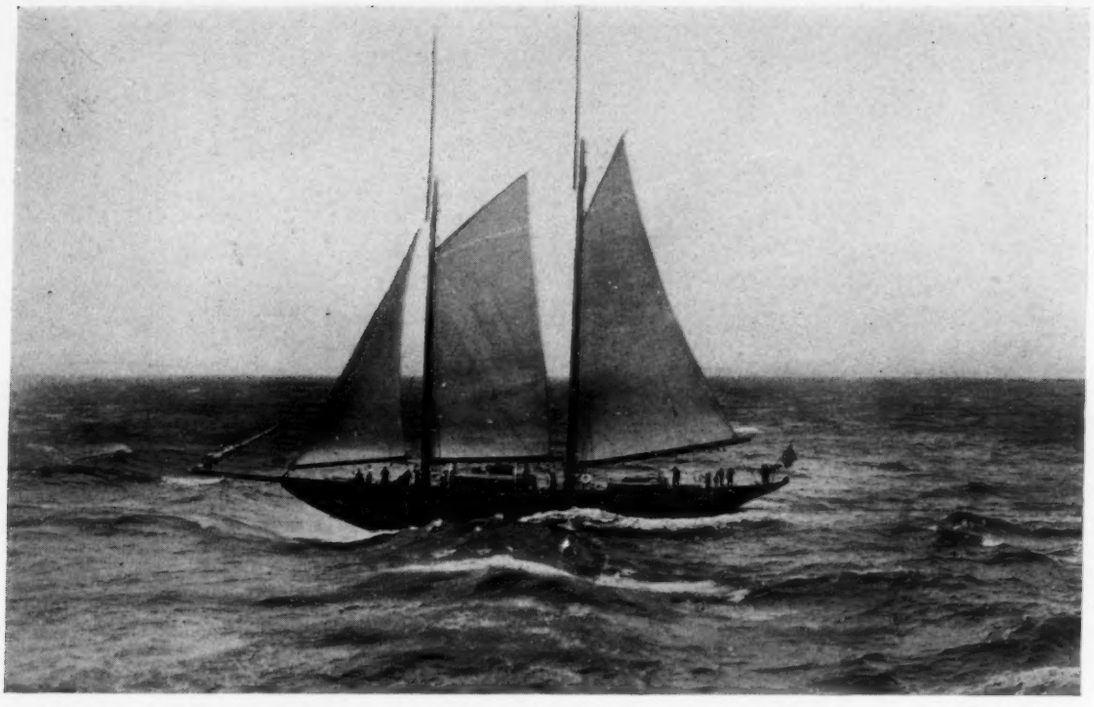
Outside of the several dozen alterations recommended in cruiser, outboard and stock runabout racing by the special contest boards appointed to unravel those combative matters, there were something like 83 separate items having to do with racing in other classes, including some very interesting developments, indeed, and a radical change in the structure of the A. P. B. A. itself. Four or five of the questions, including the structural change, needed more discussion and clarifying. They were postponed for the council meeting to be held during the Motor Boat Show. The rest went through on greased rails, being the result of the preliminary conferences and representing about six months' labor. "Doctor" Still told the 46 delegates from the record A. P. B. A. membership of 177 clubs, representing between 25,000 and 30,000 petrol mariners, that he would entertain a motion to pass the whole smear of new rules in a block.

The thing was over in a minute and here's what happened:

Commodore Still made his annual unsuccessful effort to retire from the presidency he has held since 1923 and was unanimously reëlected, as were W. D. Edenburn, secretary, Ira Hand, treasurer, both having served for eight years, W. M. Eldridge, timer, Howard E. Blood, measurer, both having served since 1928, and Fred W. Horenburger, surveyor, who has served capably in that capacity since 1917. With these officers there will be no rocking of the boat in 1931.

The holding of the 1931 Gold Cup Race was allotted to the Montauk Yacht Club for Saturday, August 15th. The rules were changed to allow the use of two-cycle

(*Continued on page 93*)



In Mid-Atlantic. Schooner "Etak," owned by Walter G. Ladd, from a photograph taken from the S. S. "Hamburg" when the two ships passed each other while the yacht was on her way to New York last spring. "Etak" was designed by Cox & Stevens

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

A Transatlantic Race for 1931

EVERYTHING is now "set" for the Transatlantic Race next year sponsored by the Cruising Club of America and the Ocean Racing Club of Great Britain. All the conditions have been agreed upon between these two organizations which have taken the lead in fostering ocean racing in their respective countries, and already a number of owners have signified their intention of entering their yachts, while no less than four boats are being built for the event.

"Mandarin," a 48-foot staysail schooner owned by Arthur S. Johnson and designed and built by the Casey Boat Building Co. She made an extended cruise to the Bay of Fundy last summer

The course selected is from Newport, R. I., where the start is scheduled from Brenton Reef Lightvessel on July 4th, to Plymouth, England, a distance, by great circle sailing, of approximately 2,950 miles.

CLASSES. The race will be open to yachts of any rig not over 72 feet and not under 45 feet, over all length.

Measurement for classification shall be the over all measurement as measured to the nearest even foot, from the aftermost point of transom or cap rail to the intersection of the line of fore side of stem with top of main deck forward.

MEASUREMENT AND RATING. The Bermuda Rule as used in the race of 1930 will be used for rating, as follows:

1. Yachts shall be measured in accordance with the following formula:

$$\text{Measurement} = \frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{\sqrt{B \times D}} \times .2$$

In this formula:

L (Length) is to be the distance in a straight line between the points farthest forward and farthest aft at the intersection of the profile and a plane parallel to the load water line plane at a height above it of 4 per cent of the load water line length. In no case shall L be less than l.w.l.

B (Breadth) is to be the maximum beam measured outside of planking.

D (Depth) to be measured at the transverse section of greatest beam and is to be the mean of the vertical heights measured from underside of the plankshеer at side to inside of planking at points distant from the center line 25 and 75 per cent of one half of the maximum beam, plus the height of bulwark, from top of plankshеer to top of cap at the same section.

S. A. (Sail Area) to be calculated in accordance with the measurement rules (Universal) of the North American Yacht Racing Union except that if a club topsail is to be carried its excess area over that of the working topsail shall be included in determining the total sail area. Length of spinnaker boom for all ratings to be limited to the length of base of fore triangle. Squaresails may be carried in place of spinnaker, if carried forward of foremast. The length of squaresail yard, or total length of yards, if more than one is carried, shall not exceed 120% of length allowed for spinnaker boom.

All hull measurements to determine rating shall be made with water tanks filled and full cruising equipment on board.

There will be no rig allowance, but on cutters or single-masted yachts the height of mast shall be limited to the mast height allowed yawls under the Universal Rule, viz., $1.5\sqrt{S.A.} + 5$.

There shall be no allowance for propellers.

TIME ALLOWANCE. The race will be sailed on time allowance calculated by the time allowance tables of the North American Yacht Racing Union for the final ratings as determined by the preceding section.

SCANTLINGS. Any yacht whose keel has been laid subsequent to October 1st, 1930, must be built according to Lloyd's or to the American Bureau's specifications for a cruising yacht, or their equivalent. In the case of yachts entering from other countries than the two mentioned above, the scantling requirements of the classification bureau of the country to which the yacht belongs will govern.

CREW. The master and navigator must be amateurs. Otherwise, no restrictions.

PRIZES. The first prize will be the Transatlantic Trophy, offered jointly by the Cruising Club of America and the Ocean Racing Club. There will be a second prize if four or more yachts start, and a third prize if seven or more yachts start.

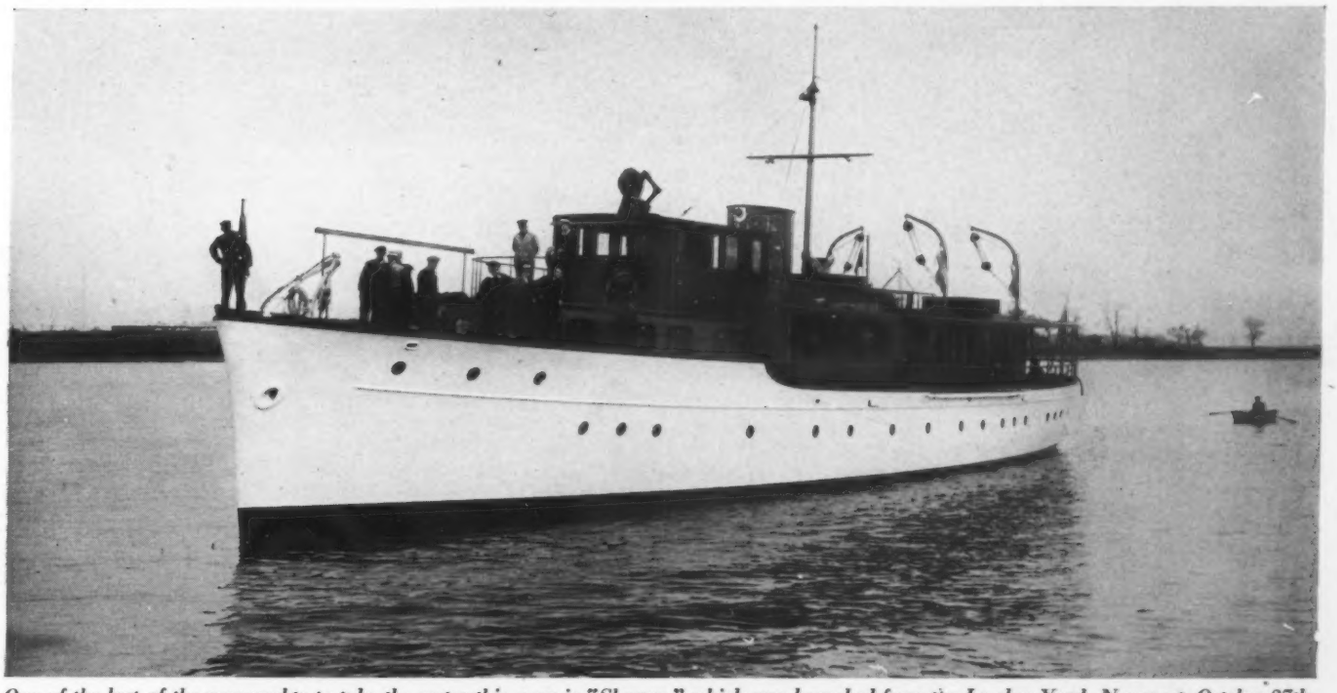
These, in general, are the conditions that will face the contestants. As this race is principally for amateurs, and those who sail their own yachts, the limits of size were kept the same as in the Bermuda Race, except that the lower limit was raised from 35 to 45 feet length, as a boat below the last named length is hardly large enough to carry sufficient water and stores for a racing crew on a voyage of this length.

Among the boats whose owners are making plans to sail may be mentioned the following: *Mistress* (schr.), George E. Roosevelt; *Shellback* (schr.), Edward Crabbe; *Yankee Girl* (schr.), Dr. G. W. Warren; a new ketch building for Paul Hammond; a new cutter building for Dudley Wolfe; *Lord Jim*, a new schooner for Paul Nevin; *Dorade* (yawl), Roderick Stephens; a new schooner building for William Roos. One or more entries from England and France, and more American boats are expected.

A new small centerboard boat designed by "Nat" Herreshoff, and now building by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Bristol, as a fast and able one-design class. These boats are 24 feet over all, with watertight cockpit and outside ballast. The draft is about two feet

L. I. Sound Championships

DESPITE the crowded schedule for 1930, the championship races of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association were well attended throughout the season, with better racing conditions obtaining, on the whole, than for several seasons past. Brisk breezes were the order in several of the regattas, in marked contrast to the numerous drifting matches in many previous years. Twenty-four classes participated, although six classes failed to enter enough races to qualify for championships,



One of the last of the new yachts to take the water this year is "Shogun," which was launched from the Lawley Yard, Neponset, October 27th. She is owned by A. C. Murphy of New York, is 137 feet in length, and was designed by Tams, Inc.

A Dee Wite 22-foot runabout which passed through New York recently on a run from Detroit to Miami, and thence up the Mississippi to Chicago. She is being driven by Miss Peggy Radcliffe and Miss Maude Hughes

among the latter being the 12-Metre Class, Class Q, Class S and the Sound Juniors.

Below are the standings of the leaders in each of the classes which qualified for the season's championship, as released by Ernest Stavey, secretary of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound:

Class M: *Istalena*, .764; *Simba*, .640; *Avatar*, .551.

N. Y. Y. C. 40-Footers: *Mistral*, .802; *Rowdy*, .654; *Chinook*, .441.

Larchmont O Class: *Mirage*, .947; *Grey Dawn*, .690; *Varuna*, .483.

10-Metre Class: *Narcissus*, .718; *Nachvak*, .700; *Synthetic*, .666; *Branta*, .581.

N. Y. Y. C. 30-Footers: *Nautilus*, .950; *Oriole*, .682.

8-Metre Open: *Priscilla III*, .977; *Sonny*, .633; *Muffet*, .625; *Gitane*, .595.

8-Metre One-Designs: *Loke*, .795; *Nymph*, .650; *Roulette III*, .555; *Silhouette II*, .532.

6-Metres: *Cherokee*, .838; *Lucie*, .789; *Totem*, .740; *Ripples*, .738.

Class R: *Gypsy*, .795; *Cotton Blossom*, .757; *Robin*, .720; *Puffin*, .597.

Victory Class: *Flapper*, .803; *Black Jack*, .800; *Gopher*, .781; *Reveille*, .749.

Sound Interclubs: *Bozo*, .855; *Aileen*, .766; *Poppy*, .754; *Daphne*, .734.

Atlantic Coast: *Noiram*, .854; *Rumour*, .846; *Sabolo*, .838; *Flash*, .816.

Handicap, Div. 1; *Young Miss*, .794; *Alsumar*, .593; *Rissa*, .567; *Sagola*, .500.

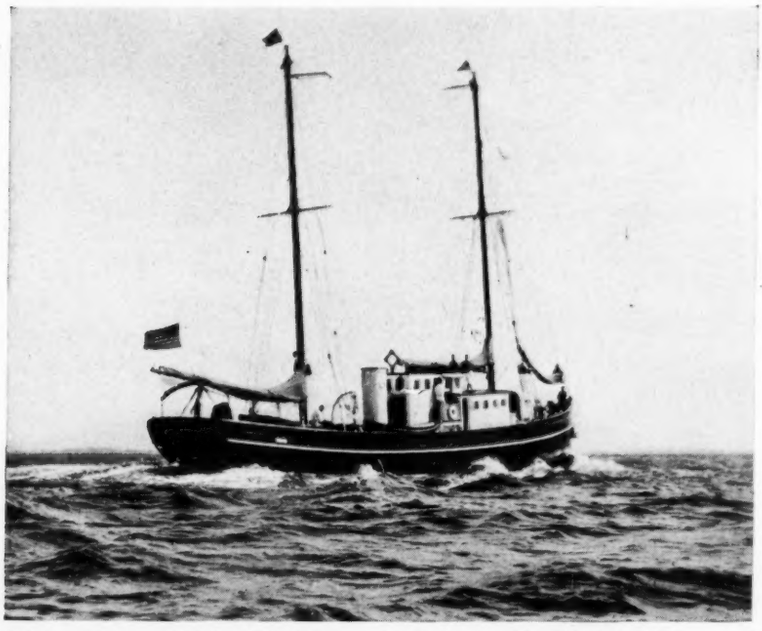
Handicap, Div. 2: *Ethel II*, .716; *Acadian*, .716.

Handicap, Div. 3: *Ogeemah*, .810; *Nike*, .574; *Black Devil*, .561.

Handicap, Div. 4: *Banba*, .908; *Twinette*, .643; *Imshi*, .445.

Stars: *Jubilee*, .822; *Lout*, .796; *Gray Fox*, .729; *Little Bear*, .727.

Wee Scots: *Anti-Femina*, .873; *Scotty*, .523; *Polara*, .480; *Jinx*, .444.



"Antares," a new 105-foot Diesel-powered cruiser owned by Edwin M. Chance, of Philadelphia, which made a successful voyage from Philadelphia to England and return last summer, taking only two months for the round trip. Her time from Bermuda to Bishop's Rock, outward passage, was only 11 days, 17 hours

The Dee Wite Endurance Run

FOR the purpose of proving the practicality of motor boat travel for long distances, to demonstrate the strength and endurance of motor boat hulls driven at high speed, and to prove the reliability of marine motors, two Dee Wite 22-foot speed boats are making an endurance run from Detroit to Chicago *via* New York, Miami, and the Mississippi River.

After a run through heavy weather on Lake Erie, the two boats came through the New York State Barge Canal and Hudson River to New York, which they left November 3rd, and at this writing are speeding down the Atlantic seaboard to Miami. Miss Maude Hughes, of New York, is at the wheel of one boat, alternating with Miss Peggy Radcliffe, of Philadelphia.

The Misses Hughes and Radcliffe expressed complete confidence in their boat, after putting it through its paces before leaving for the south.

These two will leave the boat at Miami, a factory crew taking over the controls at that point for the trip across the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi River to Cairo, Illinois.

The boats are 22 feet long and are equipped with single motors of 135 horsepower. An official observer, appointed by the American Power Boat Association, is accompanying the cruisers on the entire trip. Thus far the boats have performed perfectly, and the success of this 5000 mile test seems assured.

Gloucester Once More Holds Fishermen's Championship

By WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Gertrude L. Thebaud" leading "Bluenose" on one of the many light weather days the two schooners encountered

THE fishermen who sail, or motor, out of Gloucester can claim for their port the sailing championship of the North Atlantic fleets once more, after nine years. *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, sailed successively by Captain Ben Pine and Captain Charley Johnson, accomplished what *Elsie*, *Henry Ford* and *Columbia* all failed to do — she beat the *Bluenose*, of Lunenburg, Captain Angus Walters, winning two straight races in a series which dragged along for ten October days, due to calm weather.

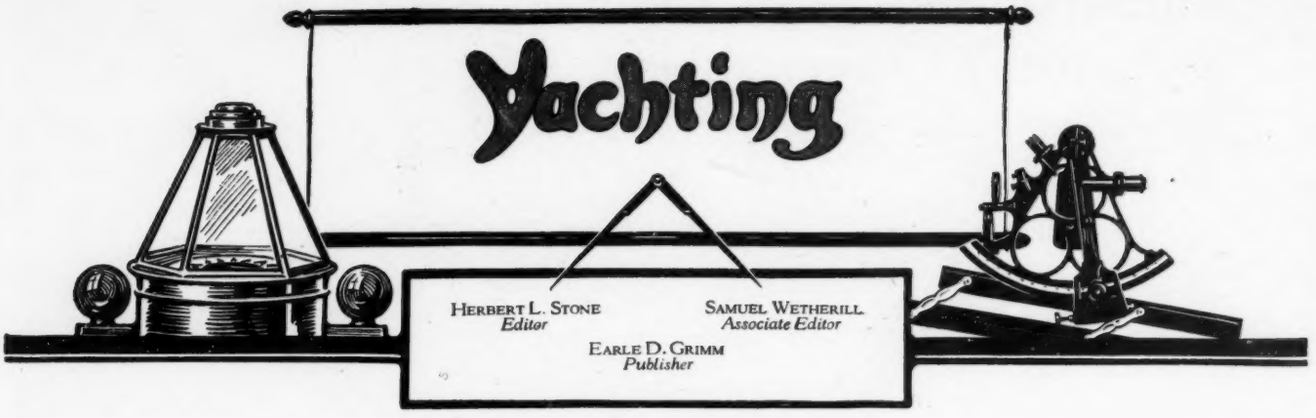
"Bluenose" lifting over the easterly swell. Her ill-fitting canvas is most apparent. At right, "Gertrude L. Thebaud," which won the series for Gloucester

Technically speaking, *Bluenose* may still be champion, for the Dennis Cup, emblem of the championship, was not at stake, but to all intents and purposes it was a championship race and the smaller *Thebaud* won from a vessel that has held the title since she took it from *Elsie* in 1921.

At that, the Gloucester vessel's superiority is still open to question. In the first race, sailed in moderate weather, *Bluenose* carried a suit of sails that looked like insufficiently recut circus tents, and quite naturally lost by about a quarter of an hour. In the final and deciding race, in a fine fresh breeze, *Bluenose* led for the first twelve miles and then threw away the race when Captain Walters tacked inshore from the outer mark into a racing ebb tide that carried him to leeward at a great rate. Captain Johnson, splitting tacks and going offshore where the tide ran less strongly, took a lead in the next six miles which the Lunenburger couldn't overcome, though she cut it down fathom by fathom on nearly every one of the remaining twenty miles.

By far the most interesting race, while it lasted, was the one the committee called off because they couldn't find the home turning buoy at the end of the first round. There was a "four lower breeze" that day, though they lugged their topsails through it, and a good part of the time it

(*Continued on page 108*)



EDITORIAL

January and the Motor Boat Show

FOR the past few years the words "January" and "Motor Boat Show" have been synonymous, especially to yachtsmen. The coming year will bring no exception, and January 16th will see the opening of the twenty-sixth annual exhibition that plays such a big part in the year's activities in motor boat circles. For eight days the Grand Central Palace, New York, will be filled with boats, big and little, runabouts and cruisers, engines, from outboards to Diesels, and an array of boat equipment and accessories to stir the imagination and dazzle the eye of the boat enthusiasts who yearly make the pilgrimage to this Mecca of the boat sailor.

From reliable advance information, it appears that space at the Show this year is in greater demand than ever before. Already the allotments on the main floor, where the larger boat exhibits are housed, have been over-subscribed, and the boats to be shown there will represent a greater evolution than at any previous exhibition. Four floors will be needed to display all the exhibits. All of which indicates that there is no slackening in the interest in, and demand for, pleasure craft. Last year was a particularly active one afloat. The coming year gives every indication of even greater activity.

As the 1931 Show comes about the middle of the month, the January issue of YACHTING will be the annual Motor Boat Show issue, and not the February issue, as heretofore. In this number will be a complete description of what will be found at the Grand Central Palace, compiled from advance information furnished by the exhibitors themselves. The new models in boats and engines, the latest development in outboard engines and the little craft that float them, the newest "gadgets" in the equipment field, will all be illustrated in this Show number, so that whether or not one gets to the Palace personally, as most of YACHTING readers will, he will know in advance just how much of interest the Show will hold.

By reason of the time element involved in this feature, the January issue of YACHTING will not be published until January 5th.

Build That New Boat Now!

A RECENT trip through the yacht building plants of New England showed considerable work in progress and a gratifying amount of optimism over the building prospects for the winter. Most of the larger yards were cleaning up the last of the 1930 contracts, and while not many new large yachts for next year had been actually laid down, the builders reported many good inquiries that they hoped soon to translate into actual contracts. In spite of the economic depression and the uncertainty of the immediate financial outlook, the year 1930 in the boat building industry was, on the whole, a good one. If 1931 is to be equally good, those who intend to build for next season should show their faith in the future by placing their orders now and not wait for that intangible "brighter outlook."

In drawing up suggestions for immediate action to relieve the acute unemployment situation, one of the New York State Industrial Commissioners has stated that "this is one time when the rich should indulge themselves in leisures that require large labor forces, such as building a yacht." In this we concur. It is the time when those who can afford to should spend and not conserve. Never in recent years were times more favorable to the owner for the building of pleasure boats. The yards need the work to keep their organizations together, material has eased off in price, and the vital element of time all point to the advantage of getting started on the new boat now. So why hold off? An early order means earlier delivery and the use of the yacht during the whole season. If anyone is contemplating building for next summer, let him place the order *now*. Not only by reason of any personal advantage to be gained, but for the satisfaction of knowing that one is doing his share towards restoring normal conditions.

The Season in Retrospect

NOW that the yachting season is a thing of the past, and the last of the racing and cruising fleet are snug under cover for the long winter ahead, a brief survey of the year afloat may be allowed.

In spite of the time-worn prophecy that an America's Cup race does not make for an active season, this year proved the fallacy of that contention. In spite of this dominating event, the season as a whole was one of the most active ever seen in the sport. The year was particularly prolific of international events, in which we were universally successful at home, in strong contrast to last year, and not so successful abroad, except, perhaps, on the Riviera. The America's Cup event has provided us with our first class of large racing cutters in many years. There have been several new one-design classes of smaller size, and the Bermuda Race produced a number of new ocean racers which were needed. In the power boat field both the cruising and the racing classes were largely increased, and the registration of new boats shows that the fleet has grown to record proportions.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

OLIN J. STEPHENS, 2nd

TO HAVE achieved a reputation as a clever helmsman and successful racing skipper, and at the same time to have earned a name as a naval architect with many fast yachts to one's credit, is something that does not often fall to the lot of anyone at the age of twenty-two. Hence it is with satisfaction that we present this month the portrait of Olin J. Stephens, 2nd, of whom all the above can be said.

It was, of course, his early training in yachts and his love of the sport that decided the young man in taking up yacht designing as a career. Like most of our best sailormen, Stephens started sailing at an early age in a small boat, when as a youngster he explored thoroughly the waters of Barnstable Bay aboard an ancient but honorable 14-foot Crosby-built knockabout. That was no longer ago than 1922. Since then there followed, successively, a 28-foot cruising yawl, a 40-foot ketch, a Sound schooner which he raced with success during 1926 and 1927, and then a number of six-metre yachts, all of which added to his experience in handling boats of different types. During the early part of the season just closed he sailed the six-metre "Comet," of his own design.

Not content with racing on sheltered waters only, young Stephens designed the 30-foot sloop "Kalmia" and sailed her to victory in her class in the ocean race of 1929 to Gibson Island, and in this year's Bermuda Race he was skipper and navigator of the 52-foot yawl "Dorade," which he also designed, making an excellent showing. "Dorade" took second prize in Class B, won the All-Amateur prize, and finished third on corrected time out of a fleet of 42 boats.

In the past year Stephens designed several six-metre class sloops, including the "Cherokee," Long Island Sound champion of her class and a member of the American team which defeated the British team so decisively, "Meteor," and "Comet." He also designed the Canada's Cup candidate "Conewago." All of which would indicate that Olin had quite a busy season.

Mr. Stephens is a member of the Cruising Club of America, the New York Yacht Club, and a junior member of the Larchmont Yacht Club.

The Mast of "Enterprise"

How the Defender's Duralumin Mast Was Designed and Built

By CHARLES P. BURGESS

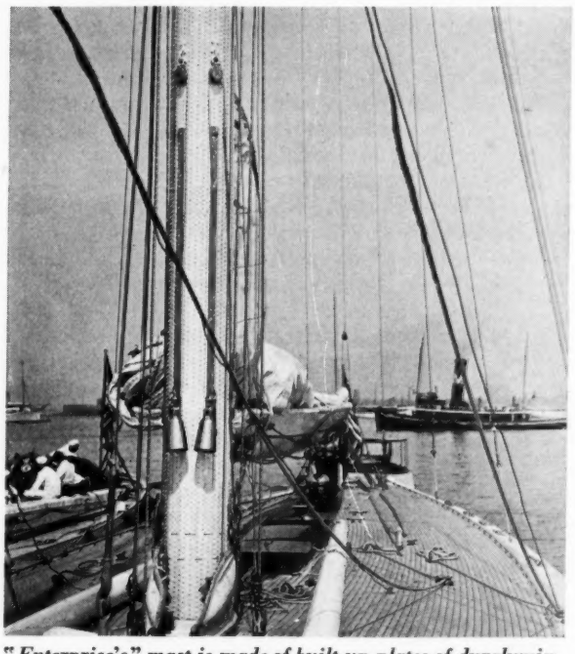
THE four yachts designed to defend the America's Cup, and *Shamrock V* herself, have the tallest masts ever stepped in racing yachts. The rule of measurement limited the height of the masts to approximately 152.5 feet above the deck, and all the designers availed themselves of the limit, right up to the last inch. Hollow, built-up spruce spars of this great size weigh about 6,000 pounds; and carrying this weight so high above the water line absorbs a very considerable part of the yacht's stability. A saving of some 1,200 pounds by the use of duralumin instead of wood for the mast means an important addition to a yacht's sail carrying power in strong winds. The value of the weight saved in the mast of *Enterprise* was well shown when, in spite of being the smallest of the four candidates, and therefore regarded as an extreme light weather boat, she beat the larger and heavier *Weetamoe* in a strong northeaster during the trial races.

W. Starling Burgess, the designer of *Enterprise*, has had wide experience in designing wooden masts for large racing yachts; but in striving for the utmost efficiency in *Enterprise*, he decided to invoke assistance from the kindred science of aeronautics. The writer, who has been for twelve years in the airship design section of the Navy Department, was asked to design a duralumin mast for *Enterprise*, applying, as far as practicable, the elaborate mathematical theories which have been developed for the design of metal structures for aircraft.

The distribution of the load between the shrouds was analyzed by the mathematical method known as "The principle of least work." Anyone seeing the calculations involved would think this name a painful joke, but actually it applies to the law of laziness of materials, according to which a complicated structure having no definite way in which it must take external forces, will adjust itself to take them in such a manner as to cause the least internal work or strain energy within the structure. It was found, among other things, that the maximum compression in the lower section of the mast approaches 100 tons.

Heretofore, metal masts were of steel, without taper, having tapered wooden topmasts fitted into them. The continuous taper of *Enterprise's* mast introduced complications. Moreover, rolls could not be found of sufficiently small diameter to roll the plates for a circular mast, except in short lengths, which would have involved a great many joints, and eaten up the saving in weight. Considering these difficulties, it was decided to use a twelve-sided cross-section, having flat side plates in a double layer, to permit using plates of moderate thickness (maximum .182″) having the maximum unit strength, with the joints of the inner and outer plates staggered so as to give the utmost continuity of strength. Plates bent through a 30-degree angle were placed at the corners, inside and outside, making a total thickness of four plates at the corners, giving the mast great stiffness against crinkling, and obviating the necessity for internal diaphragms and stiffeners which had been a feature of the steel masts of older Cup defenders. The diameter of the mast is 18 inches at the deck, tapered to 9 inches at the top. The equivalent wooden mast was elliptical in section, 27 inches by 20 inches at the deck. Wind tunnel tests showed that the air resistance of the bare wooden mast was less than that of the metal one, but tested in combination with the sail, the result was reversed, owing to the duralumin mast projecting a shorter distance forward, and interfering less with the flow of wind to the sail.

The extreme slenderness of the duralumin mast was made possible only by adjusting all shrouds and stays most carefully to relieve the mast of severe bending loads, and make it act as nearly as possible as a true column. For the standing rigging, such as the shrouds, this was a comparatively simple matter, but for the backstays and runners, which had to be set up or released at every tack, and differently with various combinations of headsails, it was a complicated problem. It was solved by the yacht's designer himself. Mr. Burgess watched the mast continually, and had special cable tension meters installed on the backstays to indicate the tensions. When the best tensions were determined by experience, the crew were trained to set up the winches to just the right degree to hold the mast as it should be under all conditions.



"Enterprise's" mast is made of built-up plates of duralumin, fastened with eighty thousand rivets

The contract for the construction of the mast was let to the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Baltimore, Md., whose aircraft factories are especially adapted to modern metal construction. Furthermore, their plant is on tidewater, so that the mast could be shipped by barge as a complete unit, which would have been impossible by rail, because of its great length. The mast was put together with over 80,000 rivets, many of which were inaccessible by ordinary means. It is said that not one of them has snapped or shown signs of distress.

This mast has aroused considerable discussion. But if it has made *Enterprise* a faster and more able boat, then surely it has contributed to the advance and development of yacht design.

The Design of "Enterprise"

By

W. STARLING BURGESS

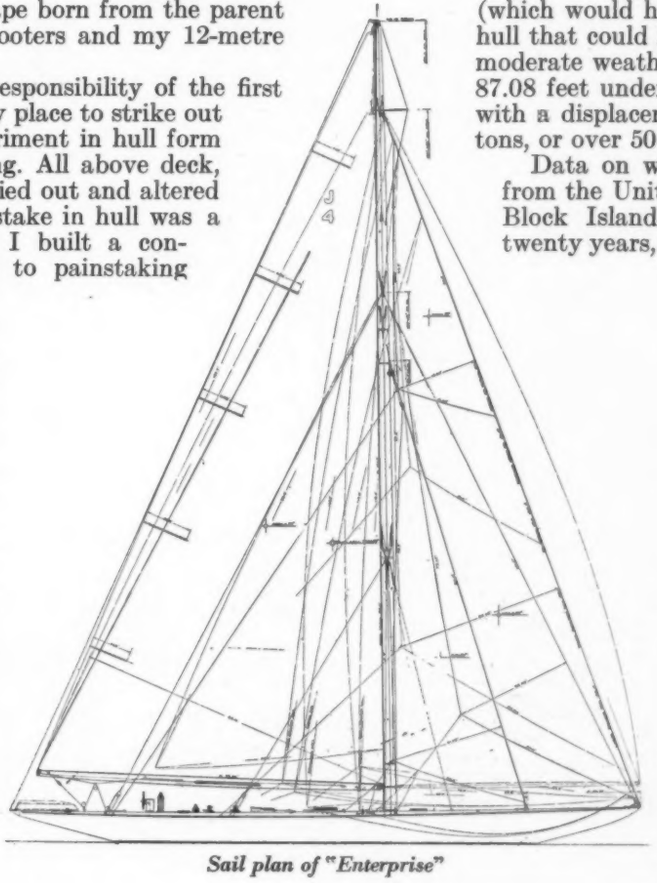
The boom of "Enterprise" which caused so much comment. The tracks run across the boom instead of longitudinally

NEVER before have the actual lines of an America's Cup defender been published in the year of her victory. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that, with the consent of Mr. Vanderbilt, I break the precedent.

On *Shamrock's* arrival at Newport, Mr. Nicholson and I at once compared our designs and each of us was invited to inspect every detail of his rival's work. This gave me so much satisfaction, — seemed such a finer spirit of sportsmanship than the close secrecy of the past, — that in answer to the wide interest in the design of *Enterprise*, and to the countless requests I have received from amateur model makers, I am now releasing the design itself and shall give a brief description of the salient points of the defender and the reason of their being.

Enterprise's victory was so overwhelming that you may expect to see something radically new in the form of her underbody — the magic of hidden speed curves, hitherto untried. In this you will be disappointed. She is of a conventional shape born from the parent form developed in my 54-footers and my 12-metre one-design class.

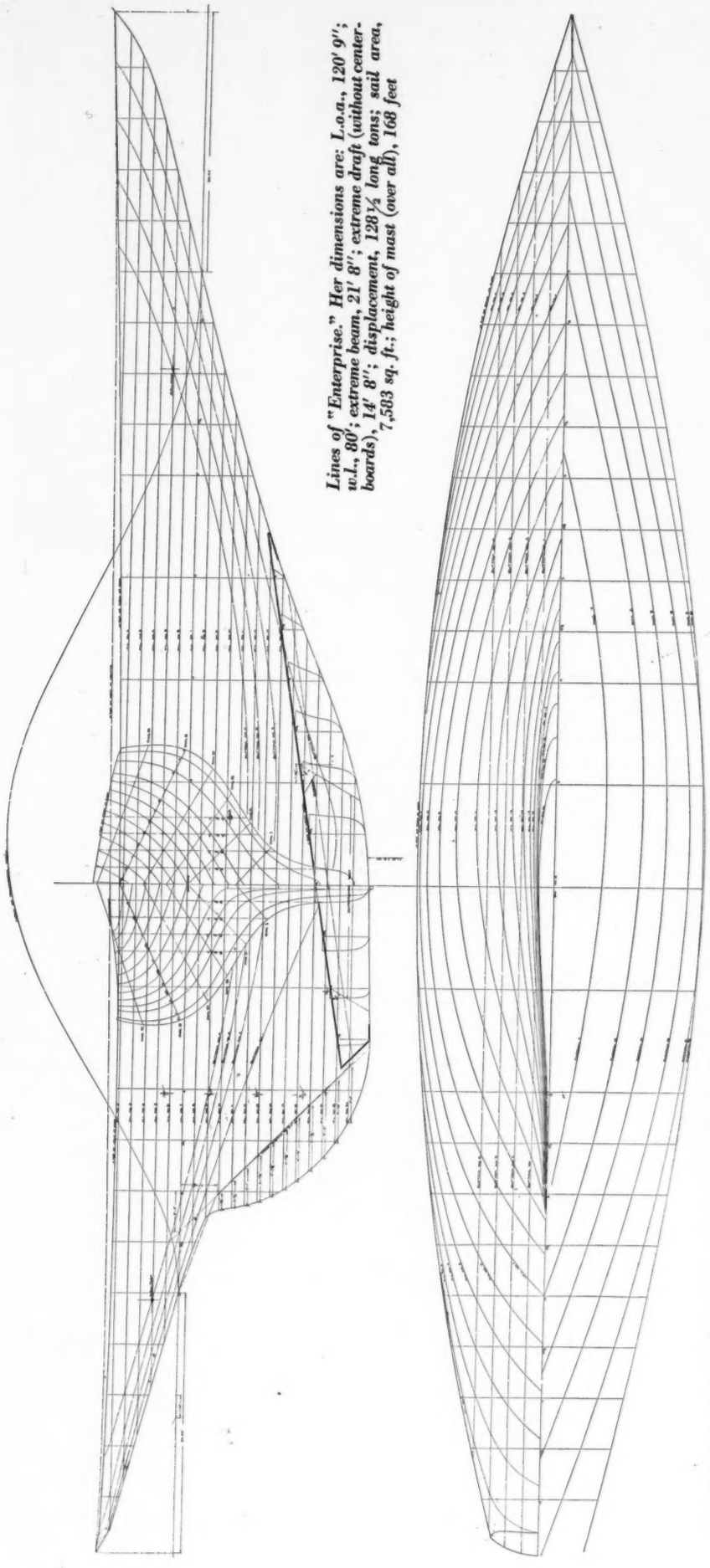
Loaded with the heavy responsibility of the first yacht ordered, it was not my place to strike out on the many paths of experiment in hull form that lay open and beckoning. All above deck, however radical, could be tried out and altered if found wanting; but a mistake in hull was a mistake past correcting. So I built a conservative hull and trusted to painstaking engineering and inventive resources above decks to turn the trick. Her design shows a comparatively sharp bow, with both bow and stern sections of the V-form as opposed to the U-form that has of late been the more popular in small boat design. Her midship section shows a good deal of tumble home, garboards rounded on a generous curvature, and a semi-circular keel bottom to effect the greatest possible saving of wetted surface. I would also call attention to the fulness of the deckline at both bow and stern. This enabled me to give the vessel powerful shoulders fore and aft, which, when she was driven in conditions of heavy wind and sea, afforded high kinetic stability and an unusually long sailing length.



Sail plan of "Enterprise"

Granted good lines and precisely the right amount of stability (which latter was a most arduous computation), the question of the proper size of the boat was of far more importance than anything else. With a possible range in length from 77 feet water line (which would have been about the smallest hull that could have carried her sail in even moderate weather) up to the limit length of 87.08 feet under the rule, I was confronted with a displacement range from 110 to 160 tons, or over 50 per cent.

Data on wind velocities was obtained from the United States Weather Bureau's Block Island station for a period of twenty years, covering the range of racing hours during both the trial race period and the period of the final cup races. The averages for the trial races were decidedly lighter than those for the cup race dates, and this condition ran true to form in the present year. Next came the task of estimating the probable speed that under average weather conditions the yacht could be expected to make. With the analysis of many races and computations based on the excellent time allowance formula of the New York Yacht Club, which in itself is the result of racing speed taken over a long number of years, I arrived at the



Lines of "Enterprise." Her dimensions are: L.o.a., 120' 9"; w.l., 80'; extreme beam, 21' 8"; extreme draft (without centerboards), 14' 8"; displacement, 128½ long tons; sail area, 7,583 sq. ft.; height of mast (over all), 168 feet

speed of ten and three-quarter knots as the proper one to which the size of the hull should be proportioned.

Then a large model, 15 feet over all, and weighing 533 pounds, was made at Bristol from the parent form. Way was made for it at the Naval Model Basin, in Washington, by special order from the Secretary of the Navy, and it was towed at various speeds — upright, at an angle of 15 degrees, and at an angle of 33 degrees, or rail down.

Using Froud's law of comparison, computations were made from this model's performance for a series of similar vessels, starting from 78 feet water line and increasing a foot at a time up to 87 feet. A length of just under 80 feet was indicated as that of least resistance under the given conditions of stability and displacement for the speed of ten and three-quarter knots. So 80 feet was selected for *Enterprise*. And let it be remembered that she was the smallest of the four American yachts and that their relative performance throughout the summer was in the exact reverse order of their size.

Enterprise has been called a "mechanical ship." Her many below-deck winches had been used before, though perhaps not with such a lavish hand, and certainly not for the unique purpose of actually trimming her mast as one would trim a sail. And, let me add, this last was quite as important to her speed as the trim of the sails.

Of her duralumin mast, which was entirely designed by my brother, Charles, and is described by him in this issue, I shall only quote the words of our nearest rival, Mr. Crane: "The mast is a miracle, and it is a miracle that you can keep it in the boat!"

Recalling some of the criticism of the yacht, I was much amused by the reported remark of Nat Herreshoff some time in the early part of the summer, when there seemed little to choose between *Weetamoe* and *Enterprise*. The "old gentleman" was quoted as saying: "They're about as different as two boats could be, but there doesn't seem to be much difference in their speed, so I guess they're both wrong!" Who knows?

The most radical and interesting feature of *Enterprise's* rig was her boom, inaugurating on large yachts a new technique in the art of setting sails. Whereas a duralumin mast is at present a pretty expensive affair, the sliding foot boom designed for *Enterprise* can be made for any small boat out of two planks fastened together in a T-section. Try it, and you will be surprised at the result! The accompanying photograph shows its principle and operation so clearly that I need not describe it. It has advantages of no

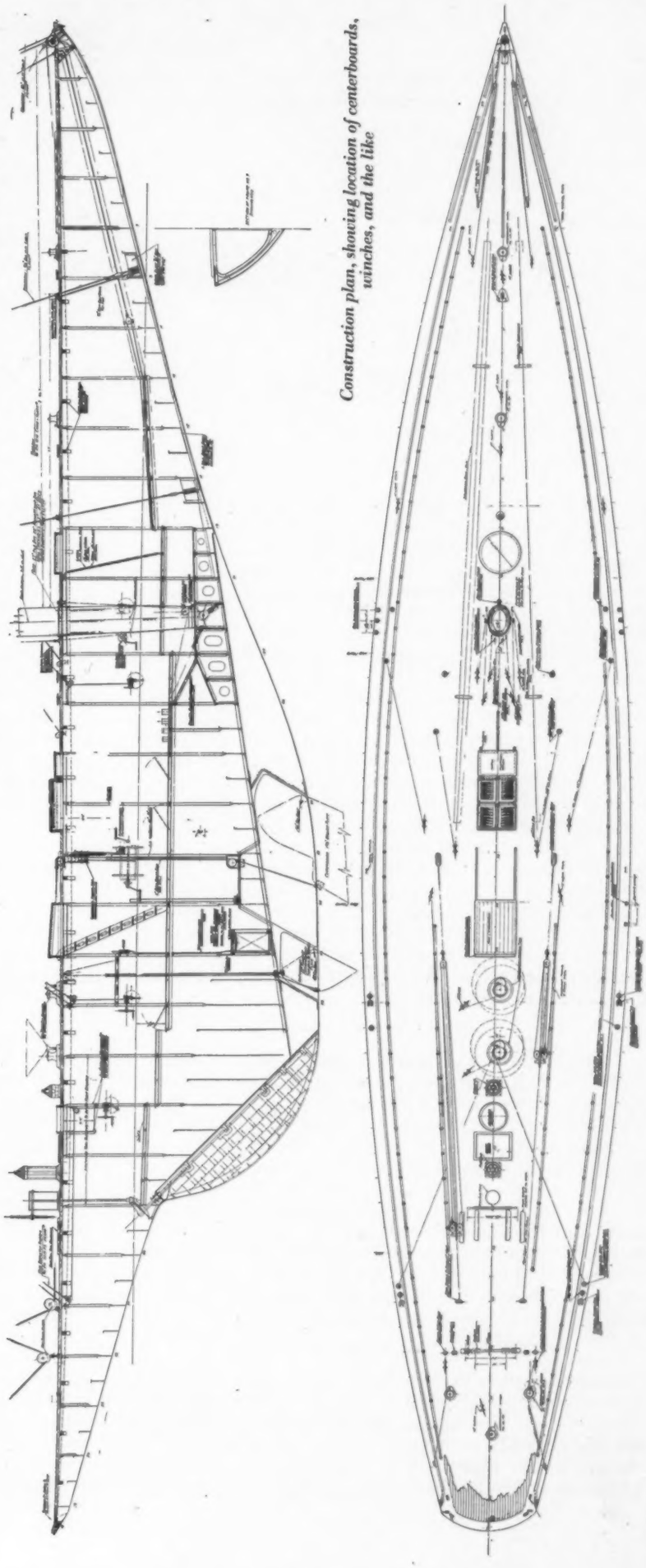
mean order. It allows the lower area of the sail to take on an efficient driving curve quite impossible in the flat lower surface imposed by the usual rigid straight line attachment. This curve may be changed to meet different wind strengths. The change is effected by lifting out the stop pins near the end of each track (they are a loose fit and may be lifted out by thumb and forefinger), and replacing them in the desired hole. Aboard *Enterprise* we had three series of holes, in addition to the center hole. To facilitate the finding of the holes, we painted red, yellow and blue lines along the flat platform of the boom, similar to the guide lines in the New York subway, and named them Seventh Avenue, Times Square Shuttle, and Lexington Avenue. Further, the wide platform of the boom to windward of the sail stops the down draft, or end spill, which still more increases the sail's efficiency. And, finally, by a seemingly trivial shifting of the pins to regulate the curvature along the extreme after part of the foot of the sail, a too taut or a too slack leach (that bugbear of all Marconi mainsails) can be absolutely controlled. Understand, of course, that in shifting our pins we had first to shift the weather pins, which were clear of the sail, and wait for the next tack to shift those on the other side. The most convincing demonstration of the efficiency of this boom was obtained at Newport shortly before the trial races when, for nearly an hour, in moderate weather, we sailed against *Yankee*, tack and tack, with the sail pinned midships on one tack and allowed to take the deep curvature of the boom on the other.

Our English friends said that a boom like the one on *Enterprise* would be on every racing craft in England next summer. I only hope that our own sailors will likewise see its advantages.

In the construction of *Enterprise* the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company did an excellent job of building, maintaining the high standard set by this plant, which has turned out all of the American defenders since *Vigilant*, in 1893. *Enterprise* is built of bronze plating over steel frames, the longitudinal seams being lapped instead of flush. The decks are of wood. The after one of the two centerboards shown was intended not to increase the lateral plane, but for balance and ease in steering, particularly before the wind. In this it justified itself.

But, after all, the designer's, the builder's and the sail maker's part is but one-half the battle. No crew was better drilled, no organization kept at a higher concert pitch, and no vessel was ever sailed with more consummate skill than at the hands of Harold S. Vanderbilt, master, organizer, and helmsman of *Enterprise*.

[Through the courtesy of the designer of *Shamrock V*, we have had sent us the lines and plans of the challenger, and these will appear in the next issue of YACHTING.—ED.]



Construction plan, showing location of centerboards, winches, and the like

Under the Lee of the Longboat.

by Cap Stan

QUITE a few people have the firmly-entrenched idea that a small cruising craft must be one of two types — narrow, uncomfortable, and fast, or beamy, comfortable, and — slow. This idea got a bit of a setback during the last season. For instance, *Mischief*, a 37-footer with 10′ 6″ beam and good accommodations, designed by Nat Herreshoff, defeated 35 boats to win the 220-mile Bayside-Block Island Auxiliary Race. *Tidal Wave*, a Rhodes-designed 32-footer with 11 feet beam and plenty of room and comfort below, defeated 21 starters to win the Huntington-Cornfield Auxiliary Race. And *Duckling*, a Mower-designed 37-footer with 10′ 6″ beam and lots of room and comfort, easily beat a dozen or so small cruisers in an informal race at Lloyd's Harbor on Columbus Day, although she had already made her mark by winning a Cape May and other races. These craft may not be *quite* as fast as some of their narrower sisters, but they are pretty close to them, and far more comfortable cruising craft — stiffer, drier, and abler. The combination of good speed with good beam, good freeboard, real accommodations, and real seaworthiness, is not impossible. The designer who progresses along these lines should reap a golden harvest.

+ + +

There is quite a controversy raging in the *Yachting World* (British) concerning the relative drag of the solid wheel on an auxiliary when fixed or allowed to rotate. Right off the bat, you'd say a fixed wheel would exert far more drag than a wheel which was allowed to spin. But there are some pretty good arguments in favor of the fixed wheel — in fact, some four or five years ago, in this very publication, an article appeared purporting to show that the fixed wheel was much to be preferred — and the author went unchallenged, though not one man in a dozen but prefers to let his wheel spin. Well, it's too big a problem to discuss on this page. I'll dodge the issue and use a feathering wheel.

+ + +

A rig allowance in a race is meant to be a differential between slow and fast rigs — to give the boat with a slow rig a chance against the one with a fast rig. Admitting that the allowances in the last Bermuda Race seemed a bit numerous and complicated, they were simple to apply in the last analysis, and were worked out by a conscientious, care-taking committee, and considered by many a big advance over anything tried previously. And now, on top of the notice that there would be no rig allowance in the Transatlantic Race, comes the announcement that in the Cape May Race there will be just two classifications so far as rig is concerned — sloops and cutters, which will be rated at 100%, and all other rigs, to be rated at 95%. To throw overboard those carefully worked out allowances certainly seems to be taking a step backward, and to work a hardship on some boats while being of great benefit to others. The owners of gaff-headed schooners and ketches, for example, will be mightily discouraged. It's too bad that all hands can't get together and stick to a few proven rules for a couple of years, or at least till a rule has been proven inadequate or faulty. Then we'd know where we stand from year to year.

+ + +

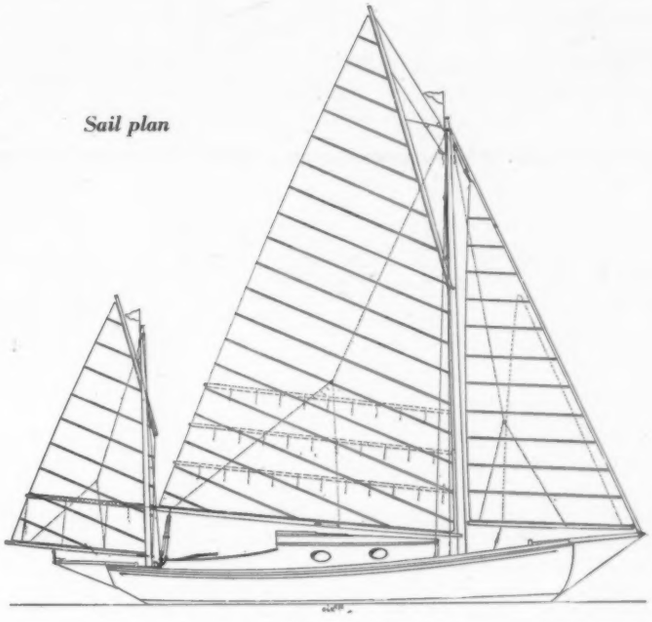
Every once in a while — particularly in the long winter months, when life on the water is denied most of us — a dreamy idea comes to this key pounder that he'd like to climb aboard a boat, say goodbye for an indefinite period, and sail away to far-away ports and enjoy life on the briny and ashore without having to worry about the old job, catching the 8:28 in the morning, the stock market, or whether the radiator freezes or not. You don't get my idea? Then turn back to your October number and read "I'd Like to Go," by Carrol Klotzbach. That boy expresses my thoughts better than I can myself. If Carrol and I can make a bit of a killing in the next bull market, maybe we'll join hands and sail away to those enticing spots which he describes so entertainingly. Wotsay, Carrol?

+ + +

After all the hullaballoo about staysail schooners the past couple of years, it's interesting to note that the three boats designed and building under the special rule for the Transatlantic Race all have different rigs, and none of them is a staysail-rigger. Paul Hammond has turned about-face and will try his luck with a jib-headed ketch from the board of Francis Herreshoff. An unnamed yachtsman is pinning his faith to a gaff-rigged schooner designed by Starling Burgess. A second unnamed yachtsman will face the starter in a jib-headed cutter designed by Frank Paine.

A Centerboard Yawl for the Single-Hander

OUT on the West Coast, a number of cruising craft designed by J. L. Foster, of Vancouver, B. C., have proved decidedly successful. Now comes a little craft from the board of this designer which should appeal to devotees of the shoal draft type of boat, and to the man to whom cost is a decided factor. As the plans show, she is a trim yawl, with short ends and moderate sail plan, with space in the cabin for two berths, stove, etc., big cockpit, and a lug mizzen — a favorite sail with this architect. The dimensions of this trim craft are as follows: l.o.a. 23′ 9″; l.w.l. 20′ 5″; beam, 6′ 4″; draft, without board, 2′ 4″.



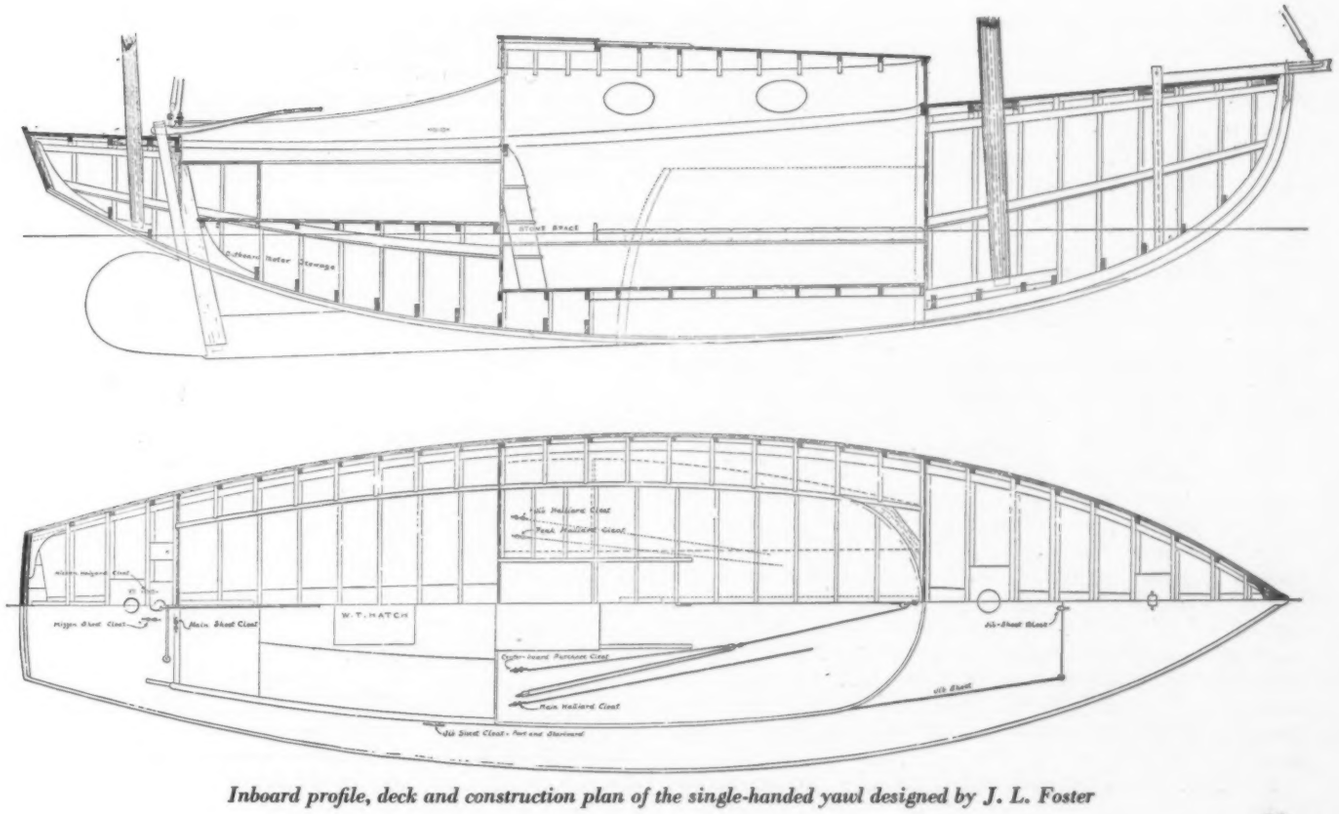
Sail plan

Here is what the designer has to say about her: "This boat was designed from much experience with centerboard boats, and is intended for the man whose purse is limited but whose desire is not. She is small enough to be easily handled by one person — and that doesn't mean merely the sailing, but the taking care, the scrubbing and preening, the scraping, painting and varnishing of hull and spars, etc.

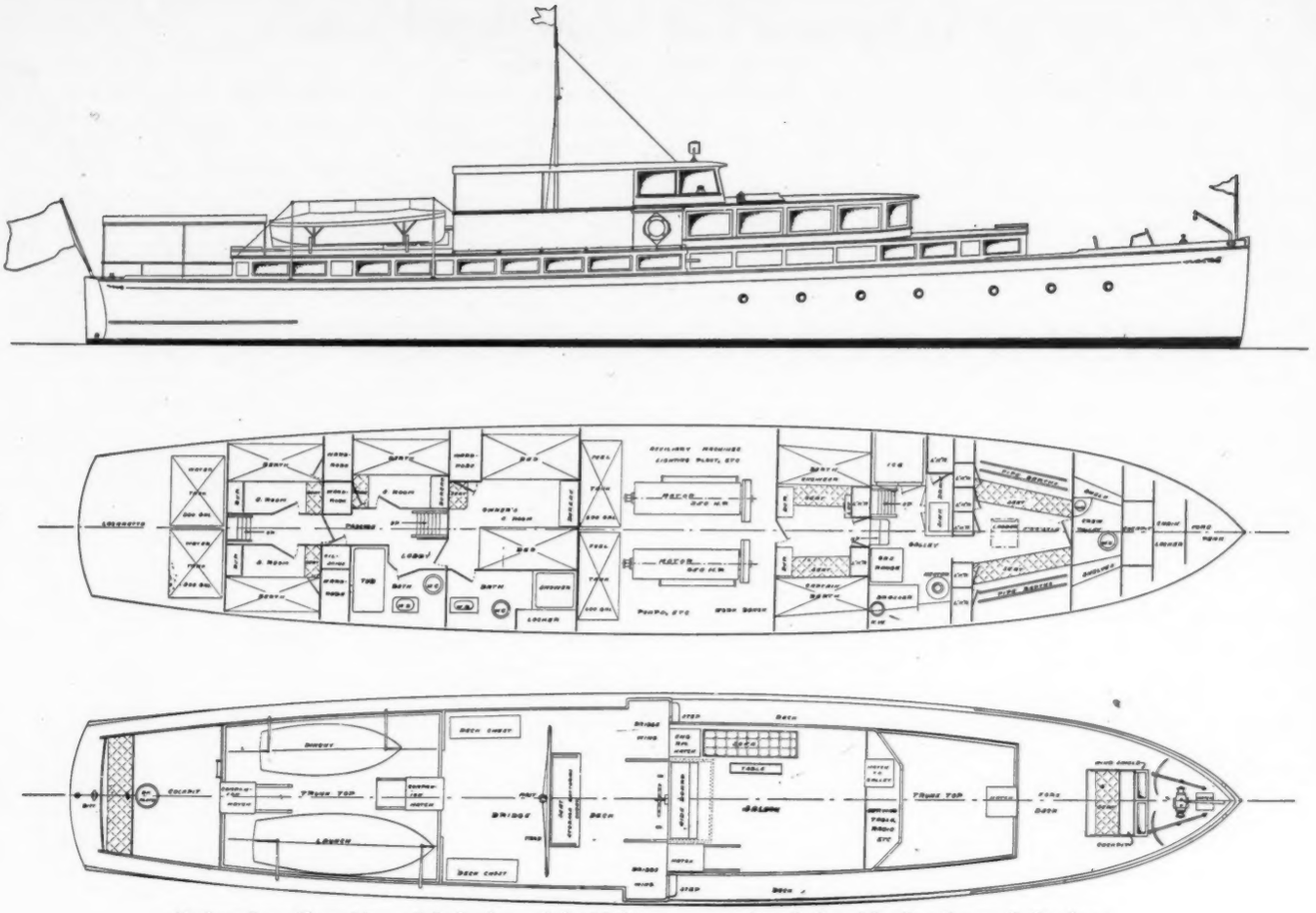
"The beam not being great, the initial stability is moderate. The sail plan is not large — it does not need to be to drive the easily-lined hull and moderate wetted surface. Theoretically, the hull is capsizable, but practically, not. For running before a heavy sea, the hull with the board up is to be preferred to the deep, outside-ballasted keel type. Many fine harbors are open to a centerboard boat; she can explore bays, creeks, lagoons, etc., where the keel boat may not venture.

"The mizzen is a lug, making it extremely easy to handle — a single halliard does it. The jib is set flying, on a bowsprit traveler ring, a rig to which I am entirely converted after many years' experience with all types.

"The cabin plan is simple, as needs be for a small boat. There are two berths. The backs of these, at night, are fitted alongside the centerboard trunk, making extra wide berths. Two more bunks can be made up in the cockpit, which is six feet long and self bailing. A roomy cockpit is one of the greatest factors in a comfortable ship — I despise the little square holes to stick the legs in."



Inboard profile, deck and construction plan of the single-handed yawl designed by J. L. Foster



Outboard profile, cabin and deck plans of the 82-foot power cruiser designed by Sparkman & Stephens

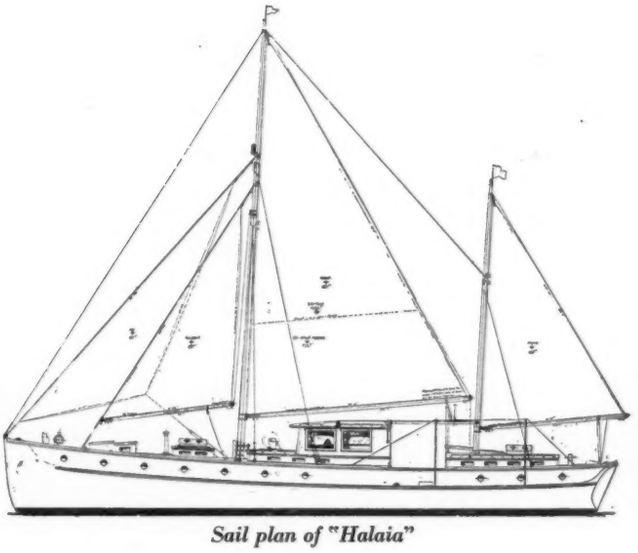
Speed and Comfort in this Twin Screw 82-Footer

SPEED, comfort and appearance are the outstanding features of the 82-foot commuter-cruiser from the board of Sparkman & Stephens which appears above. Most fast craft of this type have very little in the way of accommodations, whereas this 82-footer, with beam of 15 feet 3 inches, has one double and three single staterooms, two baths, deck dining saloon, large bridge deck, and both forward and after cockpits, giving the owner and his guests every comfort above and below decks. Galley and crew's quarters forward are ample, as is both the water and gasoline tankage. Two 350 h.p. motors, in a separate compartment amidships, will drive her close to 25 miles an hour, plenty fast enough for a commuter, and room for comfortable cruising.

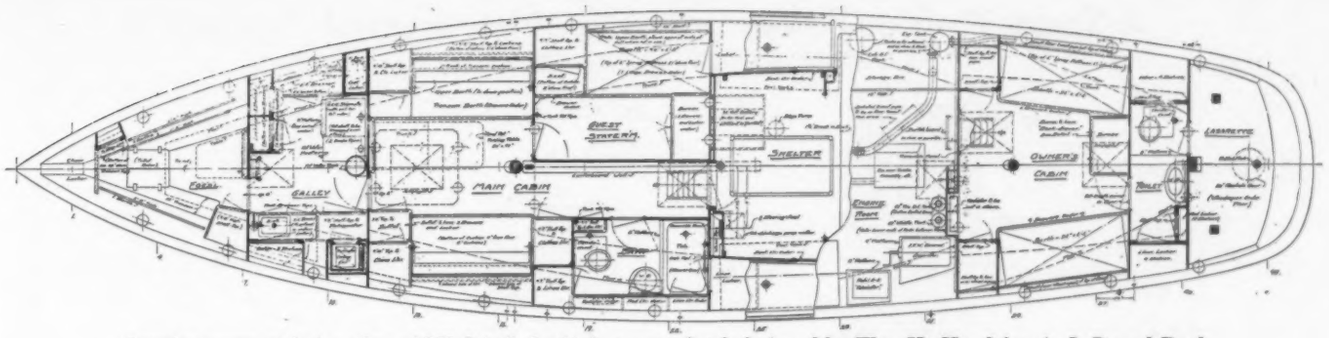
"Halaia," a Successful Centerboard Motor Ketch

ON THIS and the succeeding page are the plans of *Halaia*, a centerboard motor ketch designed by W. H. Hand, of New Bedford, and launched a couple of months ago at Hodgdon's Yard, East Boothbay, Maine, for A. J. Drexel Paul, of Philadelphia. She is 68′ 3″ long over all, has a beam of 16′ 6″ and normal draft of 4′ 4″, and is a development of several other fine craft of the same type from this designer's board, the main difference being in the shoal draft, which will enable her owner to use her in southern waters in the winter. She draws 10′ 6″ with her centerboard down, and with 5 tons of inside lead ballast, has proved her ability to work to windward under sail alone, while her 175 h.p. Hall Scott motor, with 3:1 reduction gear, gives her a cruising speed of 10 knots and a maximum speed of close to 12 knots.

A 3 k.w. Universal generating set and ample battery



Sail plan of "Halaia"



Interior accommodation plan of "Halaia," the 68-foot motor ketch designed by Wm. H. Hand for A. J. Drexel Paul

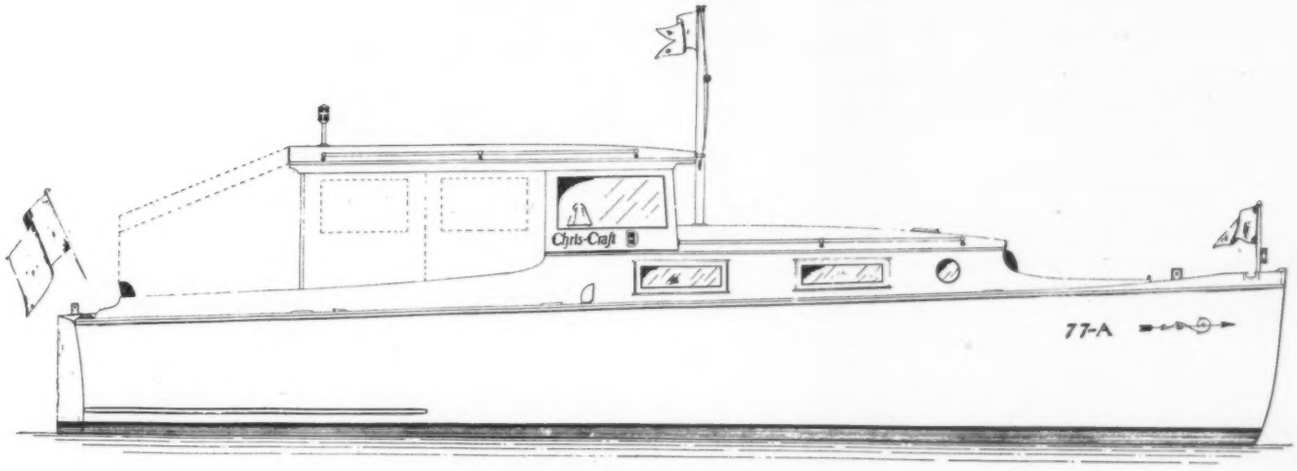
capacity supplies current for electric refrigeration, fans, toilets, shower bath, etc. Metal work is principally solid white metal or chromium plate, with Monel metal deck fittings where wear is encountered.

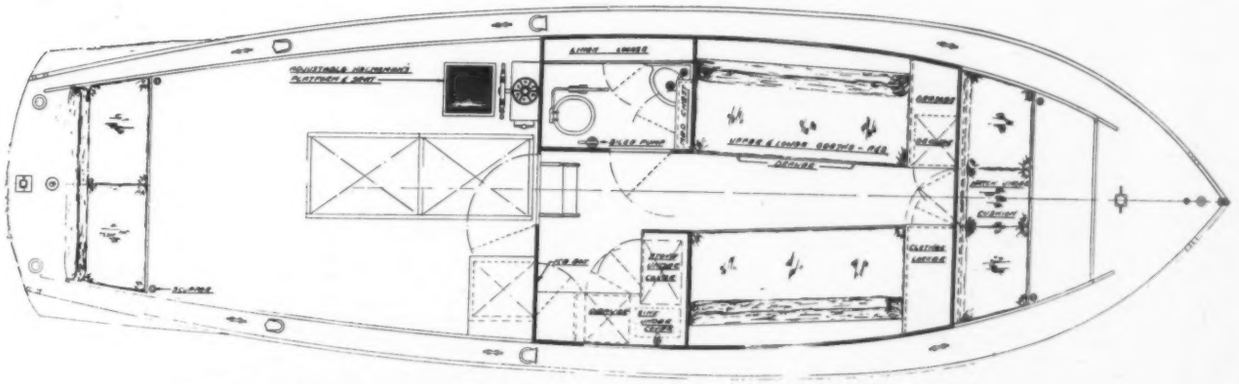
The interior arrangement includes the owner's cabin aft, with two full size berths, two wardrobes, bureau, desk, etc., and connecting toilet room. Forward is a guest's double room, bathroom, large galley and forecastle for three men. *Halaia* is very ruggedly constructed, and tastefully finished and decorated inside.

A Handsome New Chris-Craft Cruiser for 1931

BELOW are the preliminary plans of a handsome new 36-foot Chris-Craft which the Chris-Craft Corporation, of Algonac, Michigan, will offer to motorboatmen for the coming season. She has been developed along lines followed during past seasons, and her trim, clean-cut appearance attracts one immediately.

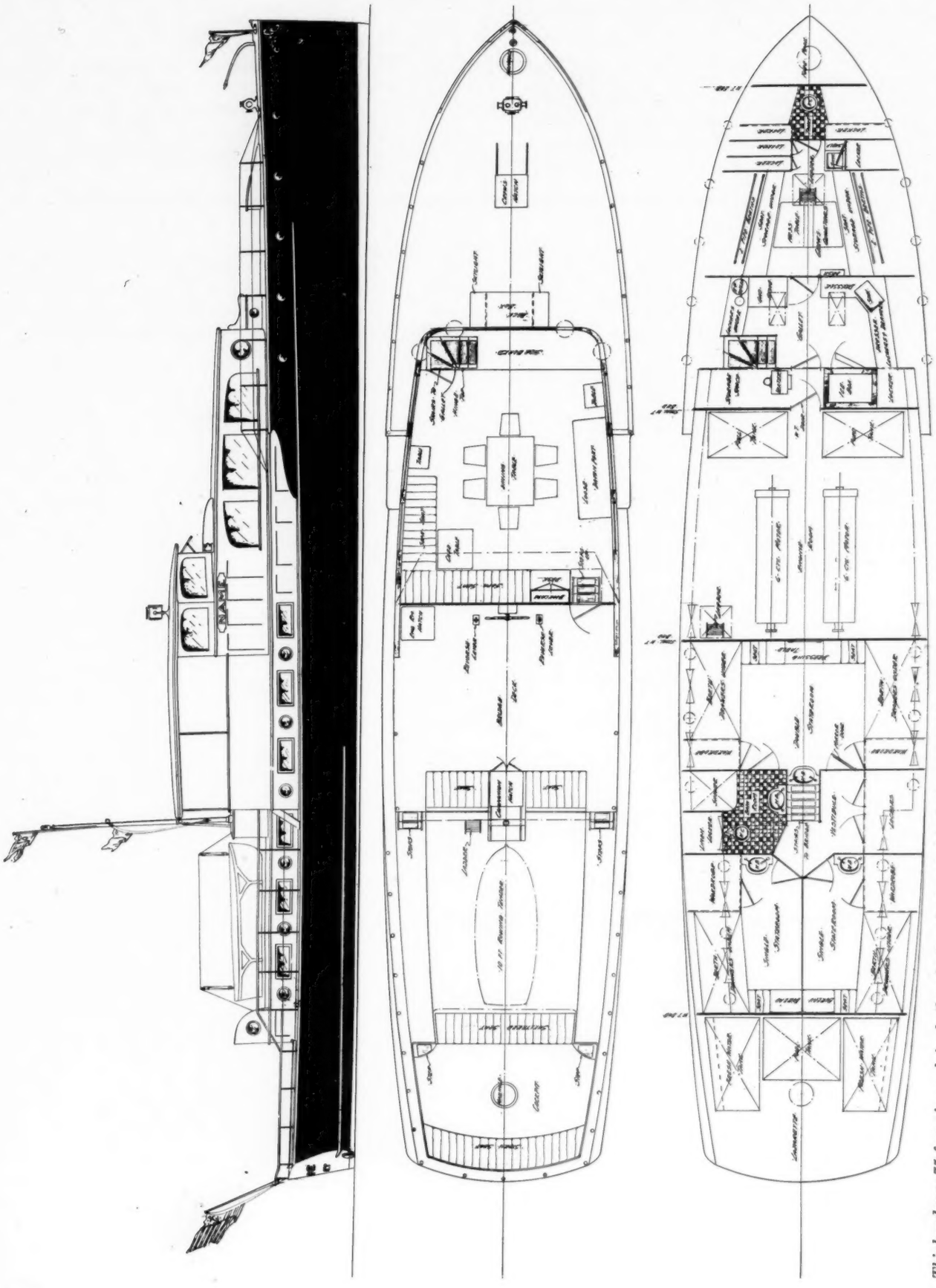
There is a nice forward cockpit, and a big after cockpit which may be fully enclosed. The beam of 10′ 7″ allows of fine room in cockpit and cabin, the latter holding a four-berth saloon, galley, toilet room, dresser, lockers and other storage space. She will step out at a lively clip with a Chris-Craft motor.





Outboard profile and accommodation plan of the new 36-foot Chris-Craft cruiser for 1931

A Smart 75-Foot Power Cruiser for New England Cruising



This handsome 75-footer is now being built at the Stamford yard of the Luders Marine Construction Co., from designs of the builder. She is a sturdy craft, with 16 feet beam, and will be used by her owner, James F. Porter, of Chicago, for cruising near Dark Harbor, Maine. A pair of Sterling Coast Guard motors will give her a speed of 16 miles an hour

About These Motor Boats

(*Continued from page 77*)

motors with scavenging pumps, and the required hull weight was reduced to 1600 pounds. Victor Kliesrath, winner of the race this year, and Richard F. Hoyt, who with Kliesrath owns *Hotsy-Totsy*, the winning boat, announced they would each build a boat to the new specifications, and might enter their old boats as well. Thirteen entries are in sight for next year's Gold Cup event.

The rules for the Detroit News Trophy for the new 5½-litre class were changed to make it an international affair with the 1931 and 1933 races taking place in England, and those of 1932 and 1934 in America. A cabled invitation was received from Hubert Scott-Paine, present holder of the trophy, for three American boats to enter the 1931 race at Southampton, England, under auspices of the Royal Motor Yacht Club. The English offered to pay part of the transportation expense of the American boats.

The deed of gift covering the Greening-Duff Trophy, held in the Junior Gold Cup Class, was changed and the trophy allotted to an annual American race for the 5½-litre boats.

Distances for which official A. P. B. A. records will be allowed were decided upon as follows: Gold Cup and Harmsworth Trophy races, one lap, one heat and the entire race; all other inboard classes, one mile and five miles. Outboard record distances stand as at present.

A runabout contest board was organized, with William F. Crosby as chairman, and numerous minor changes were made in stock runabout racing rules.

Rules were inaugurated for a new class of racing hydroplanes with engines of 125 cubic inch displacement, about 40 horsepower. The boats are to have a minimum length of 15 feet, to cost about $1200, and are expected to make a speed of about 40 miles per hour.

It was voted that requests for A. P. B. A. sanctions of regattas must be received two months in advance of the regatta dates and that the A. P. B. A. will charge a sanction fee of one dollar per starter with a minimum of twenty dollars. There are fireworks in this, but it is an excellent move, nevertheless.

The meeting accepted the decision of the cruiser contest board to adopt a new system of handicapping for major championship and trophy races, based on both horsepower and revolutions per minute. For other cruiser racing the "declared speed" system was retained, but changed to provide that any owner who wilfully misstates the speed of his boat may be suspended from cruiser racing for one year.

The suggestion of the runabout contest board to change the classification of runabouts was accepted. Now the boats will be raced in classes according to the actual horsepower curves of their motors instead of on the advertised power of the engines as heretofore.

An important change in the establishment of world's records in the unlimited power class was adopted, providing that two consecutive runs of one mile each will suffice instead of six, as heretofore. The change conforms to the international rule under which the present world's record was established by the late Major Sir Henry Segrave. It was decided that mile trials for speed records must be timed electrically.

A very important change provided that the actual timing of a race in any class will start when the first boat goes over the starting line instead of on the clock, as has always been done in the East. This makes the timing systems uniform throughout the country and may help Eastern boats to establish some new records.

A new division of the A. P. B. A. was created for supervising and endorsing speed and other tests for manufacturers of boats, motors and accessories under a system of substantial fees. This is in line with much of the work performed by the contest board of the American Automobile Association.

The meeting received applications for the following regattas and races:

New York Athletic Club Annual Block Island Cruiser Race — July 11th

Regatta, Havre de Grace (Md.) Yacht Club — June 19th and 20th

Regatta, Albany Yacht Club — July 4th

Regatta, Seneca Yacht Club (Lake Geneva, N. Y.) — July 11th

Regatta, Lake Wallenpaupeke (Pa.) — August 16th

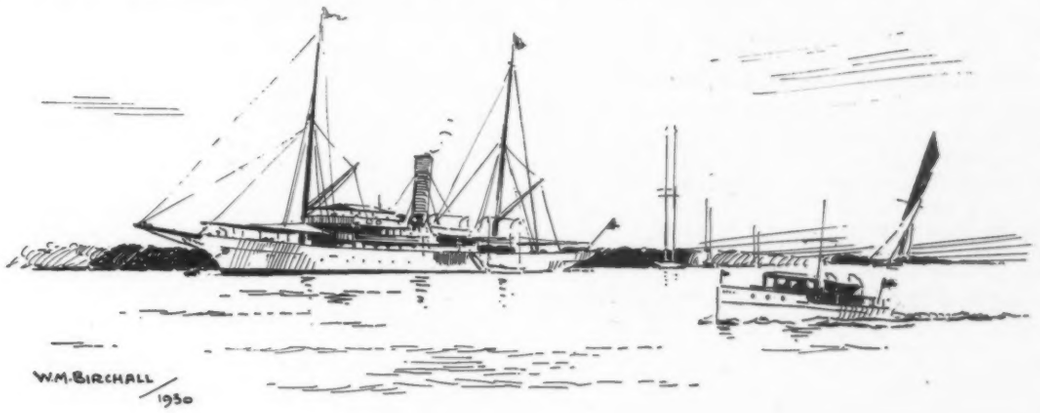
Regatta, Miles River (Md.) — August 7th and 8th

Regatta, Stone Harbor Yacht Club (N. J.) — August 29th and 30th

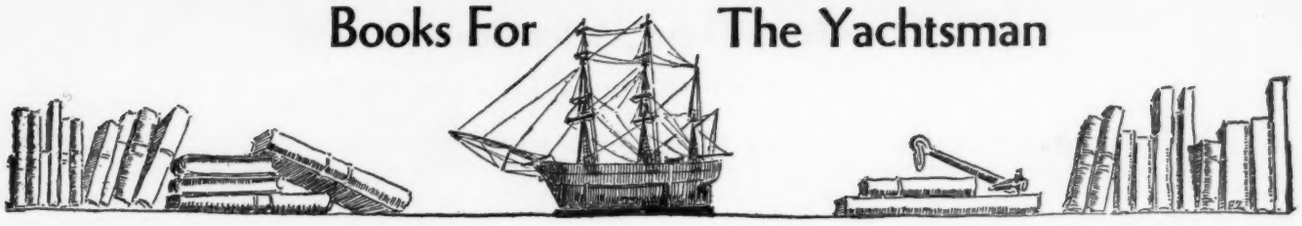
Regatta, Buffalo Launch Club — Last Friday, Saturday and Sunday in July

Several dozen other things were decided on, including the fact that Eddie Edenburn had done a wonderful job with the Association's Year Book. Then the delegates went home to argue, for the rest of the winter, about the changes in the rules.

The outboard division of the A. P. B. A.'s recommendations were referred to the National Outboard Racing Commission, composed of two representatives from the A. P. B. A., two from the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association, and one from the National Outboard Association. Among the changes recommended are the separation of drivers into two instead of four classes, the elimination of Class E motors, and the concentration of racing efforts in Class A and Class C motors.



Books For The Yachtsman



THE COMMODORE'S STORY

By Ralph M. Munroe and Vincent Gilpin

(Ives Washburn, Inc., 1930. $5.00.)

A BLUE water biography, sparkling under the bright sun and the pleasant trade winds that have marked the adventurous life of "the Commodore," provides a great deal of charm, interest and mellowness, as no doubt a first-hand acquaintance with the author would also do.

Although primarily a biography, or rather autobiography, of Ralph M. Munroe, this book is far more. It is a history of that portion of Biscayne Bay stretching south from Miami inside the sparkling keys that surround the low-lying coast, written by one of the pioneers of that most recently developed section of this country. It is a history by a man who loved the Bay from the time he first viewed it and is still loving it as steadfastly as ever. Being a history of southeast Florida from its pioneer days, it is necessarily largely a maritime history, for the early settlers in that primitive backwoods country had much need for being first class sailors.

For fear that one's impression of history is not tinged with pleasant memories, it must be stated that this book is warm throughout. The first part, as written by the Commodore, has grown from a simple note book of pioneer days. It teems with the warmth of that colorful figure, believing in the future of Florida, loving its keys, its palms, its shallow bays.

There is much in the Commodore's story of especial interest to the real sailor. Seaworthiness and safety on shoal draft were two problems of yacht design that were ably solved by the hand and brain of Ralph M. Munroe. He developed a yacht of moderate displacement and limited draft that had all the seaworthy qualities generally associated with larger keel cutters. His *Presto* proved that a shoal draft boat could be just as able and carry sail just as well as deeper craft of greater displacement.

Throughout the biography there is no catering to special beliefs or prejudices on the part of the reader. The Commodore gives his views on life, and life in Biscayne Bay in particular. When the book is finished we cannot help but add ourselves to that large group that consider the Commodore a friend.

It is a straightforward, simple narrative — so straightforward and simple that it carries far more conviction than would have been possible if Mr. Munroe and Mr. Gilpin, who wrote the latter section of the book, had attempted to paint a Utopian picture of the characters and the setting. It is a blue water biography, and sparkles as the very waters of Biscayne Bay. It is a book every yachtsman will want to have, whether or not he has had the privilege of knowing "the Commodore."

THE WAYS OF THE SEA

By Charles G. Davis

(Rudder Publishing Company, 1930. $4.00)

MANY books written around a yarn of life under sail in the olden days leave the details of ship handling entirely out of the picture. As a result, many readers have doubtless gained incomplete and faulty impressions of how certain tasks were undertaken. In this new book, Charles G. Davis gives the detail of marine equipment under sail, the methods of working the ship, and through it all an excellent picture of life on those grand old-timers.

The various types of running lights used in former days are well described, and the needs which brought out the more modern equipment are discussed. Binnacles are likewise treated fully. From the simplest possible construction, binnacles became ornate, but withal more serviceable, after which the flourishes were taken off. In a chapter on figure heads much interesting material on this piece of ornamentation up under the long bows is presented, together with many descriptions of famous ships and their figure heads.

The chapters on ground tackle, anchoring, stowing anchors and the painting of a ship at sea give a picture that has all too often been neglected. We were particularly interested in the practice common among homeward-bound ships on the west coast of South America of borrowing several hands from other ships to assist in weighing anchor.

What is particularly pleasing in this book of Mr. Davis' is the skilful blending of anecdote with detailed discussion of equipment. By this means the reader is enabled to visualize the actions of the crew, and the episodes that occurred during a voyage when the particular equipment under mention was used.

It is almost needless to say that the book is made even more interesting than has been implied by the numerous excellent sketches that Mr. Davis uses so well to aid the easy-reading text that he employs in his books.

THE BOOK OF THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN

By James B. Connolly

(The John Day Company, 1930. $2.50)

THERE have been many books immortalizing the men who made the American clipper ships famous, but to our knowledge the Gloucester fisherman has had little attention. It is evident that in this revised volume Mr. Connolly is endeavoring to enshrine the Down East fisherman. Yet this in no way detracts from the interest of the book. The fifteen short stories that he uses to paint his picture of rugged men leading a life of real hardship are well chosen. Two stories new to this revised edition are superior, possibly, to their companions.

Both the "Seining Fleet Puts Out," and "Running to Harbor" tell of the seiners working out of Gloucester and down the coast after mackerel. They present a view of fishing life entirely neglected in the other tales, and add a polishing touch to some of the anecdotes of the famous skippers of that famous port. In one short story the reader is given a greater breadth of vision of the fleets and the men who handle them.

Much of the material contained in the various stories will not be new to readers of YACHTING. There is a tale of Howard Blackburn, told largely in the words of Blackburn himself, and there is mention of Alfred Johnson and his *Centennial*. Some account of the international fishermen's races and the fiasco in which they ended is also included. Although there is much that is not new in the way of subject matter, it fits in well with the trend of the book, and the reader should enjoy having it all under one cover.

What is most interesting in the entire book is the vividness of the portrayal of some of the Gloucester skippers who did not seem to know the meaning of shortening sail. There was Maurice Whalen, Tommie Bohlin, Saul Jacobs, George Peeples and "Big Bat" Whalen; sailors all of them, who are well pictured and living in the pages of the book.

The ships themselves are living creatures in the pages, and salt water fairly splashes off some of them. The book is a well conceived and vigorous portrayal of a vigorous and hardy life under sail.

JAMES G. STONE

The Downward Trend of the Cruising Club

Dear Skipper:

KNOWING your interest in matters pertaining to the so-called Cruising Club of America, I take the liberty of tipping you off to the latest trend of that organization. Some years ago I felt it to be my duty to inform you that a Cruising Club cruise really starts when the anchors go down in the scallop beds of Lloyds Harbor. But all that is now changed. Only last spring I sent you another unsolicited memorandum in which I prophesied that the name of our club would shortly be changed to the Racing and Designing Association of America, and we're still going down hill. I now write to describe the most successful Columbus Day rendezvous the club has ever known — and how!

In the same mail with the formal intelligence of the rendezvous I received notice of a race for honest-to-God cruising boats under 40 feet to be run on October 12th, in Huntington Bay. This notice came in a YACHTING envelope, was typed on plain paper, and contained no reference to the Cruising Club — for, as you know, it is our policy not to countenance racing in any form. We organize ocean cruises to Bermuda, and unofficially lend our aid to 'longshore cruising contests to Gibson Island, but that is all. All our members abhor racing in any form.

Nevertheless, though this anonymous communication seemed to have been written by the hand of Jacob, I knew it had been dictated by the voice of Esau. It mentioned, for instance, Ed Tucker, Harry Jackson, and Sam Wetherill as members of the race committee, and said that Rear Commodore Bob Moore would convey participants to the scene of the slaughter. All of these gentlemen are members in good standing of the Cruising Club, although it must be admitted that Jackson suffers some from being affiliated with the radical motor boat wing.

Be that as it may, I soon saw in this projected race a scheme for taking a fall out of my cutter *Hotspur*. I could tell that from the way the time allowances were worked out — at 45 seconds per foot of over all length. Wetherill, you know, owns a big cruising ketch called *Tidal Wave* whose over all length is nearly the same as *Hotspur's*. But *Tidal Wave's* water line is seven feet greater than *Hotspur's*, and if the two boats were fairly rated she would give us four minutes and thirty-five seconds for the course instead of racing on even terms. (At least, if I had anything to do with the handicapping that's the way it would work out.)

As soon as I got that far in my calculations I realized that Bob Moore's *Cynara* would also be in the race and that Bob has been wanting to put *Hotspur* through the loops all summer. As *Cynara* has practically the same water line length as *Hotspur*, but is five or six feet longer over all (and a foot narrower), I appreciated to the full the fiendishness of the handicapping. If I objected to the over all basis Sam would say, "All right, you race even with *Cynara*," and if I kicked about that Bob would say, "All right, you size up with *Tidal Wave*." In short, I would be whipsawed to a fare-thee-well, and couldn't hope to win unless we had a gale of wind. Nevertheless, I determined to do the sporting thing and enter *Hotspur* in the race. It cost nothing.

The afternoon before the great day arrived, and with Linton Rigg and Hilary Corwin aboard as crew, *Hotspur* rendezvoused at Lloyds. Hilary, I may explain, and Billy Atkin were the fathers of the Suicide Class and still speak. Hilary is also a specialist in committee work. Two hours before the last scheduled race of the Suicides this fall he made up his mind the wind would be blowing too hard at three o'clock and called off the race. From then on until the intended starting hour the wind moderated, and Hilary has been trying to laugh it off ever since. I took him to Lloyds to get him out of the clutches of the Suicides. However, his reputation had gone ahead of him, and he was drafted as committee man for the Columbus Day race.

The early evening of the eleventh passed with the usual visiting, and at seven-thirty we assembled for the turkey dinner aboard the *Minas Princess*. She, you remember, was the trial horse or something for the *Whirlwind*, and if she always served heavy meals like that turkey dinner I don't wonder the *Whirlwind's* crew didn't do better. For three hours the traffic cop at Lloyds (a recent innovation) had no summonses to hand out, all the merry-makers of the Cruising Club being under hack in the sound-proof hold of the *Princess*. But at ten-thirty when the party broke up the cop had his hands full till midnight, visiting this boat and that and demanding silence. I didn't happen to run foul of him as I am a teetotaler and turned in early; but they do tell me the cop proved to be as handy a visitor as any club member and will be a regular feature of future rendezvous.

In the morning we were wakened by a volunteer fire brigade which rowed around with a bucket of suds offering to put out any burning stomachs. As something I had eaten the night before had disagreed with me and given me a headache I didn't indulge. Moreover, I took offense when one of the brigade looked over at the *Skäl* and said he wouldn't quench fires on any boat whose crew wore red pants. Red pants, Canton flannel shirts, and Mexican sombreros are the compulsory uniform aboard some of the best boats in our fleet.

Well, the time for the race drew near, and everything worked out just as I had feared. Hilary Corwin, before shoving off for the committee boat, had promised us a gale of wind, and all we got was a gentle breeze. That meant that Bob Moore had us licked from the start. With a triangular course, we had looked for a little windward work, but with the wind in the east all we got were two close reaches and a broad reach, and that meant we hadn't a chance against *Tidal Wave*. Harry Jackson laid out the starting line, and, being a motor boatman, placed it parallel with the first leg of the course, so that we all had to take turns crossing near the windward marker. As I forgot to call the time to Rigg, who was sailing *Hotspur*, our turn came toward the last.

So the race wasn't very exciting, except in the first reach to the Target Rock buoy, which *Hotspur* rounded ahead of *Cynara* and the other out-and-out cruising boats. There were four out-and-out racing boats like *Tidal Wave* ahead of us, and in the next leg, despite the best efforts of two excellent Suiciders who had shipped with me as crew, the wind died and *Cynara* slipped through us. That put *Hotspur* in fifth place, and there we stayed both times around the four-mile course. Try as he would, Sam couldn't put *Tidal Wave* more than two minutes ahead of us in two hours of sailing, but *Cynara* passed him and the yawl *Minstrel* and finished in second place.

The reason *Cynara* didn't finish first was that Charley Atwater's *Duckling* was also racing, and that was something none of them thought of when they started to show up *Hotspur*. Well, I didn't have time after the race to go around and hear the alibis, but I think this is about the way they shaped up:

Yacht *Duckling*, owner Atwater: Winner. No alibi.

Yacht *Cynara*, owner, Battling Bob Moore: If there'd been any windward work the story would have been different. I think I did pretty well under the circumstances, which were exactly suited to a racing hull like *Duckling*. As it was, I put *Tidal Wave* and *Hotspur* in their places.

Yacht *Minstrel*, owner, Poucher: *Cynara* is an out-and-out racing boat and we didn't have our weather. I think my boat did well under the circumstances.

Yacht *Tidal Wave*, owner, Kayo Wetherill: My boat has a short rig and shows up best in heavy weather, and against out-and-out racing boats like *Duckling*, *Cynara*, and *Minstrel* I didn't have a Chinaman's chance. I licked the g.d. *Hotspur*, anyway. No alibis, either, now or later in YACHTING.

Yacht *Hotspur*, owner Kid Loomis: No alibi whatsoever. *Hotspur* has been cruising hard all summer and felt a little tired, making us late at the finish. Her sails are out of shape and all full of holes; her bottom is covered with grass as she hadn't been hauled out within two weeks, and she is all loaded down with cruising equipment. She wasn't designed as a racer and can hardly be expected to perform against out-and-out racing boats like *Tidal Wave*. As to *Cynara*, she was designed by Olin Stephens and we all might as well get used to being licked by boats of his design. If the handicapping had been arranged on a w.l. basis we'd have licked that g.d. *Tidal Wave* with two minutes to spare. I am very well satisfied under the circumstances, and, as I say, have no alibis to offer.

The owners of all the boats in the second flight solaced themselves with the thought that *Duckling*, *Cynara*, *Minstrel*, *Tidal Wave* and *Hotspur* are out-and-out racing boats and shouldn't be allowed to race in the same class with real cruising craft.

Now, Skipper, you may think my communication has taken

a personal tone, but my chief interest is actually with the newest trend in the Cruising Club. Knowing what you do about the club you'd suppose all the two-fisted cruising men like Doc Warren, Hoby and Lank Ford, Gordon Raymond, Graham Biglow and such would hold an indignation meeting and protest the running of a race at a Lloyds Harbor rendezvous. But they didn't. After the small fry got away the big bimbos started around the course to the number of a dozen, and after them came the biggest flock of sailing dinghies I ever saw. For two hours Huntington Bay looked like Larchmont Race Week, and I'm here to tell you that everybody enjoyed himself.

My friend Hilary sized up the situation when he said, "I always thought the Cruising Club was made up of hard-bitten old sea dogs who didn't enjoy life unless they were sailing in a three-reef breeze dead to windward. But here I find 'em out on a calm day in all kinds of boats just for the fun of racing. Don't quote me for publication, but I think they ought to change the name of your outfit to the Racing Club of America. If they do we'll give you some hot regattas against the Suicides next summer."

I hope I shan't have to report at a later date that our club has retrograded further.

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

Proposed Changes in Constitution of American Canoe Association

I HEREBY publish and propose the following changes to the American Canoe Association Constitution, By-Laws and Racing Regulations.

Amendment to the Constitution changing Article VI, Sec. 15 to read:

GENERAL SAILING COMMITTEE: Each Division at its annual meeting shall elect to the General Sailing Committee not later than September 25th, two of its active members, one who is active in Cruising Class Sailing Canoes and one who is active in Decked Class Sailing Canoes. These two members shall organize a Divisional Sailing Committee to run the sailing races in the Division.

Change wording in Article VI, Sec. 16 and Sec. 17 to read "General Sailing Committee" instead of "Sailing Committee."

Amendment to the By-Laws changing Chapter IX in title and in the body to read, "Duties of the A. C. A. Annual Camp Regatta Committee."

Amendment to the Racing Regulations as follows: Strike out entirely the duplicating and conflicting Rule VIII of the Paddling Regulations and Rule IX of the Sailing Regulations. In their place insert as Rule II under the section, GENERAL RULES APPLICABLE TO ALL CONTESTS the following:

Rule II. PRIZES AND AWARDS. *Section 1.* A prize shall be given in each race, and a second prize shall be given in each regular race when more than two finish.

Section 2. The prizes for regular races shall always consist of lasting mementos, upon which shall be expressed the letters "A. C. A.," the year in four figures, the place of the regatta, the name of the race and the words "First" and "Second."

Section 3. No prizes of money shall be raced for nor shall prizes be converted into money.

Section 4. Championship bunting flags, size 2 feet by 3 feet, bearing the letters "A. C. A.," the year in four figures, and the words "Record," "Paddling," "Sailing," "Cruising Sailing," and "Fours Single Blade," respectively, all in white lettering on a red ground, shall be given to the winners of the Record, the Paddling Trophy, the Sailing Challenge Trophy, the Cruising Sailing Trophy and the crew of the winner of the Wilkin Trophy, in addition to the regular prizes.

Section 5. The A. C. A. Championship medal shall be used as first and second prizes respectively for the three races of the Record, the Sailing Challenge Trophy, the Cruising Sailing Trophy, the Paddling Trophy and the member of the crews finishing first and second in the Wilkin Trophy Race.

Section 6. All contestants winning points, prizes or awards shall before receiving such awards, file with the Regatta Committee, a declaration that they have complied with all the rules and regulations.

Section 7. Special prizes may be given at the discretion of the Regatta Committee.

Amendment to the Racing Regulations as follows: Strike out entirely the duplicating and conflicting Rule IX under Paddling Regulations, and Rule X under the Sailing Regulations. In their place insert as Rule III under the section, GENERAL RULES APPLICABLE TO ALL CONTESTS, the following:

RULE III. RACES. *Section 1.* At the A. C. A. Annual Camp there shall be 24 regular race events as follows:

PERPETUAL TROPHY RACES

1. Record Combined Race, 3 miles, 1½ hours, Admiralty Trophy.
2. Record Paddling Race, ½ mile, Admiralty Trophy.
3. Record Sailing Race, 4½ miles, 2½ hours, Admiralty Trophy.
4. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, triangle, 2½ hours, Challenge Trophy.
5. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, windward and leeward, 2½ hours, Challenge Trophy.
6. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, triangle, 2½ hours, Challenge Trophy.
7. Cruising Sailing Canoes, 3 miles, 1½ hours, triangle, Trophy Race.
8. Cruising Sailing Canoes, 3 miles, 1½ hours, windward and leeward, Trophy Race.
9. Cruising Sailing Canoes, 3 miles, 1½ hours, triangle, Trophy Race.
10. Paddling Canoes, 1 mile, Trophy Race.
11. Paddling Canoes, ½ mile, tandem double blades, Manhattan Trophy.
12. Paddling Canoes, ½ mile, club fours single blade, Wilkin Trophy.
13. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, 2½ hours, triangle, Mab Trophy, excluding the winner of the Challenge Trophy.
14. Cruising Sailing Canoes, 3 miles, 1½ hours, triangle, Gardner Trophy, excluding the winner and the winning canoe in the Cruising Sailing Trophy Race.
15. Sailing Canoes, 16′ x 30″ hulls only, 6 miles, 2½ hours, triangle, Mermaid Trophy.
16. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, 2½ hours, triangle, Paul Butler Trophy, excludes winners of Challenge Trophy, Mab Trophy, and Mermaid Trophy for two previous awards respectively.
17. Sailing Canoes, 6 miles, 2½ hours, open to all sailing canoes, David Crane Trophy.
18. Cruising Sailing Canoes, twice around Sugar Island, All Outdoors Trophy.
19. Wilderness Contest, Forest and Stream Trophy.
20. Tilting tournament, Heminway-Davis Trophy.
21. Award of Foggy Dew Trophy. To the canoeist entering the most events.

REGULAR RACES

22. Paddling Canoes, one man double blade, ½ mile.
23. Paddling Canoes, one man single blade, ½ mile.
24. Paddling Canoes, tandem single blade, ½ mile.
25. Paddling Canoes, club fours double blade, ½ mile.

Section 2. The Regatta Committee may provide such additional races as it deems advisable.

Section 3. These races may be postponed by the Regatta Committee, if weather conditions are unsuitable, but are not to be called earlier than scheduled.

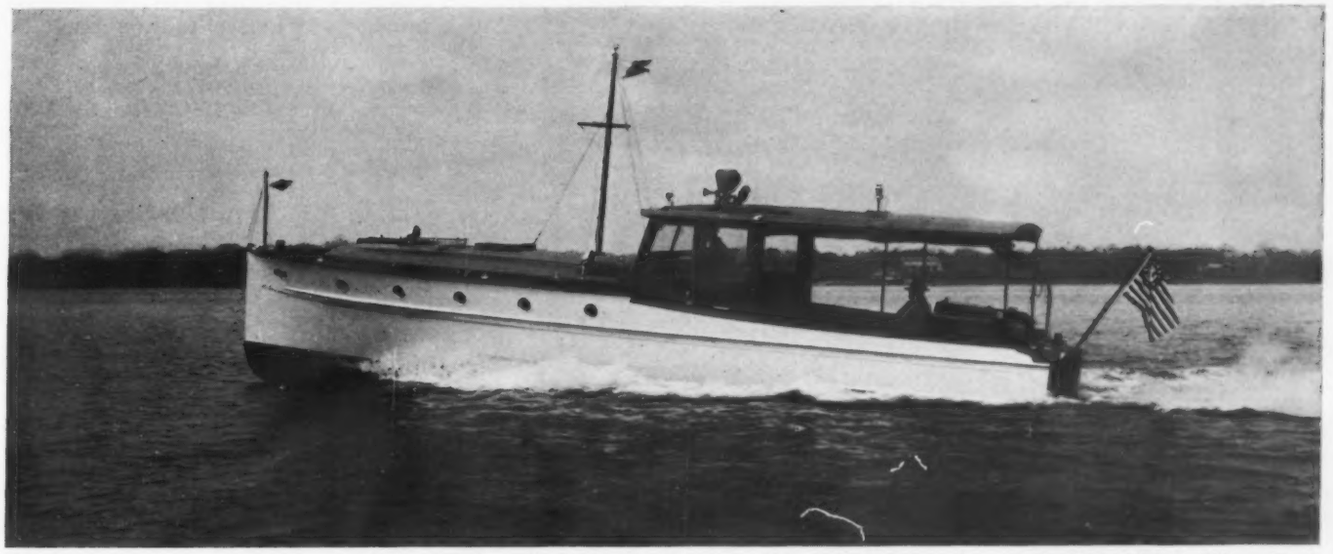
Section 4. The Regatta Committee may shorten a race but cannot lengthen a race.

Amendment to present Rule XIII under PADDLING RACING REGULATIONS to read "General Paddling Committee," instead of the words "Racing Board."

Amendment to present Rule III under SAILING RACING REGULATIONS to read "General Sailing Committee," instead of the words "Racing Board."

Amendment to the Tilting Rules, Rule I, *Section 4.* Position. To read "The spearsman shall stand while engaged with his adversary on the gunwales at a point not less than four feet or more than six feet from the extreme bow." *Section 5.* Change wording to eliminate the word "platform."

JULE MARSHALL
1930 Vice Commodore
Western Division.



"Teak," a fast, seaworthy cruiser, 38 feet in length, built for A. W. Johnson, of Greenwich, Conn., from designs by John G. Alden. She is powered with a 200 h.p. Sterling motor, giving her a speed of 23 m.p.h.

OF INTEREST TO THE SKIPPER

Motor Boats in the Next Ten Years

"IN spite of business uncertainty, in spite of the senseless acrobatics of the stock market, and in spite of fear, timorousness, uncertainty and downright dullness in some branches of commerce, I can see nothing but prosperity ahead for the well organized, well financed, and progressive elements of the motor boat industry for 1931 and for at least ten years after that," says J. Gilmore Fletcher, Managing Director of the Horace E. Dodge Boat and Plane Corporation, in a recent statement on the business outlook in the field.

"In a merchandizing way, the motor boat manufacturers are much in the position of the automobile makers in the period from 1910 to 1920, when Mr. Durant was building General Motors, and the Ford, Nash, Studebaker, Hudson, Dodge, and the other leading companies were creating the huge organizations that represent those names today.

"During that decade the American public was hungry for cars. Now it is hungry for boats. The big parade toward the water is on. Americans are faddists. They go into a new thing head over heels. Some fads disappear quickly; others become permanent. Motor boating is in the latter class.

"Not in our life-time will we see a production of motor boats comparable with the present American output of motor cars. It is not in the cards. But the present volume of motor boat building is only a drop in the bucket compared with what is coming in the years before 1941. When, around 1912, Mr. Durant said that some day the Buick company would be turning out 50,000 cars a year he was laughed at and Wall Street called General Motors "Durant's Folly." His words, however, came true in a very short time.

"A similar development, on a smaller scale, will be an important part of future motor boat history. Nobody would be justified in calling insane a man who predicts an annual domestic production — and sale — of 50,000 boats.

"The Dodge company is all set for such a boating growth on the greatest quality-quantity production basis ever seen in this industry, and we confidently expect to build — and sell — more than four thousand boats during the coming twelve months. We are buying materials and hiring men now toward that end."

The 43-foot auxiliary schooner "Pinafore," owned by H. H. Landon, Jr., of Oyster Bay., L. I. She is from designs by John G. Alden and was built by Goudy and Stevens, East Boothbay, Me. A Scripps F4 furnishes power

Fireproof Wood

Henry Klein & Co., Inc., 40 West 23rd St., New York City, workers in wood and manufacturers of wood products for over twenty years, have added a marine department to their organization to introduce to the marine field their Flaimpruf wood. Col. A. C. Graeme Harrison and T. S. Marvel, well known naval architect, are associated with this new department. It is believed the utilization of Flaimpruf wood for galleys, decks, bulkheads, paneling and ceilings in boats of all classes will reduce to a minimum the omnipresent danger from fires, particularly bilge and oil gas and grease fires. Numerous tests of Flaimpruf wood have been witnessed by naval architects and designers and their enthusiasm has been unbounded. The wood will not accept, carry or spread flame, and this, added to its natural quality of low-conductivity of heat and the fact that it lends itself to easy working and easy decoration, makes it a useful material in boat construction and repair.

A 40-mile-an-hour runabout turned out by the Hacker Boat Co. for C. P. McCready, of Akron, Ohio. "Mary A. IV" is 30 feet in length and is equipped with a 6-cylinder Sterling Petrel

Matthews has Fortieth Anniversary Meeting

To celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their organization, the Matthews Co., of Port Clinton, Ohio, held a huge two-day sales meeting at their factory, at which 95 per cent of the representatives of Matthews Cruisers throughout the United States were present. This meeting, in charge of Mr. C. M. Isenhower, proved an extremely instructive method of introducing the new models, as well as the methods of boat building in use at the Matthews plant. The exchange of sales experiences and sales ideas was another feature of the meeting.

The last afternoon of the sales meet four of the new 38- and 46-foot Matthews Cruisers left Port Clinton harbor with the entire crowd aboard, for a trip on Lake Erie. This demonstration of the new models wound up a gathering which demonstrated fully its worth both to the factory officials and dealers and distributors, and so impressed Mr. Scott J. Matthews, president of the organization, that he decided to make the affair an annual one.

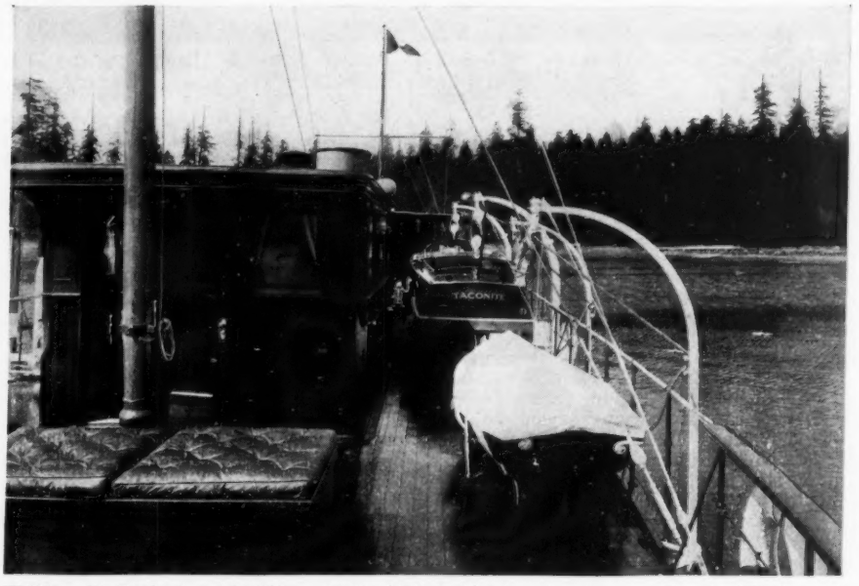
Bath Iron Works Corporation Going Full Blast

The 190-foot yacht *Gielow*, third of five yachts of similar design which have been under construction since the summer of 1929, was launched at the Bath Iron Works Corporation Plant, Bath, Maine, on October 1st, and was delivered to her owner, Joseph A. McDonald, of New York, three days later. At the time of launching all of her furniture, carpets and draperies were on board, a very unusual state of completion for a new yacht.

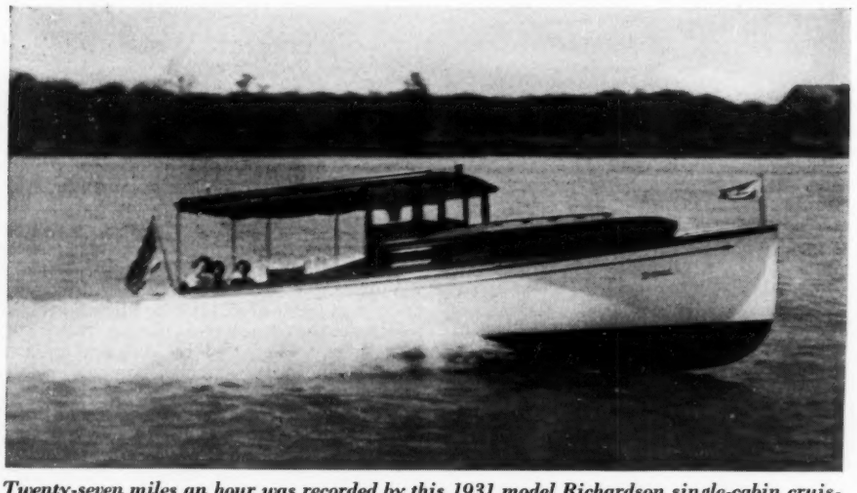
On the eighteenth of October another 190-foot yacht was launched, the *Trudione*, now the property of Ross W. Judson, of Detroit. The large steel yacht for Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm is nearing completion and will be launched early in December.

U. S. Motors to Concentrate on Smaller Engines

The United States Motors Corporation, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has just announced that they are planning to concentrate production on smaller size engines. Their 1931 Falcon Line will consist of four popular models from 5 to 40 h.p., particularly adaptable for runabout, small cruiser and auxiliary power use. This will not only enable them to produce at a lower cost per unit, but will also bring about even higher quality standards. It will enable boat builders to buy engines in quantity lots at prices that will enable them, in turn, to sell their complete outfits at prices within the financial reach of a large class. It will instantly expand the ready-to-buy boating market. And, incidentally, it will permit many additional dealers to take on the Falcon Line without conflicting with their present lines of larger engines.



William E. Boeing's yacht "Taconite," which divides her time between Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, B. C., carries a 23-foot tender built in the shipyards of the Boeing Aircraft Company of Canada. A Chrysler Imperial 125 h.p. motor powers the runabout



Twenty-seven miles an hour was recorded by this 1931 model Richardson single-cabin cruisabout, which is equipped with a 200 h.p. Scripps

H. J. Gielow, Inc., Designing 148-Footer

An order for a new 148-foot twin-screw Diesel yacht has been placed with Henry J. Gielow, Inc., by Charles H. Thorne, of Chicago and Pasadena, Cal., according to an announcement made by J. A. MacDonald, president of the firm of naval architects commissioned to design the craft. Construction work will be started immediately in the yards of the Bath Iron Works at Bath, Me., and delivery will be made in May, 1931.

The new craft will have a beam of 25 feet, a draft of 8 feet, 6 inches, and will be equipped with a pair of 400-h.p. Cooper-Bessemer Diesel engines capable of driving the boat at a speed of 16 knots.

Winton Diesels in Lightships

THE engineers of the U. S. Bureau of Lighthouses, desiring the highest efficiency and economy possible in six new lightships, ordered Diesel-electric units installed. The main engine units in all of these ships were of Winton manufacture, together with the auxiliary air compressor, fire and bilge pumps, and auxiliary fuel oil service pump.

After careful consideration it was decided to install a slow speed propelling motor for propulsion and multiple Diesel generating units to act in a two-purpose way. For driving the ship from her home station to her anchorage, out in the ocean, it was proposed to tie the generating units together and deliver practically all of the power derived therefrom to the propelling motor. On arrival at her assigned anchorage, where she would probably remain for nine months to a year, the electric current would be diverted from the main propelling motor to one generating set to be used for supplying the ship's requirements, such as lighting, pumping, handling the windlass and blowing the foghorn. The foghorn required at that time for its operation from 30 to 35 h.p., being of the air type. In order to take care of this power, together with the ship's other requirements, it would be safe and logical, it was thought, to provide a 75 KW. machine for each unit, giving easy operating conditions under economical fuel conditions.

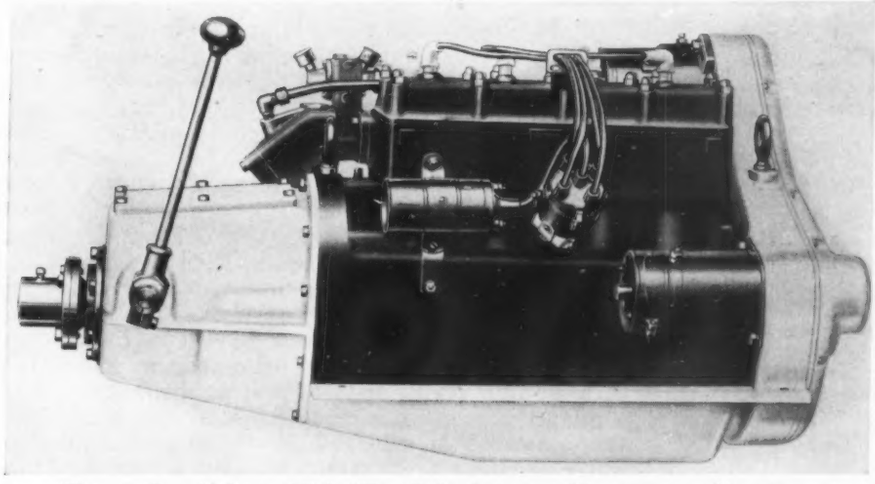
"Fire Island," one of six new lightships equipped with Diesel-electric units. Built in Seattle, "Fire Island" made the voyage to New York by way of the Panama Canal. Winton furnished the main engine units for the new vessels, together with certain items of auxiliary equipment

One of the six vessels, the *Fire Island Lightship*, was built in Seattle and made an unusual journey through the Panama Canal to New York. The elapsed time from Portland, Oregon, to Staten Island, New York, was 31 days, 12 hours and 49 minutes, of which the actual running time was 756 hours. Her average speed for the entire trip was 9.3 knots per hour. The highest speed attained was 10.3 knots per hour, and this, considering the type of boat and the relatively small power, is a remarkable performance.

It is gratifying, also, to note that the Lighthouse Bureau is now building a Diesel-electric lighthouse tender, which will be known as the *Linden*. This vessel is also equipped throughout with Winton main propelling machinery.

Fay Bow Boats, Inc., Reorganizing

Not so many years ago, motor boats bearing the name plate of the Fay and Bowen Engine Company, Geneva, New York, were exceedingly popular on the boating waters of the East. Later, the engine plant was separated from the boat building plant. The old Fay & Bowen Boat and Engine Co., under the new name of Fay Bow Boats, Inc., at Geneva, has been reorganized to increase its production and sales of both inboard and outboard boats. Mr. A. T. Buffinton has been appointed sales manager.



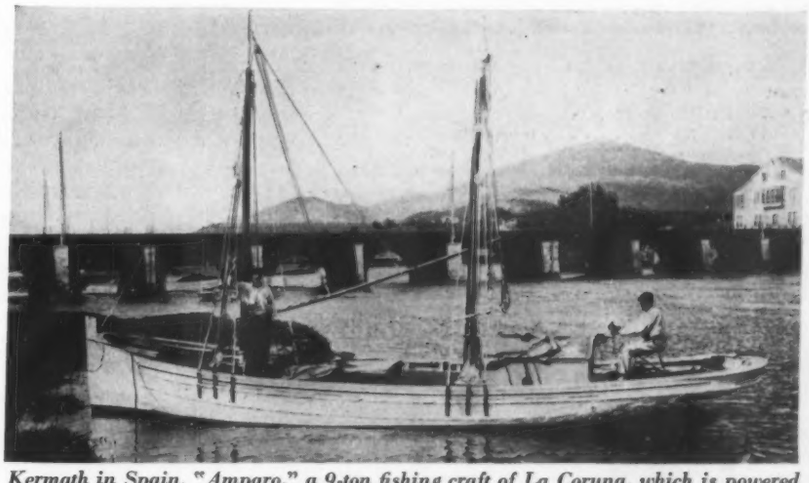
The new Gray high speed light "Four," the shortest and lowest motor of its power

A New Gray Light Four

The Gray Marine Motor Co. has just announced an unusually compact new high speed light "Four." This unit is the shortest and lowest motor of its h.p. The cylinder block is nickel-iron, only the base and housings are of aluminum, and the certified weight is not over 286 pounds, including standard Paragon IXS-90 clutch and reverse, and 6-volt, 2-unit starting and lighting. The all-iron style weighs 331 pounds.

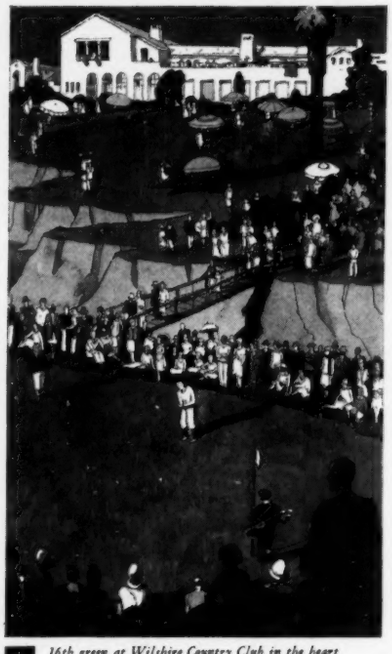
The power development runs from 21 h.p. at 2000 r.p.m., to 32 h.p. at 3400 r.p.m. Lubrication is full pressure, averaging 30 pounds hot. An important feature is the complete accessibility of valves, carburetor, ignition system, clutch adjustment, and lag-bolt holes.

Owners and prospective owners of boats from 14 to 17 feet in length are invited to write to Gray Marine Motor Company, 6910 East Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich., for full particulars.



Kermath in Spain. "Amparo," a 9-ton fishing craft of La Coruna, which is powered with a 20 h.p. Kermath

ALL-WINTER GOLF IN "ALL-SUMMER" SUNSHINE



16th green at Wilshire Country Club in the heart of Los Angeles . . scene of the 1931 Los Angeles Open

Follow the GOLFERS to Southern California This Winter

SEE great golf . . . *play* inspired golf under semi-tropic skies. Sixty courses await you, each one offering different scenery, and a different test of golf. Perhaps a seaside course, above the full sweep of the blue Pacific, will intrigue you. Or an inland course set like a jewel among rolling hills. With purple mountains for a scenic background. Where you can saunter over canyon fairways awash with genial sunshine.

Comfortable hospitality for you and your family awaits you here. Guest cards, or short time playing privileges may be obtained. Or "pay as you play" on one of the 23 splendid municipal or public courses.

This winter the golfing eyes of the world will be turned towards Southern California. 8 major tournaments on the Pacific Coast offering an aggregate purse of $61,500 will attract the most brilliant and colorful players in the game.

Plan now to come. Mail the coupon below for a copy of "Los Angeles County Sportland" one of the most complete books written on outdoor sports (32 pages, illustrated).

8 MAJOR WINTER TOURNAMENTS IN THE WEST THIS WINTER

Place	*Date*	*Purse*
SAN FRANCISCO	December 4-5-6-7	7,500.00
CATALINA	December 11-14	7,500.00
PASADENA	December 19-21	4,000.00
GLENDALE	December 27-28	2,500.00
LONG BEACH	January 2-3-4	3,500.00
SANTA MONICA	January 5-6	1,500.00
LOS ANGELES	January 9-10-11	10,000.00
AGUA CALIENTE	January 12-17	25,000.00

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"Los Angeles Today" ☐

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Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

Adventurers All

(*Continued from page 47*)

On January 26th, 1896, she sailed from Buenos Aires and beat down the muddy Plata against a rising wind. A miserable night was spent at anchor in the lee of an island and then she was off for the trek to the southward. She gave all the dangers a good berth, keeping well offshore, but was swept by a "grandfather" wave that submerged her completely. After that the weather was fine until Cape Virgins, at the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, was made on February 11th. The cape was rounded with the help of a northeast gale, followed by a vicious southwester that blew for thirty hours. Punta Arenas was reached on the fourteenth.

Five days later she sailed for the westward and then followed days of beating to windward or fighting the williwaws that howled down from the high land along the Straits. Finally, on March 3rd, *Spray* left Port Tamar for Cape Pillar and ran out into the Pacific. She butted into a southwester that suddenly shifted to northwest and blew great guns. There was nothing to do but keep her off before it under a rag of sail and hope for the best. On the fourth day of the gale, land was sighted and the boat stood in for the coast, only to find herself in the middle of the dread Milky Way, where the huge Pacific sea breaks over submerged rocks. After a dreadful night, a passage was found into the entrance to Cockburn Channel and the comparatively quiet waters of the Straits reached again.

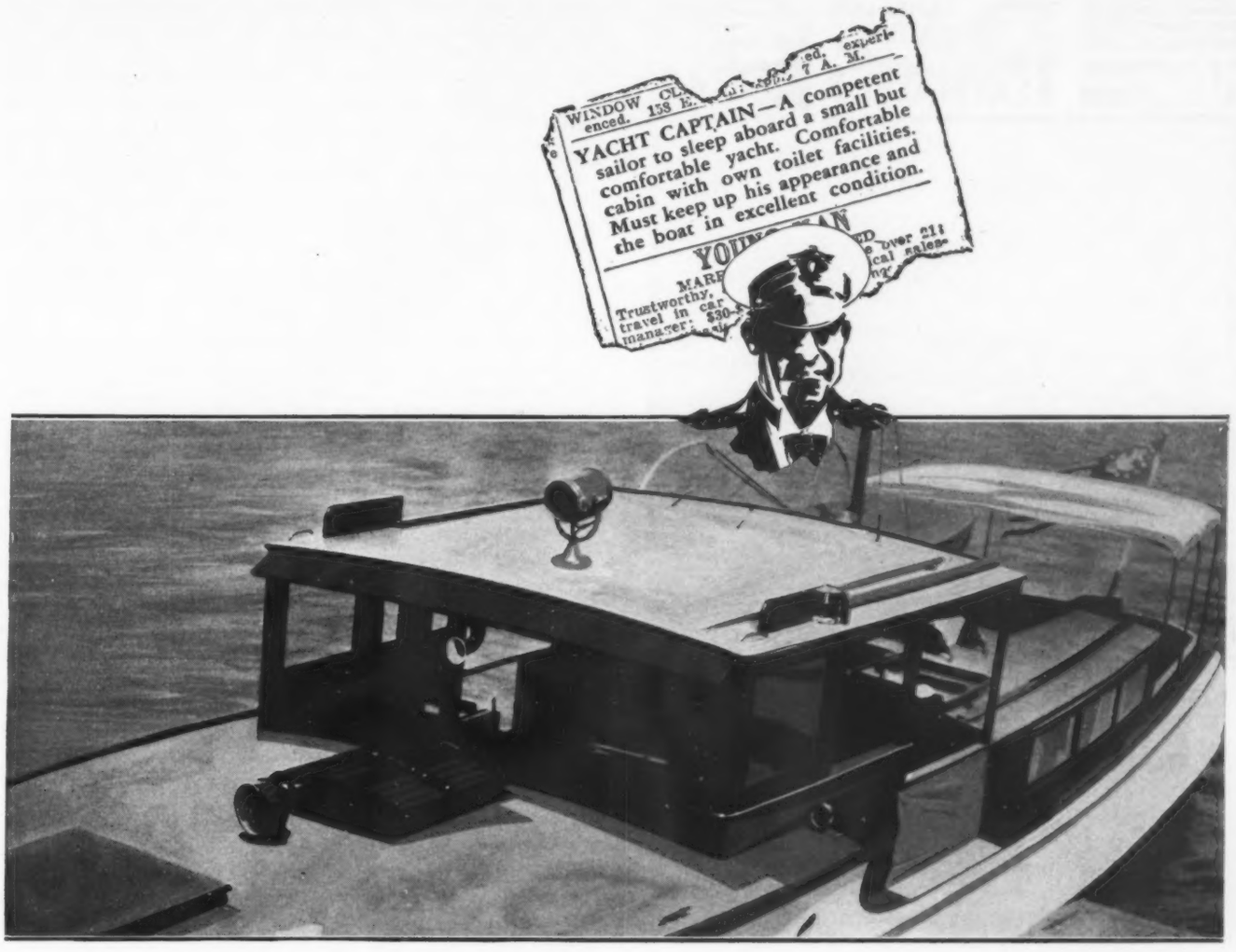
More than a month was spent in working to the westward again, anchoring at night and sprinkling carpet tacks on deck for the benefit of the barefooted Fuegian savages, and making and mending sails by day. A lot of tallow from a wreck was salvaged, together with a barrel of wine. An American steamer gave Slocum fresh provisions and other things while a Chilean gunboat and an Argentine cruiser contributed cordage. At last, on April 13th, she fetched clear of Cape Pillar once more and next day had almost sunk the mountains. Slocum had spent thirty hours at the helm and was glad to bear up a couple of points and let *Spray* sail herself.

Juan Fernandez was reached on the 27th of April and there most of the salvaged tallow was sold, all sorts of queer old coins being received. *Spray* stayed here until May 5th, when sail was made and the course set for the Marquesas. The Trades were picked up soon and the islands reached 45 days out. A lunar, taken on the forty-third day, checked within a few miles with the dead reckoning. The ship sailed herself, Slocum saying: "No man, I think, could stand or sit and steer a vessel around the world." Instead of hauling in at Nukahiva, the *Spray* kept on for Samoa which was reached in 29 days more. The anchor was let go in the harbor of Apia on July 16th.

More than a month was pleasantly spent in visiting the island and resting from the long days at sea, but on August 20th she stood out to sea again and headed for the Australian coast, giving the Fijis a berth and making no stop. The first day at sea it blew hard and, under reefed sails, the little ship reeled off 184 miles. Nearing Australia, a couple of severe gales were weathered and Newcastle was reached 42 days out from Samoa. In a few days she went on to Sydney where she anchored on October 10th, 1896.

Time flew fast, with summer approaching, and it was not until December 6th that *Spray* shoved off for the next leg of her voyage. She put in for shelter at Wilson's Promontory, arriving at Melbourne December 22nd.

Melbourne entertained *Spray*'s owner for over a month. On January 22nd, 1897, she put to sea and ran to Tasmania, where she pottered around until April. She was hauled and painted and, on April 16th, stood out to sea, making the passage to Port Jackson in six


YACHT CAPTAIN—A competent sailor to sleep aboard a small but comfortable yacht. Comfortable cabin with own toilet facilities. Must keep up his appearance and the boat in excellent condition.

WANTED
A GOOD CAPTAIN

You could no more expect to keep desirable domestic help and house them in the cellar or the attic than you can keep a good crew in quarters of the average small yacht. A reliable crew demands modern conveniences.

Aboard the Dawn 45 the crew has a light airy single berth cabin with its own toilet facilities and running water and plenty of locker space. The Dawn 48 accommodates two men in comfort. No sleeping in the owner's cabins week days and behind the life boat or on the engine-room floor on Sunday. Then, too, the quality and finish of the boat encourages an industrious man to keep it shipshape.

The owner of a Dawn Twin-Screw Cruiser need have no trouble in keeping a real skipper who will maintain himself and his boat in true yacht style. The crew, too, has privacy aboard her. DAWN BOAT CORPORATION, Clason Point, New York, Telephone, Westchester 7000, Established 1906

DAWN
TWIN-SCREW CRUISERS

Dawn 45-footer . . . Powered by twin-Lathrops, each 70 H.P. . . . Speed 14 M.P.H. . . . $17,900 afloat at Clason Point
Dawn 45-footer . . . . Powered by twin 8-cylinder Chryslers . . . . Speed 20 M.P.H. . . . . $17,900 afloat at Clason Point
Dawn 48-footer Express . . Powered by twin Sterling Petrels, each 150 H.P. . . {5¼" x 6"} . . Speed 20 M.P.H. . . $25,800 afloat at Clason Point
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WHEELER PLAYMATES

36-foot Combination Sedan

1931 Wheeler "Playmates" Modern in Every Respect

Our new line of seventeen "Playmate" models will be on display at the forthcoming New York Motor Boat Show. They will represent the very best in modern boat-building practice. In details of construction, in hull strength and in point of furnishings and fittings, these new "Playmates" will surpass, model for model, every competitive stock boat in the various classes. No attempt has been made to meet price competition.

Every modern improvement which has passed our rigid tests has been incorporated in the new models. General layouts and cabin arrangements have been given the utmost consideration, so that perfect cruising comfort is assured.

The new models include boats from 22 feet to 62 feet in a most attractive variety of cabin arrangements — in short, the new "Playmate" line offers a boat for every possible requirement.

Our 1931 Catalog "B" will soon be ready for distribution. In the meantime, we invite you to visit our Shipyard where you can inspect "Playmates" in the building and test their performance on the open sea. Make appointment by telephone.

Of Interest To Those In Florida

Our Florida Repreaentatives: COUZENS & DALY, 214 Calumet Building, Miami, have on exhibition a "Playmate" 30-foot twin-screw specially designed Guide Boat ready for immediate demonstration at any time.

WHEELER SHIPYARD

FOOT HARWAY AVENUE

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

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days. On May 9th she left port and headed north along the coast, taking the passage inside the Great Barrier Reef and calling at various places along the way. She left Thursday Island, in Torres Strait, on June 24th and the course was set for Keeling Cocos, a run of 2,700 miles. Timor was passed on the second and Christmas Island on the eleventh, Keeling Cocos being reached on July 17th. During the 23 days from Thursday Island, Slocum says that he did not spend more than three hours at the helm, including the time beating up into Keeling harbor. There *Spray* was beached and her bottom tarred. She sailed again on August 22nd, heading for Rodriguez. The wind was fresh and the run was made under reefed canvas. The patent log showed a discrepancy with the skipper's mental dead reckoning and was found to have a bent blade on the rotator. This made a difference of 150 miles in the 1900-mile run, but a good landfall was made, though the inhabitants took Slocum for Antichrist, whose coming had been prophesied by a local abbé.

Eight days on Rodriguez saw *Spray* provisioned and watered, and on September 16th she was off for Mauritius which was reached three days later. She sailed on October 26th, before a light wind that carried her to the southern end of Madagascar where it left her. Then followed a succession of gales, but she reached Port Natal, Durban, on November 17th, sailing thence on December 14th for the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope.

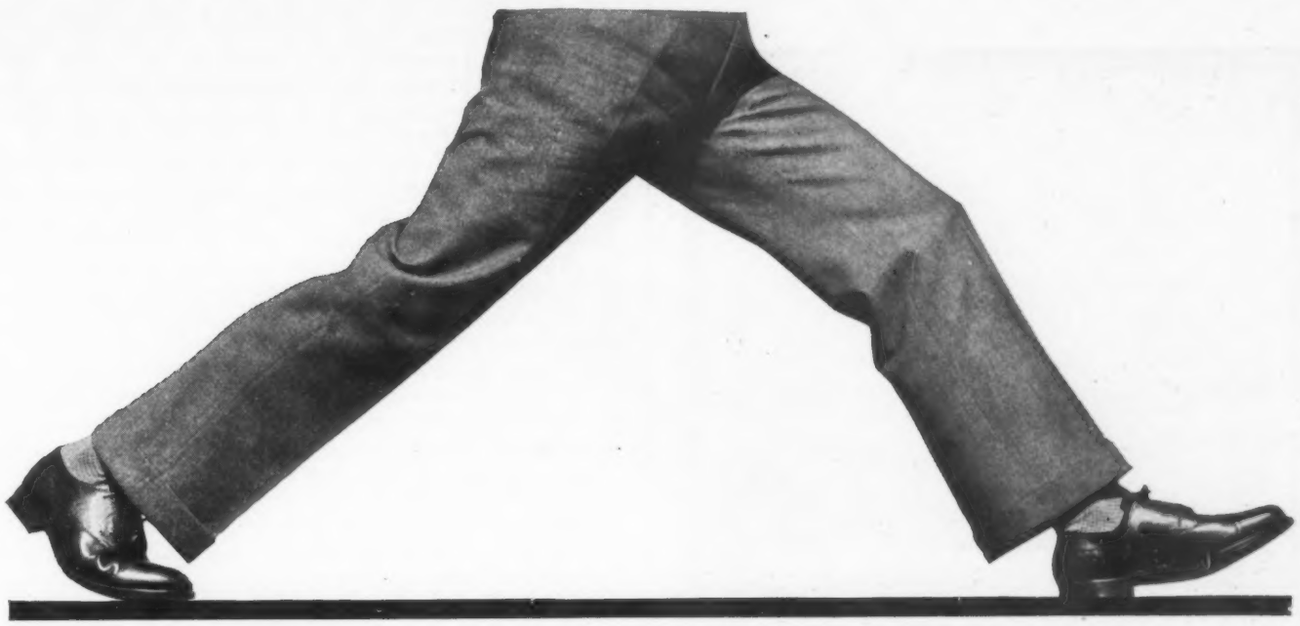
On Christmas day Slocum got a good ducking while reefing the jib off the Cape but rounded Agulhas two days later with a fair wind. *Spray* rode out another westerly gale in Simon's Bay, finally anchoring off Cape Town. She was taken into the Albert Docks, where she spent about three months while her master was traveling about the country.

On March 26th, 1898, *Spray* was towed to sea and was off for St. Helena, reeling off the miles in the Southeast Trades until April 11th, when she anchored in Jamestown and "all hands" went ashore. Sail was made on the twentieth and a mail bag for Ascension was put aboard. In an ill-advised moment, Slocum had taken along a goat "for company" but one of the first things the animal did was to eat the chart of the West Indies! Not a rope aboard was proof against his sharp teeth, and when Ascension was reached he was promptly landed.

Sailing on April 30th, *Spray* headed across the South Atlantic and on the eighth of May crossed her outward bound track. On the tenth she was off Cape St. Roque and in the grip of the current that sweeps to the northward around it, and her daily runs went up to 180 miles. Near the mouth of the Amazon, the U. S. S. *Oregon* was sighted as she stormed along on her record-making voyage. Slocum was not sure that war with Spain had been declared but signaled to the big battleship: "Let us keep together for mutual protection!"

Devil's Island was passed May 17th and Tobago, off the mouth of the Orinoco, on the twentieth. That night breakers were sighted and *Spray* started to work offshore, each tack losing a little. At last she swung up on a tall sea and the white of the breakers was seen to be the loom of the great light on Trinidad, thirty miles away. Granada was reached on May 23rd, 42 sailing days from the Cape of Good Hope. She then coasted along to leeward of the Antilles, calling at Dominica and stopping at Antigua, where she anchored on June 1st.

Three days later she cleared for the home stretch, heading for Hatteras and being becalmed in the horse latitudes. Then came a fine shaking up in the Gulf Stream, in which her worn old rigging began to give out. First the main sheet strop broke, then a peak halliard block fetched away from the gaff, and then the jibstay parted. But she was soon going again and caught the



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Perfected...proved... in every way

THIS is an announcement so important to every motor boat owner that we put aside all technical language and tell it to you in the simplest words.

We have produced the New Socony Motor Oil which gives you—to a greater degree than any other—what you want and should have in a motor oil . . . *full lubricating value.*

In the new Socony Motor Oil "full lubricating value" means something more than it ever has meant before. For we have perfected and proved for you not just one or two but *every* characteristic a motor oil should have.

Here are five reasons for changing today to the New Socony Motor Oil:

1. ***Perfected Lubrication. Less wear on your motor.*** The new Socony Motor Oil is made from a Paraffin Base crude, selected because of its greater inherent oiliness (adsorption). Exclusive New Socony Process gives additional lubricating value.

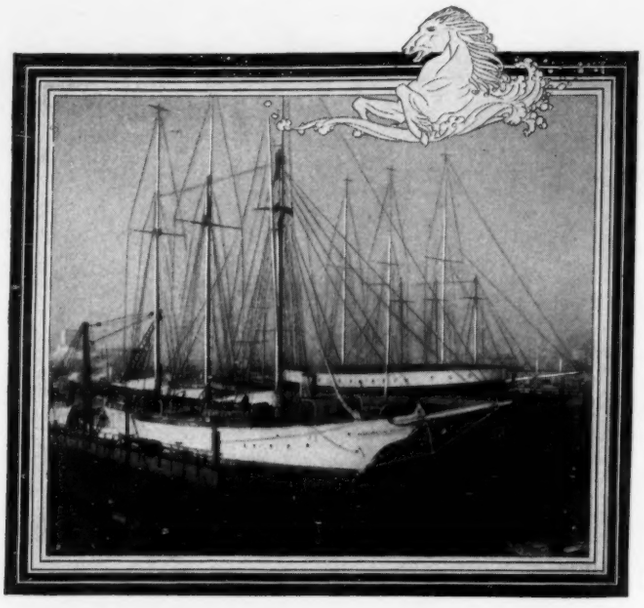
2. ***Minimum Oil Consumption. Will not break down.*** No engine heat or pressure severe enough to decompose this oil or destroy its lubricating value. Only through contamination by foreign matter which finds its way into the crankcase can the life of this oil be limited.

3. ***Easy Starting in Coldest Weather.*** Selected Paraffin Base oil . . . completely de-waxed. More fluid at low temperatures than any other oil. Instant lubrication. Less drain on your battery.

4. ***Fuel Economy and Increased Power.*** Maintains proper "body" at all engine temperatures. Result: perfect piston seal, maximum power, and minimum fuel consumption.

5. ***A Clean Motor.*** New refining process reduces to a minimum all harmful elements which cause carbon, gum and sludge. The new Socony Motor Oil insures a clean motor.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK



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Complete facilities for all operations. Repair, conversion, fitting-out, overhaul, reconditioning or even redesigning are located within the confines of the Yard—and all of which are conveniently accessible for owner supervision within 15 minutes of lower Manhattan.

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TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING & REPAIR CORPORATION
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TODD

tail of a twister off Fire Island on June 25th. Then, instead of keeping on for New York, *Spray* bore up for Montauk and anchored in Newport on June 27th, 1898. She had sailed more than 46,000 miles and had been away from home three years and two months. Less than a week later she was again moored to the same stake at Fairhaven which had held her when she was launched.

The now famous yawl was shown at various ports and was taken to Buffalo for the Pan American Exposition. There, after a day of sightseeing, my wife and I found her. She was moored head and stern in a cove and looked quiet and peaceful. We paid our dime apiece to inspect her and the bearded captain came forward with his routine patter. We started to look her over when I asked him some question on his navigation and we sat down and yarned away for an hour or more. When the kindly old gentleman showed signs of running down I would prod him with a timely query. That was a fine afternoon; even if we never did get below.

Some time later *Spray* set sail for the southward, bound for the mouth of the Orinoco. Since then there has been no word, and her fate is another of the mysteries of the sea.

The Racing Season at Marblehead

(*Continued from page 59*)

a Universal Rule center, and many yachtsmen prefer the slightly larger and roomy 25-raters of the "Q" Class which can be built for nearly the same cost. Undoubtedly, local yachtsmen will wait to see if the Eight-Metre Class on the Sound is to continue before ordering further boats.

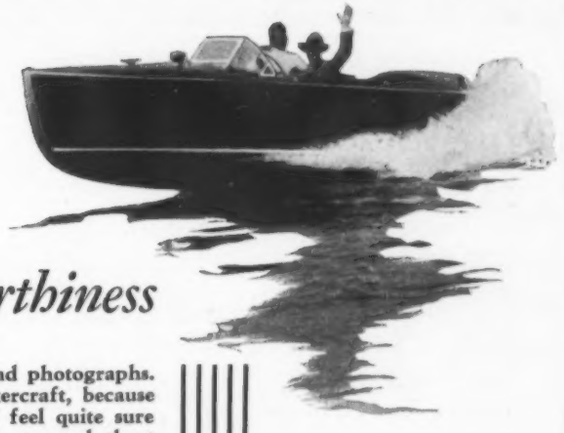
Perhaps the feature of the season at Marblehead was the showing of the younger element in the yachting game. In nearly every class the youngsters carried away the honors from their elder brethren. However, some of the best talent of Marblehead was not active in the racing this season, notably Charles Francis Adams and Frank Paine. Three of the younger skippers broke into the "Q" Class with distinct disadvantage to the older skippers. Charles Hovey, assisted by his younger brother, Chandler, Jr., took the great old *Norn*, rechristened *Robin*, and sailed her to the championship, something she was never quite able to accomplish before, despite her Puritan Cup victories. *Robin* captured all three championships, although given a hard battle by Harold Wheelock's *Cara Mia* and John Alden's *Hope*, sailed by Caleb Loring. Just behind this trio was the old *Falcon*, chartered to Ray Hunt, and *Bat*, sailed by Charles Francis Adams, Jr. *Falcon* entered the racing late, and *Bat* made but few starts in Corinthian racing, so that the showing of these youngsters is all the more remarkable.

There are a baker's dozen of 25-raters at Marblehead, but only ten competed this season. No new orders for boats in the class are known, but *Venturer*, laid up last season, has been purchased from Frederick Prince by Albert W. Finlay, which will increase the class to eleven. The "Q's" have given the finest racing of any class at Marblehead in recent years, and five or six of them have made the daily runs with the Eastern Cruise each year, taking more than a fair share of the prizes.

The 30-Square-Metre Class did not muster its full strength until Race Week, owing to its invasion of Germany and Sweden. Two or three boats, however, raced during the entire season. Here, again, one of the younger skippers prevailed when Arthur Shuman sailed his *Tipler IV* to the championship. It is reported that a class of these boats will be formed in Buzzards Bay before another season.

VENICE Acclaims the *Rough Weather* Staunchness of Hackercraft

Count Anselmi, Winner of the Venice-Trieste Race, Pays a Fine Tribute to Hackercraft Speed and Seaworthiness



"I confirm my letter of September 25th and am enclosing you some articles and photographs. I repeat you that I am most satisfied with the results obtained with my Hackercraft, because same is not only quick but also very fit to be used when the sea is rough. I feel quite sure that none of the stronger and more powerful boats specially built for calm sea and short distance, could have been able to make the long way between Venice and Trieste with the very rough sea on the day of the races. What is the good of a fast boat that can perhaps develop great rapidity for a mile or a short distance, when the sea is calm, when it is not possible to use same on a rough sea? The Prince of Udine, who is an admiral, wanted to bestow his cup on such runabouts that can travel on the rough sea and do not consume much fuel.

"I did not only win the race Venice-Trieste with a great advance before the others, but I wanted likewise much less fuel. I am enclosing you the results of the races Venice-Trieste, for which I also won the Cup of Trieste. I am sending you likewise the official results of the race for the Cup Navigation San Marco, and it will perhaps interest you that in these two races, one of 30 and one of 40 kilometers, that is together 70 kilometers, in which I became second because the first had a much lighter boat and a much more powerful motor, I left behind me four boats with a great advance, two of which were American—— ——"

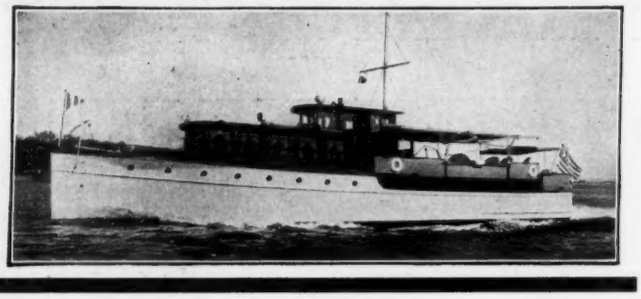
Yours faithfully,
G. ANSELMI.

HACKER BOAT CO.
538 River Drive
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

New York City—5th Avenue at 15th St.; Boston—1043 Commonwealth Ave.; Chicago—Motor Boat Mart; Detroit—7433 E. Jefferson; San Francisco—102 New Montgomery St.; Beverly Hills—8725 Wilshire Blvd.

HACKERCRAFT

AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS



What Are Your Plans for Next Summer?

How About a Custom-Built Yacht?

Our Custom-Built Department, which has been an integral part of our organization for over thirty years, is thoroughly prepared and adequately equipped to submit plans, designs and specifications covering your personal and individual requirements. Why not make an appointment and let us discuss with you — no obligation on your part — your yachting problems for the coming summer?

Custom-Built 77-Footer Now Standardized

In the beautiful 77-foot Cruiser, pictured above, is incorporated innumerable refinements and special equipment found only in expensive yachts of much larger dimensions. Originally constructed to individual order, it has created such a sensation that it has been standardized. Staunch, steady and reliable under all conditions, completely fitted and magnificently appointed, it is the last word in yachting comfort and luxury. Visit our Shipyard and see this incomparable Cruiser; examine it at your leisure. Full descriptions, interior and exterior views sent on request.

These Specifications Will Interest You

16-foot Beam
Double-planked Hull
Decks of Teak
Houses of Mahogany
Two Double Staterooms
Two Single Staterooms
Two Bathrooms
Combination Dining and Living Room
Large Deck House
Captain's Stateroom adjoining Pilot House
Galley running full width of boat
Quarters forward for Crew of Four
Frigidaire Ice Machine
Decatur Pressure Water System
110-volt Electric Generator
Bilge Pump
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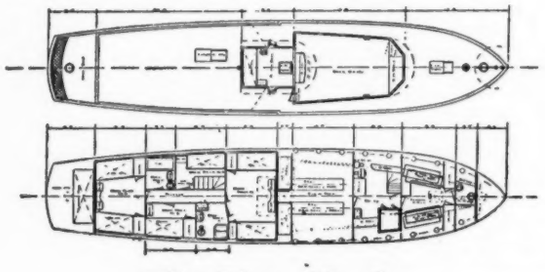

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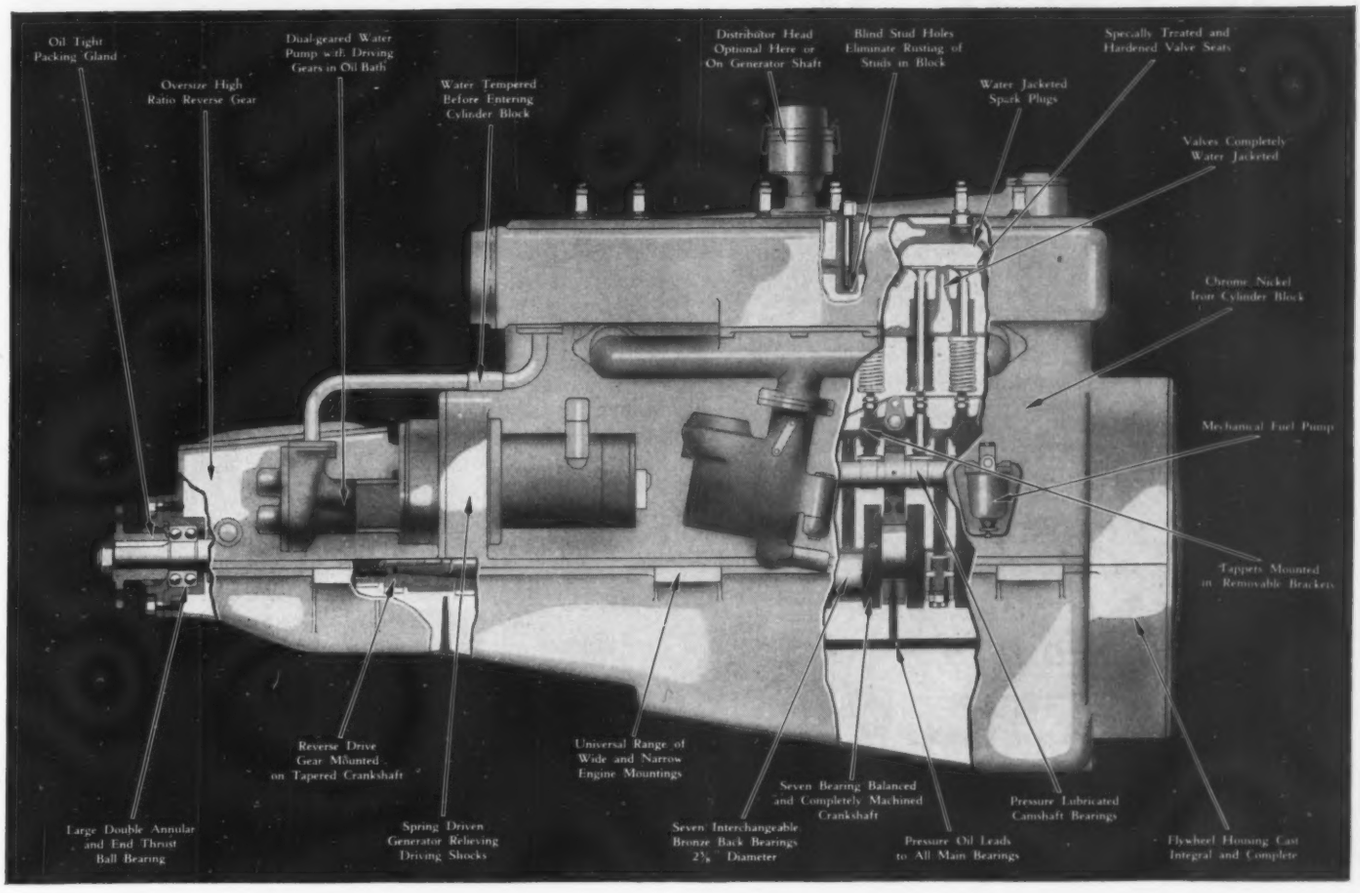
Aside from Marblehead Race Week, the biggest event of the season on Massachusetts Bay is the Eastern Yacht Club's annual regatta for the Puritan Cup. Ordinarily, this attracts a number of craft from New York waters, but this season, with one or two exceptions, it was practically a local fleet of 26 that entered. Walter K. Shaw's *Andiamo* justified her high rig in light airs by traveling over the course like the proverbial "scalded hawk" to win the Puritan Cup in a manner prophetic of her runaway in the King's Cup Race. Rowe Metcalf's sweet little *Sachem* won the Cleopatra's Barge Cup for schooners with ease, for the third successive year.

Winners of the season's championships were: Bar Harbor 31-footers, George Lee's *Mingo;* Class Q, Charles F. and Chandler Hovey, Jr.'s *Robin;* Eight-Metres, William T. Aldrich's *Armida;* Class R, Jesse P. Morton's *Live Yankee;* Seawanhaka Schooners, Isaac R. Edmands' *Daiquiri;* Class X, 30-Square-Metres, E. Arthur Shuman, Jr.'s *Tipler IV;* Herreshoff Class S, William H. Potter, Jr.'s *Teal;* Triangle Class, Miss Peggy Creighton's *Con Con II;* M-B Class, Shepard Brothers' *Jackanapes III;* Class T, Leeson and Tappan's *Oolong;* Brutal Beasts, First Division, Wells Morss' *Bantam;* Second Division, Donald C. Watson, Jr.'s *Wamsutta;* Third Division, Lawrence Nowell's *Diadem.*

Following are the championship standings in the larger classes for the season, the Eastern, and the Corinthian championships:

Yacht	*Eastern*	*Corinthian*	*Season*
Bar Harbor 31-Footers			
Mingo	.767	.617	.708
Indian	.633	.400	.597
Astrild	.600	.500	.583
Class Q, 25-Rating			
Robin	.800	.828	.811
Cara Mia	.765	.820	.802
Hope	.697	.656	.690
Falcon (Ray Hunt)	.658	.571	.600
Bat	.580	.270	.451
Falcon (E. M. Abbot)	.439	.443	.445
Nor'easter V	.421	.270	.390
Lorelei	.305	.375	.354
Questa	.563	.311	.344
Leonore	.122	.061	.103
International Eight-Metres			
Armida	.875	.469	.711
Amethyst	.378	.917	.639
Balek	.600	.369	.534
Ellen	.625	.274	.525
Seawanhaka Schooners			
Daiquiri	.500	1.000	.700
Flytie	.500	.500	.625
Class R, 20-Rating			
Live Yankee	.522	.680	.643
Connie	.594	.620	.589
Tabasco V	.479	.250	.373
Class X, 30-Square-Metres			
Tipler V	.700	.760	.708
Bonnie Jean	.608	.450	.506
Michl	.400	.555	.487
Oriole	.425	.470	.479
S X	.167	.040	.091
Sea Wind	.050	.125	.087
Yankee	.125	.—	.053
Herreshoff Class S			
Teal	.866	.840	.853
Sea Dog	.612	.789	.705
Woodcock	.821	.492	.638
Rowena	.578	.658	.622
Dolphin	.580	.601	.592
Triangle Class			
Con Con II	.698	.906	.811
Periwinkle	.782	.829	.806
Vagus	.651	.758	.695
Anna Lee	.630	.663	.658

The NEW SEA-MASTER "6"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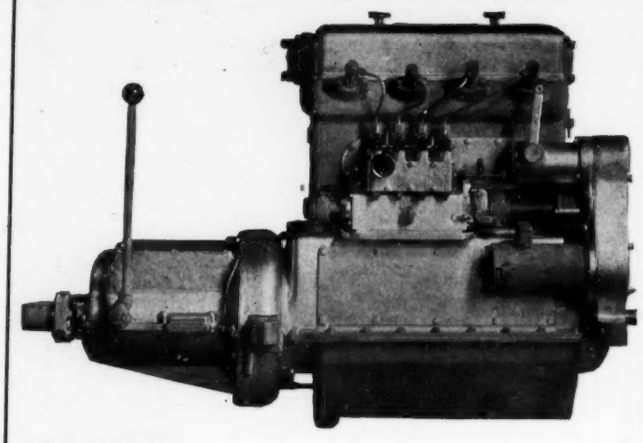

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Gloucester Once More Holds Fishermen's Championship

(Continued from page 81)

rained so hard that a man couldn't look to windward and keep his eyes open. The sea was running so heavy that *Thebaud* missed stays twice on the first beat to windward, letting *Bluenose* through into a lead that she still held when the committee got tired and went home. That was real fisherman weather, the kind they had been crying for, and to say that Captain Walters was annoyed wouldn't give the slightest indication of his remarks when, that evening, he addressed the committee. The art of deep water cursing is not a lost one, and Captain Walters talked three Lunenburg Canadian members onto the committee that night, and blistered the paint in the committee room doing it.

At that, it was about the most peaceful and harmonious series that has yet been held for a fisherman's international championship.

Thebaud, designed by Frank C. Paine and following, more or less, the lines of some of his recent yachts, though of course a more burdensome vessel, proved herself a fast schooner, well equipped, with good sails. She was ably handled by Captain Pine, before illness sent him to the hospital, and later by Captain Johnson. *Bluenose*, none the better for nine years of salt banking and two or three months under water in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, where she grounded on a trip in from the Banks for bait, is a much bigger vessel, with some 2000 feet more sail, and in very light and very heavy weather was probably the faster. She, too, was well sailed by Captain Angus and a crew at least half of whom are masters of their own vessels at home.

It is detracting in no way from the richly deserved reputation of fishermen for seamanship and hardihood to point out that there are things they don't know about racing. *Bluenose's* sails, than which few sails ever fitted worse before she had them recut at Gloucester, illustrate the lack of preparation; then, again, *Bluenose* came down with a set of hounds on the foremast which, had the hard-weather race not been called off, would very likely have let go and dropped her whole rig over the side. For some mysterious reason, every time the vessels started, as they did four or five times, in a northeast breeze, both skippers invariably went over the line on the port tack and stood offshore into the heavy head sea on the first beat instead of taking advantage of the lee under the Cape Ann shore — which may account for the fact that in the strongest breeze of all it took them an hour and three-quarters to make good six miles to windward.

On the day of the postponed race it was rather ludicrous to see both vessels make the land two miles to leeward of the buoy they were supposed to round, after a six-mile reach from the previous mark. But, then, they can hardly be blamed when the Coast Guard destroyer that carried the race committee did just as badly. Fishermen, as a rule, do not claim to be racing geniuses, fiction writers to the contrary notwithstanding. It is enough for them that they are successful fishermen and supreme in the various branches of seamanship that are required in their business.

The interest in the races off Gloucester lies not in the extreme speed of the vessels nor in the exhibition of consummate racing tactics, but in the spectacle itself and its traditions — in the fact that the few remaining commercial sailing vessels can still scare up the will and the way to put on a race at all.

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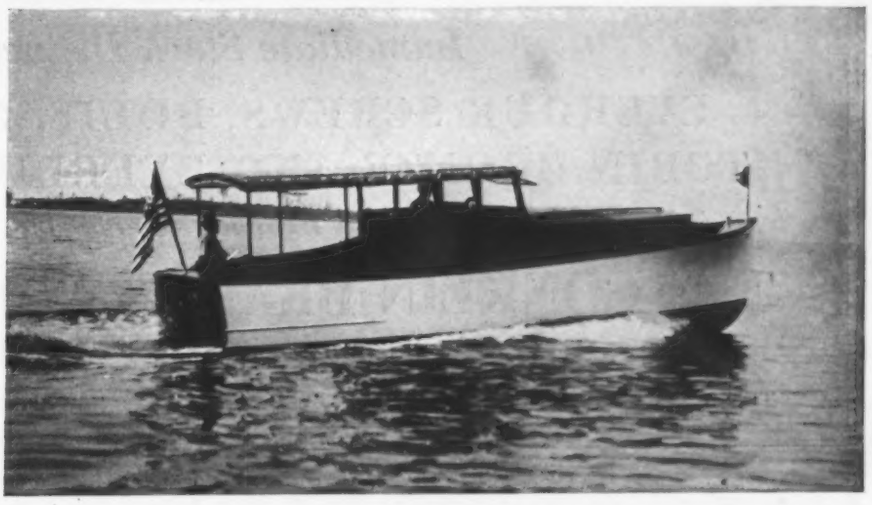

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The new Master Marblehead 34′ Cruiser. Double staterooms arranged en suite with washroom between. Improved galley and storage features. Quiet and powerful Universal motor. Advanced safety protection.

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The Vortex

(*Continued from page 63*)

S.S.W. 8, Bar. 29.60. Raining. Ship quiet. Refilled 'midship oil bag." The glass, it will be noted, had taken another sudden drop, but the weather did not seem to be any worse. At twenty minutes before midnight we called Paine and Billy, the relief. They had time to get dressed and enjoy a cup of chocolate and then, with a breath-taking suddenness, *Wander Bird* was in the vortex!

I shall never forget that calm which came between the drawing of two breaths, one labored because of spray-filled, whistling wind, the other so effortless that one felt incorporeal. In answer to my shout Paine tumbled on deck to enjoy fully a most extraordinary experience. As swiftly as the coming of the calm, the seas leaped up to heights I shall not even guess at. We had thought them forty feet from trough to crest at six o'clock, when it grew dark. Now, in their confusion, they shot much higher. The steady, definite motion of the ship gave way to a wild rolling and pitching without rhythmic sequence or order. From the bottom of an opaque funnel — and it looked just like that — we gazed endlessly deep into a perfect, blue sky, studded with brilliant stars whose serenity was a rebuke to the Bay.

And then we were in it again! The log: "The wind shifts, bang! From S.W. to N.W. at three minutes of twelve. Barometer reading 29.59 and pulsating. Tremendous seas. Wind, Force ten."

Plotting the course of the storm will show anyone interested how *Wander Bird* went through the southern part of the vortex, just getting into the center. The fact that we were in the southernmost part of the center accounts for the shift from S.W. to N.W. Had we gone exactly through the eye of the blow the shift would have been a full 180 degrees, or from S.W. to N.E.

At 12.30 on the morning of the sixth the glass had risen to 29.66, seven-hundredths in thirty minutes. The seas had been beaten back into the best semblance of regularity the Bay permits. The glass was still pulsating, but now only three-hundredths of an inch. The solid murk had given way to broken clouds, and the gale, blowing between Force eight and nine, was steady in the northwest. At one o'clock Paine noted that it was "Clear. Flying scud against stars. Spray on deck." The glass was at 29.67. In the following three hours the wind dropped from Force eight to Force six and the thermometer went down to unpleasantly chilly regions. We were heading northeast.

The morning watch found the glass behaving properly, rising toward the hoped-for ten o'clock high. "Hard puffs," says the log. "Cold." At breakfast time the glass was up to 29.86, an hour of somewhat higher winds had gone, and we figured a Force four breeze although the seas were "big and cresting." After a good meal we got on deck, wore *Wander Bird* around under jumbo, set foresail and outer jib and ran off to the southwestward, the while we put two reefs in the mainsail.

At noon, four hours later, *Wander Bird*, having sailed fifteen miles, was in Latitude 44–52 N., Longitude 7–30 W., ten miles northeast of her position 24 hours earlier. This would indicate that she had drifted off pretty well to the northeast before a southwest gale, making about a knot through the water.

With the ship at last bowling into Vigo under a strengthening breeze which finally became a nor'easterly gale — 190 miles we ran exultingly in 19 hours — I find this story ends. The gale was a rich experience, one which justified our pride in *Wander Bird*.

(*Continued on page 112*)

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October 28, 1930

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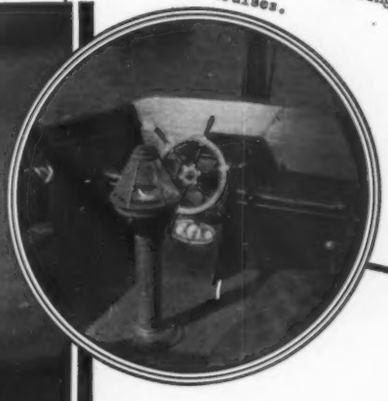
Cordially yours,

Gordon Munroe



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the 35' x 32' x 10' x 6' sailing yacht which Mr. Munroe designed for his own use, was sailed nearly 3000 miles in eight weeks. The TOBIN BRONZE demonstrated its resistance to corrosion by appearing like new when the boat was hauled out for the winter.

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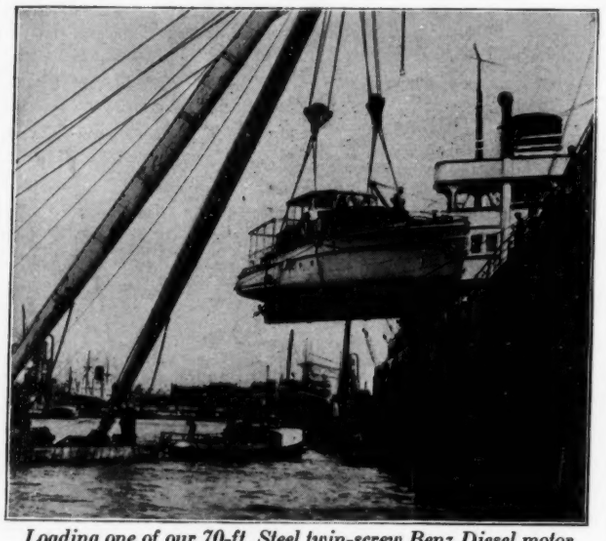

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In Vigo we heard that Finisterre and Lands End had recorded velocities of 83 miles an hour during the passage of the blow. That bears out my idea that small boatmen first going to sea on ships considerably larger than their old favorites will underestimate both wind velocity and size of seas. In Miami, weeks later, our friends of the *Kinkajou* rejoined us. They must have been within forty miles of us throughout the gale and their tale of breakage, a hatch torn off and buried decks gave us adequate thanks for pilot-boat construction and over-size gear. *Wander Bird* lost an oil bag, but otherwise not a rope yarn parted.

Biscaya in October is not the happiest cruising ground. If you must sail there, take my advice — make much westing and see to your gear!

"Carlsark" on the Mediterranean

(*Continued from page 54*)

we turned out of our snug crater toward Vesuvius, who silently smoked his sulphur pipe, sending great white clouds of vapor into the blue, serene sky. The Bay of Naples was truly beautiful as we made our way into it, coming to rest in Porto Santa Lucia, the yacht harbor. Here we anchored with our stern to the quay, lined with Neapolitan cafés. At night, with the new moon reflected in the waters of the little harbor, we sat on deck listening to the strains of Neapolitan songs coming from the outdoor cafés.

After the usual delays in port, we headed out of the Bay of Naples, bound for the island of Capri where we explored the blue grotto. The course from Capri southward was laid to Stromboli, the active island volcano forty miles north of Messina. We found a following breeze, and the spinnaker was set for the first time in 1500 miles. Soon Capri was left behind in a glow of sunset red. The moon came out to light the way, and all hands turned in with thoughts of a moonlit watch and eased sheets. Before midnight all hands were on deck in oilskins. The barometer had descended into the twenty-nines, and scud was flying out of the northwest. The long, heaving swells told of the Mistral that was coming down from the Gulf of Lions. The mainsail came down by itself when the hoisting board ripped out, as we luffed to lower. Flying on before it with jib and mizzen set, the helmsman kept one eye ahead on the red glare of belching Stromboli, and the other aft on the seas that threatened to poop us. The sun rose unseen behind great masses of grey clouds, swirling down from the north. The wind blew harder as the day wore on. The sea became a mass of tumbling, hissing combers that conspired to break over our stern, but time after time the well tucked-up counter of *Carlsark* rose clear and dry. The mizzen was on the verge of being lowered all day, but we drove on, in hopes of passing through the Straits of Messina before nightfall. The shortest days of the year were at hand, and we were still 20 miles north of that narrow pass between Sicily and Italy, so dreaded by the Ancients and infested with the mythical terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, when darkness descended. Onward we went, with all eyes searching for the lights that mark the pass, but they never appeared. The cold breath of the Mistral on the warmer water created a fog that obscured everything. We were virtually embayed, with the rocky shores of the Calabrian mountains on one hand, the rugged cliffs of Sicily on the other, and the passage between them hidden. Coming around on the wind, we tried to claw off, but the currents gradually drew us toward shore, until we could hear the thundering of the breakers. In another five minutes *Carlsark* would have been ground to splinters, but the auxiliary answered the call, after being dried and warmed with a

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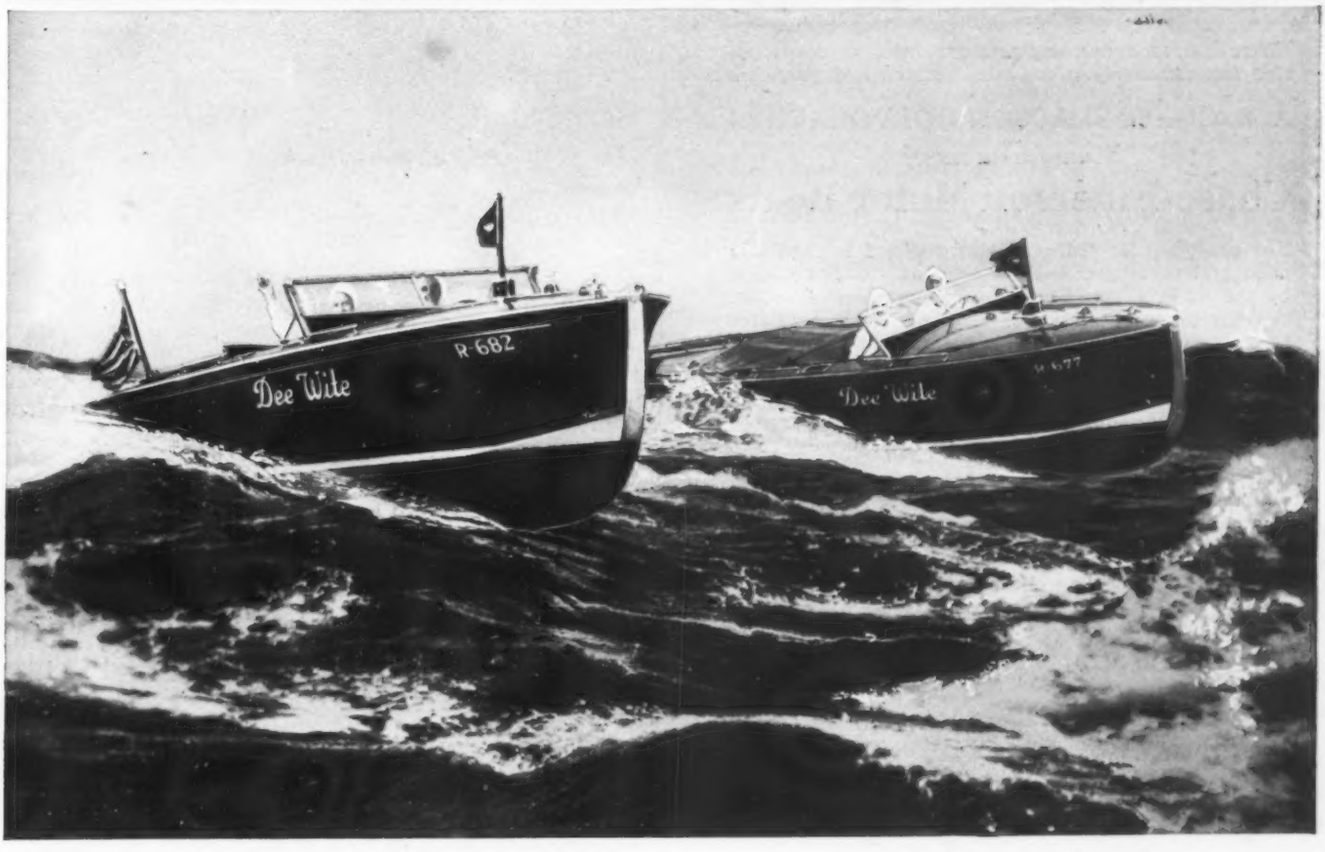
● Riding out terrific seas—plowing through combers that hide one boat from the other—the two Dee Wite 22-footers—en route from Detroit to Cairo, Illinois—are amazing the boating world—adding new luster to a respected name. Behind the valiant craft lies hundreds of miles of open water—conquered in cold and windy fall weather. Sleet, rain and high seas featured the run from Detroit to Buffalo.

At this writing the two boats are racing down the Atlantic seaboard to Miami, with Maude Hughes and Peggy Radcliffe, well-known sports-women, at the wheel of one. Sirens shrieked and crowds cheered at the take-off from the Battery in New York.

Boating enthusiasts agree the Dee Wite 22-footer is a sensation. Unequalled for comfort, seaworthiness, ease of handling and all-around reliability, it is one of a complete line of moderately priced runabouts and cruisers for 1931. The new Lodge 8-cylinder 135 horse-power motor is a triumph—faultless in performance. Despite the terrific pounding, both endurance run engines have turned up to capacity—proved their exceptional reliability.

The 5000 mile run—conducted under supervision of the American Power Boat Association—will soon be finished and the facts complete. The results will be invaluable to prospective boat buyers and dealers. Learn how Dee Wite builds. Write for information.

DEE WITE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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blow torch, and charged with ether. Slowly but surely we pulled away, and by morning the fog cleared sufficiently for us to make our way through swirling currents into the eastern basin of the Mediterranean.

Thirty miles south of Messina we anchored in Toarmina Bay in the lee of snow-capped Mount Etna. There, waiting for better weather in the Straits, was the 250-foot English steam yacht *Ianara*. I went aboard to secure a chronometer check, and was warmly greeted by Mr. George MacDonald, of New York, and Cardinal Hayes. When asked if there was anything they could do for us, I could think of nothing until apple pie was suggested. Three hours later, several pies and a dinghy load of other good things were put aboard *Carlsark*.

On the 15th of December we started the last run toward the east, across 300 miles of Ionian Sea, bound for Ithaca, the home port of Ulysses. Aeolus seemed as determined to thwart our efforts to reach Ithaca as he had been when that first great seafarer was homeward bound. A Tarantata came boring down from the Apennines, and for three days we lived in our oilskins. As we approached the island of Cephalonia, our landfall, the breeze subsided. Passing around its northern shore in a smooth moonlit sea, we sighted the bold black outline of a gaunt and lonely island. It was Ithaca, and soon we were following close along its classic shores. Entering a narrow, sheer pass, we came into its landlocked harbor. Steep green hills rose all around. It was midnight; a rooster crowed. The anchor clanked; and then splashed into the still water. Ithaca to Ithaca — a pipe dream had come true.

(*To be continued*)

The Winter Season in Cuban Waters

(*Continued from page 67*)

WINTER RACING PROGRAM

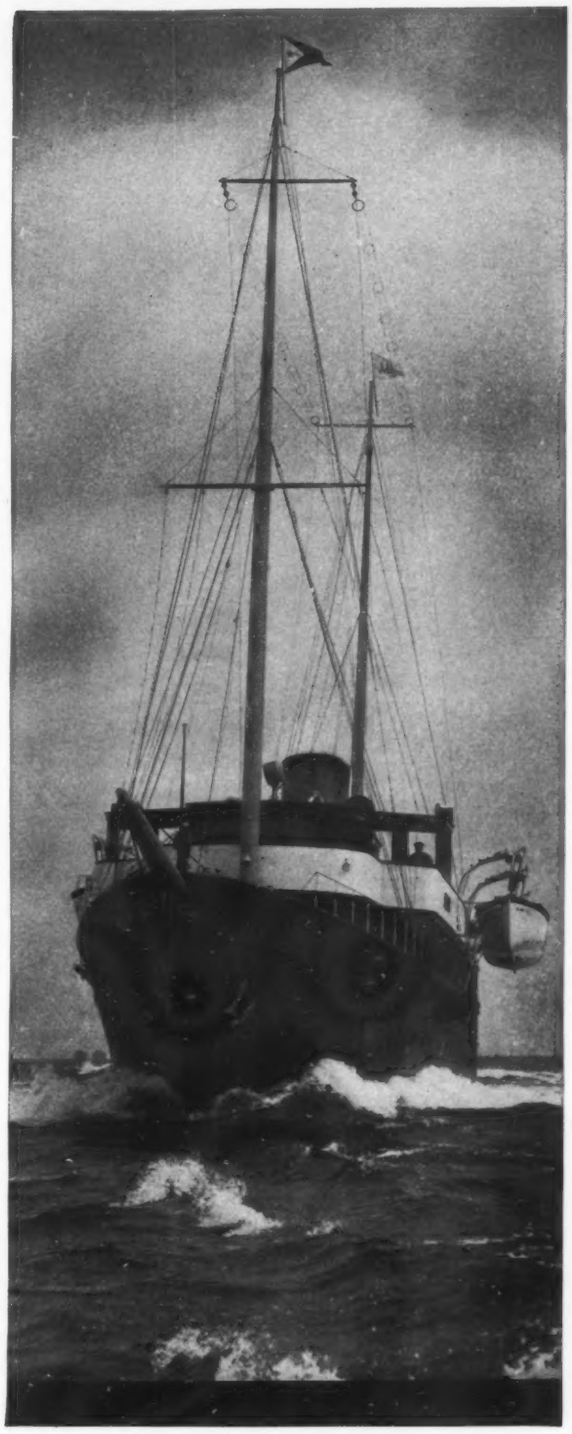
Cuba's winter nautical program is to be more pretentious this year than ever before, according to plans formed by Commodore Rafael Posso, marine delegate of the National Tourist Commission.

First of the special events for yachtsmen will be the annual Star Class Midwinter Championships, to be held off the Malecon, at Havana, January 29th to February 6th. Two noted trophies are to be raced for in this event — the handsome $5,000 Midwinter Challenge Trophy of Cuba, and the Bacardi Cup. Early entrants, Commodore Posso states, include twelve craft from the United States and approximately eighteen from Cuba. The races are sanctioned by the I.S.C.Y.R.A., and are considered first class among yachting enthusiasts.

Projected as a new feature this year is a scheduled six-metre race, to be held in mid-February, between yachts of the United States, Cuba and Spain, each nation providing three boats. Negotiations have been under way for some time between Commodore Posso, C. Sherman Hoyt, of New York, and the Real Club Nautico, of San Sebastian, Spain.

Somewhat later — in fact, on March 21st and 22nd — power boats will take the spot light in the Tenth Annual International Cuban Motor Boat Regatta, one of the most colorful events of the entire winter racing season. The splendid array of trophies offered for these various events has become a by-word among American and Cuban speed boat owners and drivers.

The climax of the sporting season, of course, will come with the final big event, the second annual St. Petersburg-Havana Sailing Race in late March or early April.



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With a toss of spray from her graceful bow and a smooth wake astern, the Cooper-Bessemer Diesel powered yacht glides on her course as smoothly as a gull in flight . . . a vessel distinguished among watercraft. • So smooth and quiet are these modern yacht engines that there is never a trace of vibration from stem to stern, on deck or in the staterooms. Silent and vibrationless in performance, Cooper-Bessemer Diesels assure the utmost in comfort afloat, and for that reason they have won the favor of designers, owners and builders and are powering so many of America's finest yachts.

A recent addition to this large Cooper-Bessemer powered fleet is the luxurious "Gielow"—a clipper-bow yacht, 190' in length, 26' beam, 10' draft and 550 tons displacement, with a cruising speed of 14 knots. The "Gielow" was designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc., built by the Bath Iron Works and is powered with a pair of 8 cylinder Cooper-Bessemer Diesel main engines of 425 H. P. each at 350 R. P. M. and a pair of 50 K. W. Cooper-Bessemer generating sets. The launching of the "Gielow" established a precedent in ship-building, being the first yacht ever to leave the ways completely fitted and furnished—ready for sea, with even her crew aboard.

THE COOPER-BESSEMER CORPORATION

GENERAL DIESEL SALES OFFICES SUITE 301, 25 W. 43rd ST. NEW YORK CITY
PLANTS GROVE CITY, PA · MT. VERNON, OHIO

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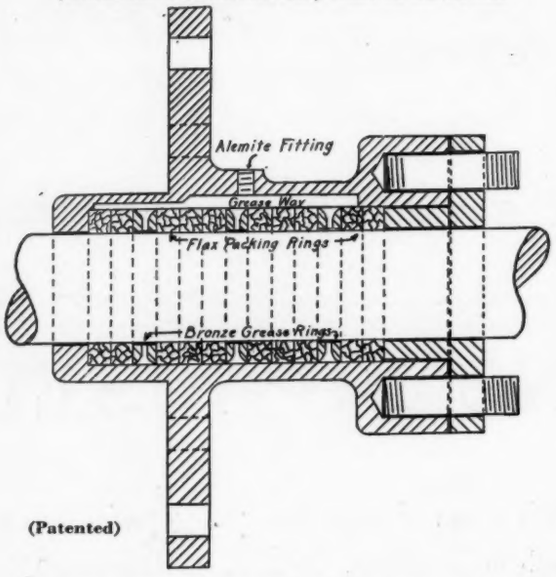
Combined Stuffing Box and Stern Bearing
(GREASE LUBRICATED) Cast of BRONZE



(Patented)

By being BOTH flax packed and grease lubricated, these bearings give double assurance against wear or seizure of shafts.

Made for shaft diameters: — 1″, 1¼″, 1⅜″, 1½″, 1¾″ and 2″.

Larger sizes to order

Steering Quadrant and Cable Tightener
Cast of BRONZE

(Patented)

This cast bronze quadrant with cable tighteners incorporated on the arms entirely eliminates the use of thimbles, splices and turnbuckles.

Made in four sizes: —

10″	Radius	takes	¼″	or	5/16″	Cable
12″	"	"	5/16″	"	⅜″	"
15″	"	"	⅜″	"	7/16″	"
18″	"	"	7/16″	"	½″	"

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Manufactured and Sold by

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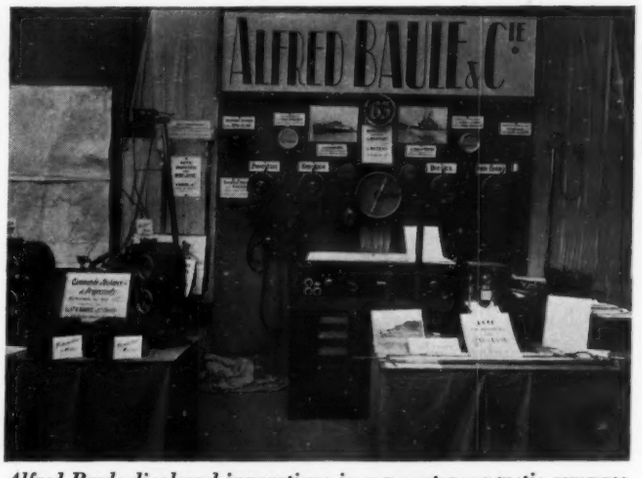
Any survey of what Havana and Cuba have to offer visiting yachtsmen should include some report of its facilities for fishing, a kindred sport and a popular one. Cuba's 3,000 miles of coast line bounds tropical waters in which many of the world's gamest sea fighters are found. The sailfish and marlin, the barracuda and amberjack, the bonefish and bonita, tuna, mackerel, and kingfish are but a scant few of the species that in the taking thrill anglers every year. A point that counts heavily to the advantage of the sport in Cuban waters is the fact that only a short distance offshore one encounters the best fishing banks. The long sail of several hours to and from the grounds is not necessary, and easy accessibility means longer hours of sport. Local guides and pilots are procurable at all of the ports. And, unlike the capital, which is a gay and diversified city of more than a half million population, most of these smaller harbors are quiet, distinctly foreign and natively charming.



Alfred Baule displayed innovations in a repeater magnetic compass and a pressure-actuated, electric recording log

At the Paris Salon Nautique

(*Continued from page 49*)

sturdy, auxiliary cruiser ruined by cheap rigging screws fitted with hooks instead of lugs and bolts; nor a well-built "Star" given roller reefing gear with a square boom — unless the owner is prepared to fit a new mainsail every month; nor the main sheet block of a small one-design class fixed to the tiller; nor the space in front of the wheel of a motor cruiser so crowded with instruments that no room is left for the compass which is screwed down at the opposite side of the wheelhouse. These failings pass unnoticed by the majority; but exactitude in detail is, after all, the handmaiden of seaworthiness.

Yacht Racing Strategy

(*Continued from page 70*)

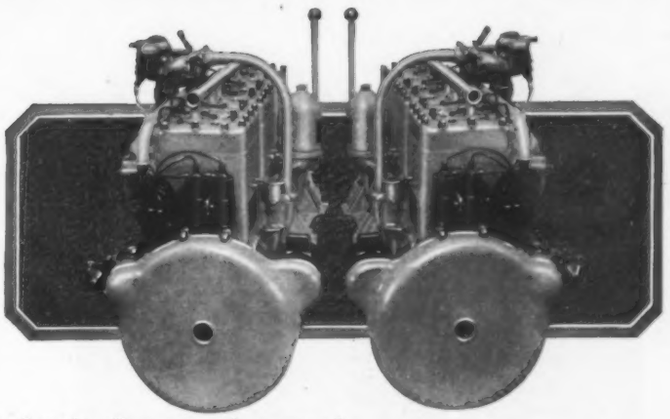
this off chance of trailing the fleet, there is a very good one that he will be leading it if he gets away with such a start as planned.

The process by which the individual determines on a plan cannot be suggested by another. The important thing is that he form a methodical habit of weighing the various factors and strive to avoid placing an undue value on any. This presupposes a broad knowledge of conditions, which indeed it should, for it is fundamental that one's strategy cannot be shrewder than one's judgment. Above all, the practice of forming and carrying out his own plan will slowly but surely instil in a man that self-reliance and decision which go far to make the highest type of racing skipper.

(*To be continued*)

AT the left is shown the attractive headquarters of J. Frank Knorr, Inc., Miami, SCRIPPS distributors for Florida where SCRIPPS marine engines are carried in stock for immediate delivery, and service parts are always available. Dealers are being appointed at suitable points, assuring SCRIPPS owners of competent service throughout the state.

SCRIPPS
MARINE ENGINES
and SERVICE
in Florida waters



Many are the craft, SCRIPPS powered, that cruise in Florida's sunny waters. Among the keys, along the West coast, in the fishing grounds, at fashionable ports, SCRIPPS powered craft stand out—popular, instantly responsive, thoroughly dependable.

Among sportsmen who cruise down from the North, among those who maintain craft in the home waters, SCRIPPS—single or twin—meets every requirement. It is chosen by men who regard power plants as they regard thoroughbred horses. In their cruisers, their launches, their runabouts you will find SCRIPPS engines—at Fort Myers, Palm Beach, Maimi Beach—at Bradenton and Sarasota, where Tarpon fishing is most popular—in fact, in all waters where speed, responsiveness and dependability are demanded.

Several fast SCRIPPS powered express cruisers are used by Miami Beach yachtsmen on runs to the exclusive Cocoaloba Kay Club, situated among the Florida Keys, where communication is by boat or plane alone. Hundreds of other individual instances might be cited.

Competent repair and replacement service at many points assures maximum satisfaction to SCRIPPS owners. Small wonder that a product so sound, both in details and fundamentals, has made lasting friends wherever boats are used!

The wide acceptance of SCRIPPS motors by so many prominent builders of standardized craft who offer them as standard or optional equipment is significant of SCRIPPS unfailing dependability.

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BANFIELD
CHRIS-CRAFT•
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GAR WOOD "40"
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KING SEA-SKIFFS
LUDDCO DREAM BOATS•
MATTHEWS•
MINETT-SHIELDS
ROBINSON SEA GULL
SEA LYON "40•
STEPHENS
STAPLES-JOHNSON•
SUNBEAM "46"
WHEELER "PLAYMATES"•
Foreign
BRITISH POWER BOATS
OSBORNE-CRAFT--*England*
CLAUS-CRAFT--*Germany*
CHANTIERS NAVAL
EXCELSIOR
DESPUJOLS--*France*
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10-Metre Owned by Gilbert Ottley

A Beautiful Painting of *your* Yacht

Crisp, fresh and full of salt spray an authentic oil painting of YOUR yacht in beautiful colors done to order from description, sail plans or photographs.

Correspondence invited

W. N. Wilson
102 East 30th St., New York

A Dependable Device for Coupling Main and Auxiliary Engines to Single Shaft

(*Continued from page 76*)

horsepower at 2200 r.p.m. It was necessary to provide a two-to-one reduction gear in order to reduce the speed to within the limits specified by the chain manufacturer. The driving sprocket has 17 teeth and the driven sprocket 26 teeth, making the reduction from the auxiliary engine to the propeller shaft approximately three-to-one ratio.

No attempt has been made to show details in this drawing, which illustrates the principle alone. Most of the material required can be readily purchased and assembled in any good machine shop. The writer will be pleased to coöperate with anyone interested by furnishing any detailed information required.

J. L. Euvrard

Lake Yacht Racing Association Plans Next Season's Program

(*Continued from page 58*)

Erie, and the Rochester Yacht Club having been desirous of having the regatta off the port of Rochester, or at Big Sodus Bay.

The rules of the association are now identical with the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union of North America, and it was voted to repeal the old rule governing the Freeman Cup race, which prohibited the use of spinnakers at night. While they may be used in the future, they must not be used so as to obscure the running lights, thus creating an obstruction to navigation.

That this new Henderson Harbor Yacht Club is developing more rapidly than was at first planned, is apparent. Beginning as a medium for the advancement of 14-foot dinghy sailing, the new club jumped into the Star Class with borrowed boats this year and next year will have a fleet of three new ones of its own. A handsome silver trophy for an annual series of Star Class races between the Henderson Harbor Yacht Club and the Crescent Yacht Club has been presented by Mrs. Robert Lansing. The first series for this trophy is to be sailed at Henderson Harbor, each of the two clubs entering three boats. The winner of this series may select the place of the next, the time being between June 30th and September 1st. Provision is also made that the deed of gift may be altered to admit other clubs in the future, and with the recent organization of the Finger Lakes Yacht Racing Association it is likely that several other clubs will soon be brought in.

Discussion of cups brings to mind the future of the Silas L. George Cup, one of the most historic trophies on fresh water. Recently, the Crescent Yacht Club, trustees of the cup, received an invitation from the L.Y.R.A. to put up this trophy for the championship of the second, or veteran section, of the R Class at the regatta. This would have required a change in the deed of gift, the cup having been given in the 20-rater class. It was regarded as the emblem of the international "R" championship of the lake until 1929, when there was no challenge for it. The Lipton Cup then superseded it in rank and the George Cup has since been on the shelf.

Because of its history, however, the members of the Crescent Yacht Club prefer to let the cup gather dust over a period of years rather than relegate it to an inglorious post. This action was also taken in the hope that a change in the deed of gift may make the cup the emblem, on the Lake, of the championship of the six-metre or some other worthy class. Offered first in 1907, the George Cup was last won at Rochester in 1928 by the *Kathea II*, of the Crescent Yacht Club.

David F. Lane

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

Cox & Stevens Establish Pacific Coast Branch

Cox & Stevens, Inc., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, yacht brokers and naval architects have opened an office on the Pacific Coast in charge of Mr. Carl Schilling at 202 South Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, California who will represent them in this territory.

Mr. Schilling is a yachtsman who is thoroughly acquainted with conditions on the Pacific Coast and is thus in a position to give prospective clients valuable advice in regard to craft suitable for their needs.

A new 14-foot tender manufactured by the Tregoning Boat Co., of Seattle. A Universal Flexifour is used for power

"Hi Speed" Stuffing Boxes

One of the most important new contributions to improved high speed engine installation is a sturdy, heavy pattern stuffing box, designed for high-speed engines — and named "Hispeed" to identify them from ordinary stuffing boxes — by the Thomas Laughlin Company, of Portland, Maine.

The chamber of the "Hispeed" Stuffing Box has oil rings which add to the lubricating efficiency of this bearing. Where shoal, muddy waters are prevalent, this bearing can be supplied with a felt ring at a slight additional cost.

The "Hispeed" Stuffing Box is designed principally for use inside, but can be applied and lubricated when used outside on certain types of boats. It is made in all sizes, one inch and larger. Any additional information will be gladly sent by addressing the company — also advice regarding the other fittings on your boat.

A New Outboard Motor

The Cross Gear and Engine Co. will announce very shortly their new Sea-Gull outboard motor. This latest creation will be high powered and light weight, having two cylinders and operating on a 4-stroke cycle.

Pope for Sales and Service in Florida

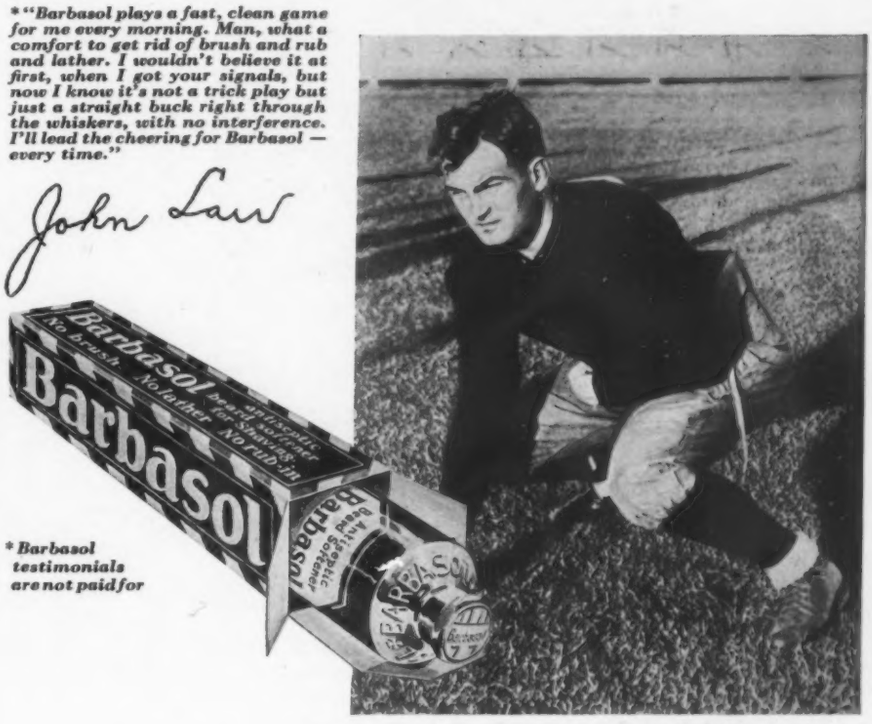
C. J. Pope, for many years connected with the Universal Motor Co., of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has now established a chain of sales and service stations throughout Florida, with headquarters at St. Petersburg. The new organization will handle Universal and Kermath motors, as well as a fine line of boats, to include Dee Wite, Dunphy, Fremont, Atlas and Detroit Marine Construction Co. craft.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Champion of all the shaves . . . Barbasol"

"Barbasol plays a fast, clean game for me every morning. Man, what a comfort to get rid of brush and rub and lather. I wouldn't believe it at first, when I got your signals, but now I know it's not a trick play but just a straight buck right through the whiskers, with no interference. I'll lead the cheering for Barbasol — every time."

John Law



*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

John Law, Star Captain of the 1929 Notre Dame National Championship Football Team, now making his mark as coach of Manhattan College, New York

TO the man on the side-lines or the man in the game of life, Barbasol brings the opportunity to *look like a winner*, every day, all day long. Just one reason: Barbasol shaves *cleaner, closer, quicker* and *easier*.

How many men with tough beards in tender faces can *shave twice a day?* Not with the old soap and lather system! Few faces can stand that racket. But Barbasol *leaves* the face feeling so soft and refreshed that hundreds of Barbasol believers have written in to say two shaves a day are *easy!*

Barbasol softens the beard like magic and, at the same time, its fine even texture holds the hairs straight up to the blade. Naturally, there is no pull; no scrape — and your face actually is *improved* by the treatment.

As for speed, Barbasol is no chore at all. It's *fun* to shave this modern way. But you must do it *right*. The method is simplicity itself. If you once tried Barbasol and *quit*, the chances are you've missed the shaving comfort which has made Barbasol the fastest-selling shaving cream in America. Try it again and *Follow these directions — at that, you'll be following the crowd:*

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet . . . **2** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in . . . **3** Wet a good blade and — SHAVE.

That's all. And note how crisp and easy the blade slides along; how clean the whiskers come away. How *good* the old face *feels*. No lotions needed here. And blades last longer, too. Get Barbasol today and give your face a glad surprise in the morning. Generous tubes, 35c and 65c at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

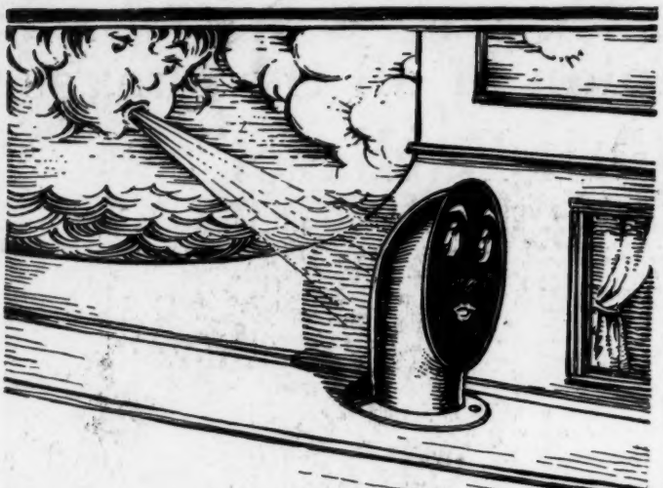
BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

Here's a new one: A "Bracer" for the face; slap it on any time; morning, noon or night, for a quick pick-up. It t-i-n-g-l-e-s; rejuvenates. Try it.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

NO BRUSHING — NO LATHERING — NO RUBBING

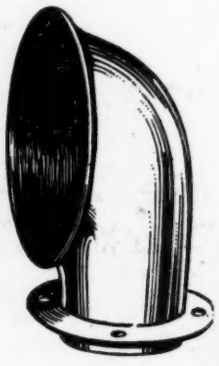


"You're Fickle, Lady Cowl Ventilator," said the South Wind, as she turned her face away from him.

"I turn at will, Sir Southwind. If your brothers North, East, and West are blowing a salty gale, I set my cap for them as well as for you!"

And so she does. She's a Laughlin Adjustable Cowl Ventilator and she can be adjusted easily from cabin or deck to suit your fancy . . . and to catch every breeze. Cast brass with a bright red interior, she's a pretty sight and no wonder the valiant winds bow to her will! Sizes 2½" to 6", polished brass or nickel plated.

Then there's the rest of the Laughlin Ventilator family: the fixed cowl ventilator, the clam shell ventilator, mushroom ventilator . . . all with the familiar Laughlin trademark to set them apart from ordinary ventilators.



Be sure the Laughlin trademark is on replacement parts . . . and look for it on the fittings of the boat you build or buy. Write for the new Laughlin catalog — it's a seaman's chest of valuable information.

THE THOMAS LAUGHLIN CO.

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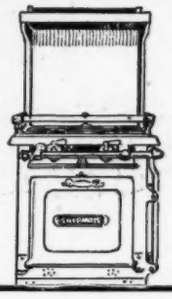
Next cruise we get a

SHIPMATE



A smoky, sooty, ill-smelling galley range, one that's hard to light, one that goes out unless it's watched constantly, will do as much to ruin an otherwise successful trip as any other single appliance aboard your boat.

SHIPMATE is insurance *against* this possibility. Install one in your galley and realize what a comfort a *good* galley range is.

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A luxurious and convenient fixture, absolutely unequalled — silent, reliable, beautiful, and thoroughly practical — a triumph in marine plumbing.

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